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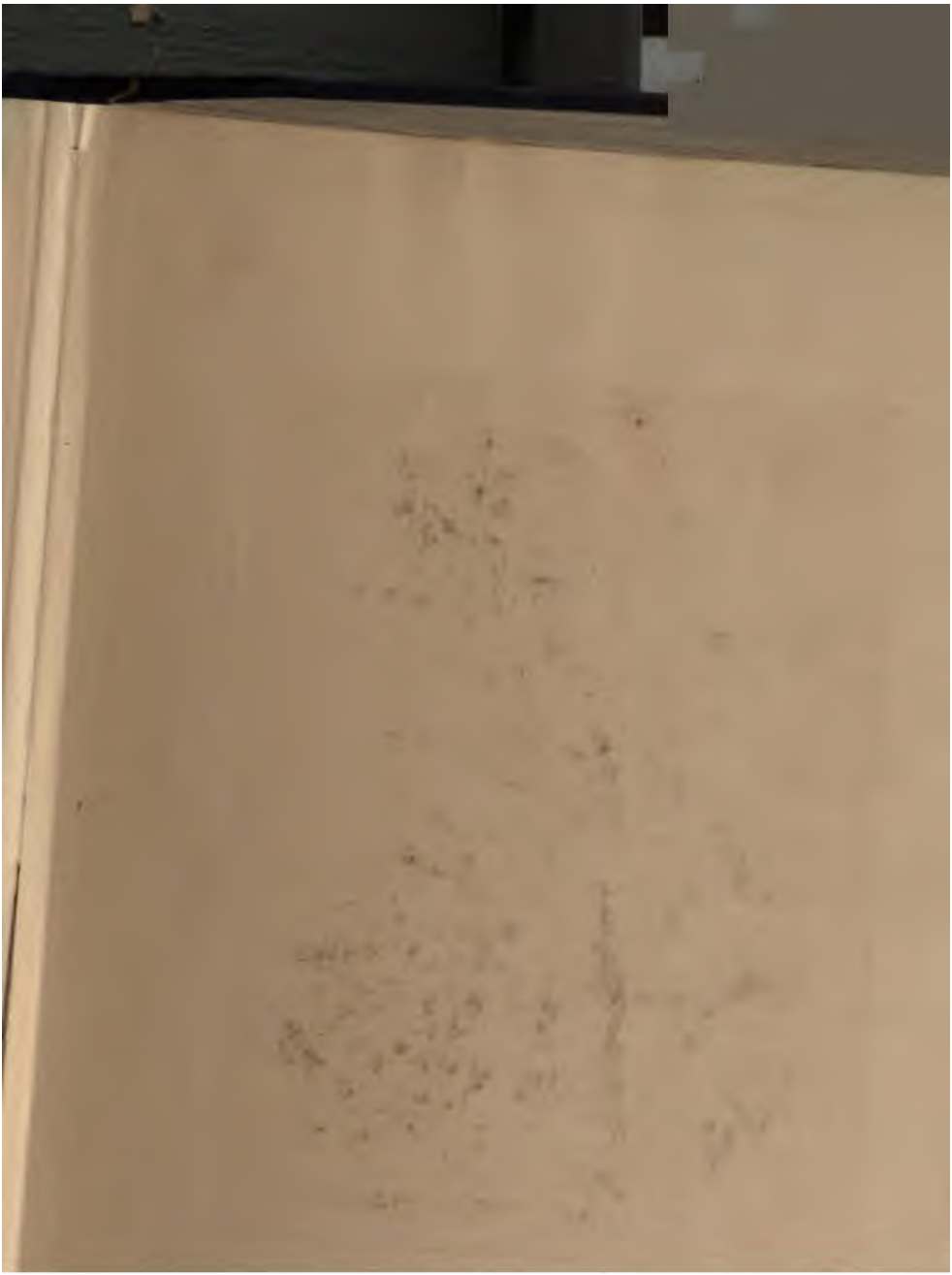

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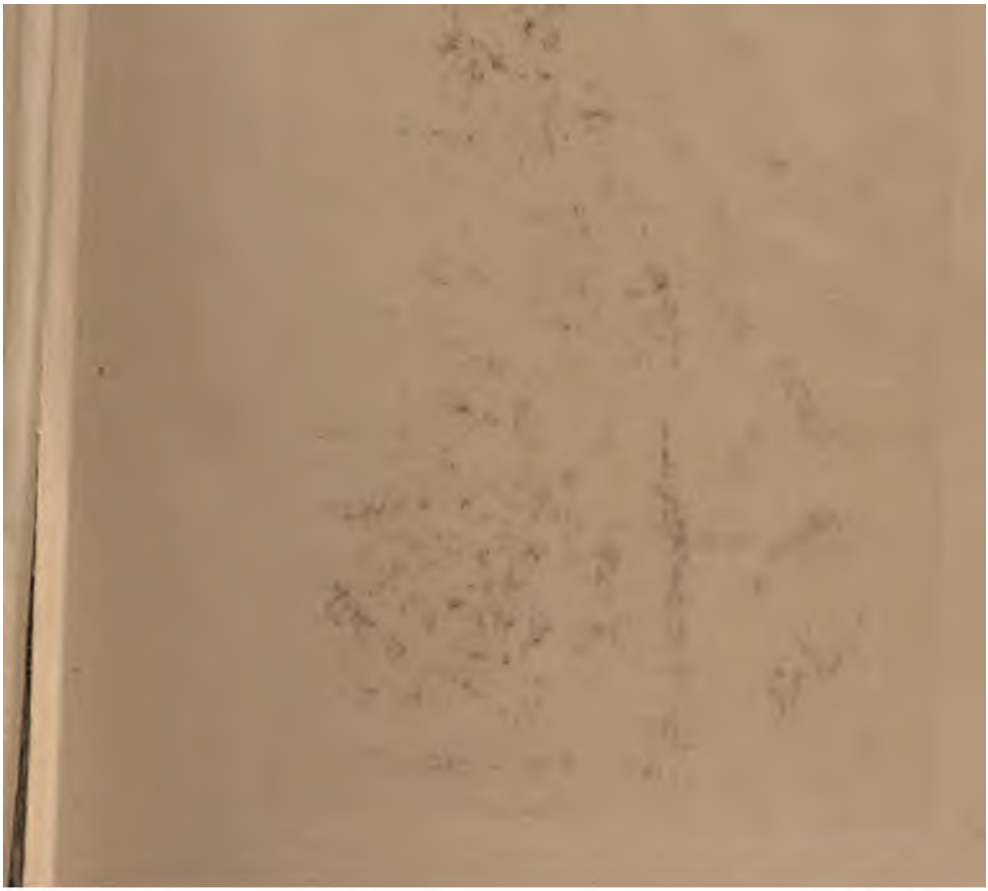

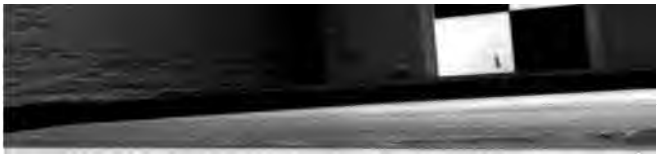

The Trail of Lewis and Clark

1804-1904

A story of the great exploration across the Continent in 1804-06; with a description of the old trail, based upon actual travel over it, and of the changes found a century later

By

Olin D. Wheeler

Member of the Minnesota Historical Society

Author of "6000 Miles through Wonderland," "Indianland and Wonderland," "Wonderland 1900," etc.

Two Volumes

With 200 Illustrations

VOLUME II.

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THE TRAIL OF LEWIS AND CLARK

CHAPTER I

THREE FORKS OF THE MISSOURI TO THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By the 30th of July everything was ready for another forward movement. Clark had recovered; the men had been busily engaged in dressing skins and making new garments and moccasins; Sacágawea had recounted to them the story of her capture, at which time four men, four women, and some boys had been killed and others made captive; the "celestial observations" had been completed, and nothing further remained to be done. The canoes therefore were again loaded, and on the morning of the 30th they once more began their marching, wading, pushing, towing, and poling up the Jefferson. The river was crooked, the current rapid, the shoals numerous, the islands many, the toil continuous.

At noon they halted for dinner at the place where the Bird-woman had been made prisoner. She and her people had been attacked at the camp below and had retreated up the stream, hoping to escape their pursuers, but the effort had been in vain.

The men, being too few to contend with the Minnetarees, mounted their horses and fled as soon as the attack began. The

women and children dispersed, and Sacajawea, as she was crossing at a shoal place, was overtaken in the middle of the river by her pursuers.

Captain Lewis again took charge of the land party, Clark being too weak as yet to indulge in any feats of pedestrianism. Lewis had a wet and muddy time of it floundering through the bayous formed by the beaver dams, in water up to the waist, and he was finally forced to the high ground bordering the river. When he tried to regain the party at camping-time he was unable to find them and had to bivouac for the night without them. The night was cool and his covering was the canopy of the sky, but a good fire of driftwood kept him warm, and a duck appeased his hunger. The next morning the *voyageurs* overtook him and after breakfast they discovered a seven-mouthed river, which they named Philosophy, after an attribute of "that illustrious personage Thomas Jefferson." Philosophy River has since become plain Willow Creek.

The Jefferson for some miles now flows through a cañon, and at the upper end of the cañon it turns southward—ascending it—and there opens out a long, wide, mountain-hemmed and beautiful valley, the counterpart of the one at Three Forks.

While advancing through the cañon, Lewis, who had previously remained within communicable distance of Clark and the main body, taking Gass, Drewyer, and Chaboneau, left the others, cut loose from their base, so to speak, and went ahead, along the north side, still hoping to find the Shoshoni. They were now at the extreme point reached by Clark during his reconnaissance of July 26th. Clark had then supposed, from what he saw, that the Jefferson turned to the north, the mountains hiding its true course, and Lewis was therefore surprised to find that this northern stream was a tributary instead of the main river, the latter

The Cañon of the Jefferson River, near Philosophy River, now Willow Creek.

flowing from the opposite point of the compass, a few miles beyond. This affluent, now Boulder River, they named Fields's Creek after Reuben Fields.

On this day Lewis discovered a new species of pheasant, the northern dusky grouse, and a new (Maximilian's) jay. He found also the bones and dried excrement of buffaloes, showing that these animals occasionally ranged in the valley.

The Captain, on the morning of August 3d, waded the river, in the vicinity of Whitetail Deer Creek, and continued up the south—east—side of the river. Had he remained on the other side he would have been saved some useless tramping on the following day, but would have missed a stream afterwards noted in Western chronology. On the 4th he plunged ahead, finally leaving the immediate valley of the main river entirely, and upon crossing a low spur of the "snowy mountains on the left [east]" found himself on the banks of a "handsome little river, about thirty yards wide."

He now turned southwest, reached the main stream, the Jefferson, again, which fact he does n't appear to have recognized, waded across to the north—west—side and then, making a retrograde march down-stream, arrived "at the junction of this [the Jefferson] river with another which rises from the southwest." He now found that his camp of the night previous had been just above the junction of the main river with this new and "bold, rapid, clear stream, . . . so much obstructed by gravelly bars, and subdivided by islands" as to be useless for navigation, which was to them an important matter just then.

In giving names to the two streams he had just discovered, Lewis says:

> I called the bold rapid an [and] clear stream *Wisdom*, and the more mild and placid one which flows in from the S. E. Philanthropy, in commemoration of two of those cardinal virtues,

which have so eminently marked that deservedly selibrated character [Jefferson] through life.

These rivers are now charted as the Big Hole, or Wisdom, and the Ruby, or Stinkingwater.

The party immediately waded the Wisdom River and marched up its north, or west, bank to a point near where it issues from the mountains, where they camped. The following morning Chaboneau had another attack of inability "to march far to-day," so that Lewis instructed Gass and the interpreter to re-ford the river, cut across the country leisurely, and wait for him on the Jefferson.

Lewis and Drewyer then continued up the Wisdom, soon crossing to the other side, and upon reaching a cañon from which the stream issued, ascended a mountain where they obtained a view of the entire country, embracing in its scope both the Wisdom and Jefferson valleys.

On descending the mountain Drewyer slipped and had a dangerous fall, but they finally reached Gass's camp long after dark, having crossed en route a broad Indian trail, but the tracks found were old ones. The next morning they started for the forks, down-stream, Gass close to the river, to meet Clark's party, if ascending; Drewyer off on a hunt, and Lewis and Chaboneau headed directly for the junction of the Jefferson and the Wisdom.

In the meantime Captain Clark and his men had been slowly and laboriously working up the stream, tussling with the rapids and shallows and bayous, "in which are multitudes of beaver," and, at places, "the current being so strong as to require the utmost exertions of the men to make any advance even with the aid of the cord and pole."

A bit of the narrative for August 4th will show the beauties of navigation on the upper Jefferson in 1805:

We are obliged to drag the canoes over the stone, as there is not a sufficient depth of water to float them, and in other parts

the current obliges us to have recourse to the cord. But as the brushwood on the banks will not permit us to walk on shore, we are under the necessity of wading through the river as we drag the boats. This soon makes our feet tender, and sometimes occasions severe falls over the slippery stones, and the men, by being constantly wet, are becoming more feeble.

On August 5th Clark reached the confluence of the Jefferson and Wisdom rivers. Lewis had, on the 4th, left a note here directing Clark to continue up the Jefferson, "but unluckily Captain Lewis's note had been left on a green pole which the beaver had cut down and carried off with the note," so that Clark was thus at a loss to know which stream to ascend. He went up the Wisdom for several miles until he met Drewyer, on the 6th, returning from his hunt. Drewyer informed Clark of his mistake and the latter at once turned back for the forks. On the way, "one of the canoes upset and two others filled with water, by which all the baggage was wet and several articles [were] irrecoverably lost." As one of the canoes

swung round in a rapid current, Whitehouse was thrown out of her, and whilst down the canoe passed over him, and had the water been two inches shallower would have crushed him to pieces; but he escaped with a severe bruise of his leg

Just before reaching the forks Captain Lewis overtook them and they hastened on to the junction, where they made camp and proceeded to dry the soaked supplies. This overturning and consequent loss of equipment enabled them to abandon one canoe when they re-embarked.

At this point we find an interesting statement. In order to preserve their powder and to economize space, etc., the former had been packed and sealed "in small canisters of lead, each containing powder enough for the canister when melted into bullets," they, of course, having to mold their own balls. This arrangement was a wise and ingenious

The Beaver's-head Rock of Lewis and Clark, Looking South. This is now locally known as the Point of Rocks.

one. Not once in the entire exploration did they experience danger from a powder explosion, and these lead canisters also enabled them to *cache* the powder with perfect freedom.

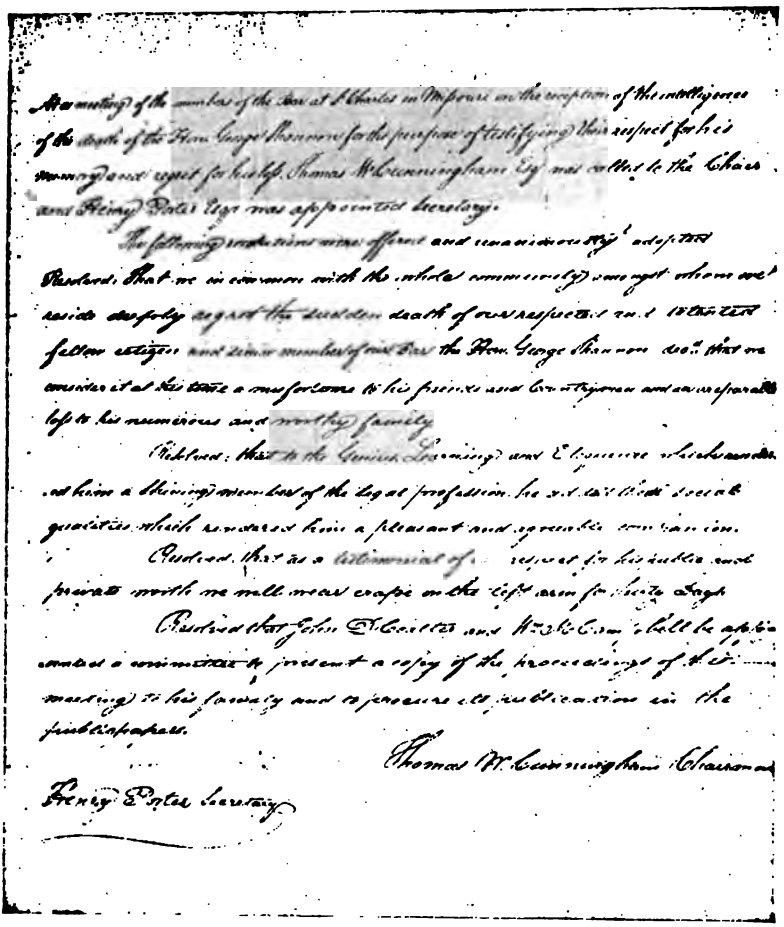
From Clark's camp on the Wisdom River, Shannon had been sent ahead up the stream to hunt. When the retrograde movement took place Drewyer was sent to overtake Shannon and bring him back, but he failed to find him. "We now had the trumpet sounded, and fired several guns, but he did not return, and we fear he is again lost." The next morning, August 8th, R. Fields was sent to search for Shannon, but returned without finding a trace of him. The preceding afternoon the combined party had gone on up the river and continued to move onward on the following days.

It seems to me that, under the circumstances, this failure to make a more determined attempt to find Shannon, who was almost a mere boy, is, to some extent, censurable. They sent him out to hunt, then absolutely reversed their programme and route, of which he was entirely ignorant, and went on up another river, leaving him finally, "to get out of his scrape" the best way he could. But Shannon was equal to the emergency this time. When, returning from his hunt, he did not meet the party ascending the river, he concluded that they had passed up the stream unobserved by him and he accordingly "marched up the river [Wisdom] during all the next day, when he was [became] convinced that we had not gone on, as the river was no longer navigable." He then, logically, returned to the junction, supposing a change of plan might have taken place, and, following up the Jefferson, reached the party at its breakfast camp of August 9th, safe and sound, but "much wearied" with packing along three deer-skins.

Immediately after breakfast of the 9th,

Captain Lewis took Drewyer, Shields, and M'Neal, and slinging their knapsacks they set out with a resolution to meet some

nation of Indians before they returned, however long they might be separated from the party.



Resolutions Adopted by the Bar of St. Charles, Mo., upon the Death of Hon. Geo. Shannon.

Lewis made good time and on the night of the 10th camped at what they called Shoshone Cove, an important point in the itinerary of the expedition.

Captain Clark was to have taken this trip, but Clark was used up "from the rageing fury of a tumer on my anckle." He had been obliged to "nurs" his feet for some time, and living on nothing "but venison and currants" had, he also thought, weakened him. The trip had become an absolute necessity, for the river was now almost unnavigable, and horses must be obtained if further progress was to be made, and these could only be traded for among the Indians.

From Sacágawea they knew that her tribe was not far distant and it is, perhaps, a question whether it would not have been wise for the main body to have remained quietly at the mouth of *Wisdom* River and have recruited their strength while awaiting Lewis's return, and then have *cached* their canoes there.

Clark's party advanced at a discouraging rate of speed. From ten to fourteen miles of river navigation per day, with an actual advance of from four to six miles in direct lines, was the record. On the 10th they passed the Beaver's-head, Philanthropy (Ruby, or Stinkingwater) River having been left behind on August 8th, before Lewis departed; on the 13th they reached the future site of Dillon, Mont., and on the 14th the mouths of Rattlesnake and Blacktail Deer creeks were passed, and they camped a short distance below Rattlesnake cliffs on the evening of August 14th.

At the cliffs, the river again emerges from a cañon, and the party toiled through this stretch of shallow water dragging the canoes a greater part of the way, passing Willard's Creek on the 16th and reaching the Two Forks of the Jefferson below Shoshone Cove on the 17th, just in time to calm Captain Lewis's fears and to rescue him from an embarrassing situation.

On one of the many side streams of the Jefferson, Colter and Potts, later, had their memorable adventure with the

Blackfeet, in which Potts lost his life. The scene of this exploit has usually been placed in the locality about the Beaver's-head, probably because the great width of the valley there gives room for that wonderful run of Colter's across six miles of prickly pear plain, to the Jefferson.

After the great fur companies had been fully organized and the mountains had become an important theatre of operations in 1830 and the years following, the valleys of the Three Forks and the Jefferson became the most valuable of the fur trapping-grounds. The trappers poured in there yearly, in large companies, for mutual protection against the Blackfeet; but even then conflicts were of almost daily occurrence, and when a man went out to attend to his traps no one knew whether he would ever again be seen alive.

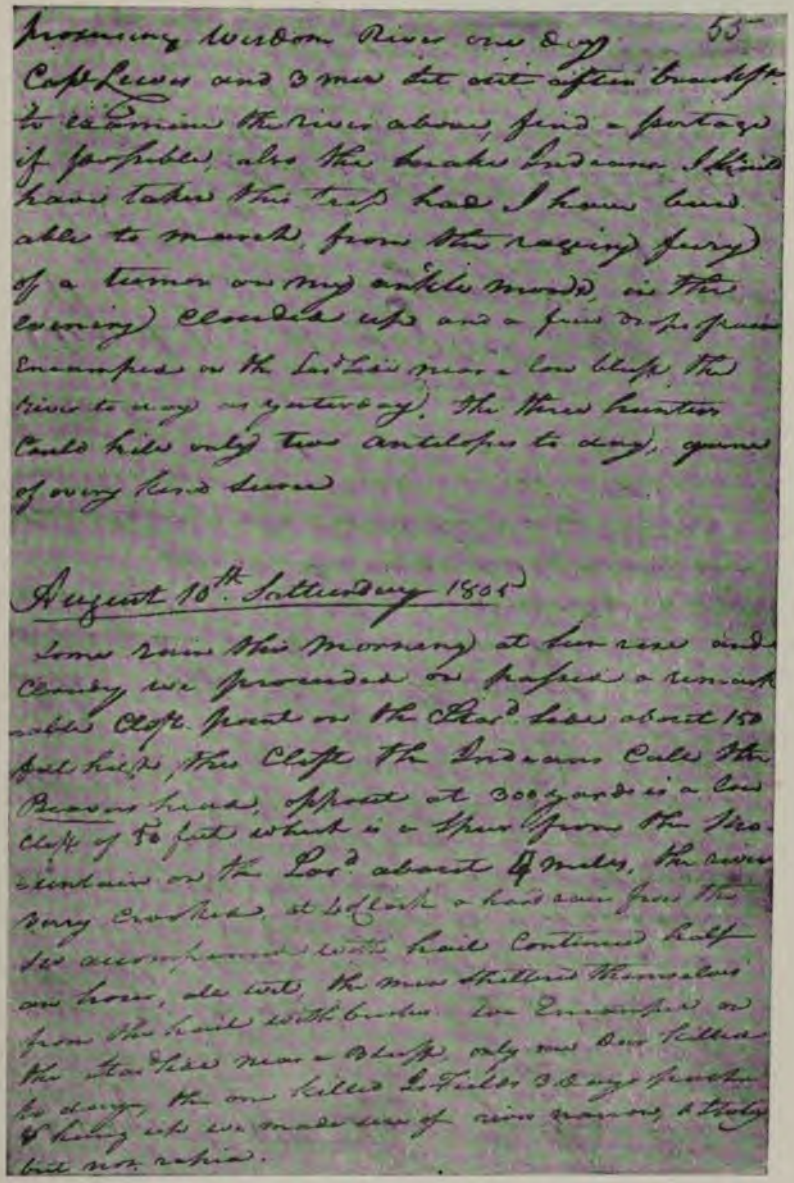
One of these conflicts, in which Wm. H. Vanderburgh, a noted leader and partisan of the American Fur Company, lost his life, is described by Ferris, who was a participant in the fight and who was wounded. It gives a good idea of a phase of the process of evolution by which this beaver-ponded valley was transformed from a bloody wilderness to one of peaceful homes and ranches. It likewise shows the striking contrast between the peaceful, if laborious, progression through the valley of Lewis and Clark in 1805, and that of the trappers of 1832. One company was seeking Indians, the other seeking to avoid them. Ferris says:

> On the 14th [October, 1832] we descended from the hills and encamped near this run eight miles below the narrows, on a small plain, surrounded by the most imposing and romantic scenery. During our March we had an alarm of Indians from some of our hunters; and myself and others went to ascertain the truth. We proceeded, however, but a short distance when we found the remains of a [buffalo] cow, just butchered, and evidently abandoned in haste, which satisfied us that the butchers had fled for safety or assistance We returned and reported the discovery to our partizans. In the mean time a rumor was

current that a party would go and ascertain more of the matter, after we should encamp. . . .

Accordingly we equipped ourselves and sallied out of camp one after another, where we collected to the number of seven a short distance from it. We proceeded up the river about three miles, and found a fire yet burning, near a cow evidently killed but a short time previous, and also perceived traces of Indians following a buffalo trail up along the margin of the river. The neighboring hills were covered with vast herds of these animals, that appeared to be quite unalarmed, and from these favorable appearances we were confident there were not more than seven or eight Indians in the party We continued on about three miles further, directing our course towards the only dense grove of timber on this part of the river. where we were certain of finding them, unless they had fled to the mountains About 50 yards from the river we crossed a deep gully through which a part of its current flows during the spring tides and were carefully scrutinizing the grove, on which every eye was fixed in eager curiosity, watching each wavering twig and rustling bough to catch a glimpse of some skulking savage. Suddenly the lightning and thunder of at least 20 fusils burst upon our astonished senses from the gully and awoke us to a startling consciousness of imminent danger magnified beyond conception by the almost magical appearance of more than 100 warriors, erect in uncompromising enmity, both before and on either side of us, at the terrifying distance (since measured) of thirty steps.

Imagination cannot paint the horrid sublimity of the scene. A thousand brilliances reflected from their guns as they were quickly thrown into various positions, either to load or fire, succeeded the first volley, which was followed by a rapid succession of shots, and the leaden messengers of death whistled in our ears as they passed in unwelcome proximity. At that instant I saw three of our comrades flying, like arrows, from the place of murder. The horse of our partizan was shot dead under him, but with unexampled firmness, he stepped calmly from the lifeless animal, presented his gun at the advancing foe, and exclaimed "boys, don't run": at the same moment the wounded horse of a Frenchman threw his rider and broke away towards camp. The yells of these infernal fiends filled the air, and death appeared inevitable, when I was aroused to energy by observing about 20 Indians advancing to close the already narrow passage between the two lines of warriors. Dashing my spurs rowel deep into the flank of my noble steed, at a single bound he cleared the ditch, but before he reached the ground, I was struck in the



Facsimile of Page 55, Codex G, Clark, Describing the "Beaver's-head."

left shoulder by a ball, which nearly threw me off; by a desperate effort, however, I regained my upright position and fled. A friend (R. C. Nelson) crossed the gully with me, but a moment after he was called to return. Without considering the utter impossibility of rendering assistance to our devoted partizan, he wheeled, but at the same instant his horse was severely wounded by two balls through the neck; which compelled him to fly; he yet kept his eye for some moments on our friend, who, seeing himself surrounded without the possibility of escape, levelled his gun and shot down the foremost of his foes. The Indians immediately fired a volley upon him—he fell—they uttered a loud and shrill yell of exultation and the noble spirit of a good and a brave man had passed away forever.

Thus fell Wm. Henry Vanderburgh, a gentleman born in Indiana, educated at West Point in the Military Academy, and, at the time he perished, under thirty years of age. Bold, daring and fearless, yet cautious, deliberate and prudent; uniting the apparent opposite qualities of courage and coolness, a soldier and a scholar, he died universally beloved and regretted by all who knew him.

Repeated reference has been made to the Beaver's-head. A quotation from the narrative of August 8th will best introduce this rock to the reader.

On our right is the point of a high plain, which our Indian woman recognizes as the place called the Beaver's Head, from a supposed resemblance to that object. This, she says, is not far from the summer retreat of her countrymen, which is on a river beyond the mountains, running to the west. She is therefore certain that we shall meet them either on this river, or on that immediately west of its source, which, judging from its present size, cannot be far distant.

The narrative for August 10th, in recounting the progress of Clark's detachment contains a further reference to this rock:

We . . . came to what the Indians call the Beaver's Head, a steep rocky cliff about one hundred and fifty feet high, near the right side of the river. Opposite to this, at three hundred yards from the water, is a low cliff about fifty feet in height,

which forms the extremity of a spur of the [Ruby] mountain, about four miles distant on the left.

The Beaver's-head Rock, as the quotation from Ferris shows, has been a well-known and conspicuous landmark since Lewis and Clark first brought it to our attention. Their description well represents the spot, except that the smaller companion rock across the river is now close to the stream, in fact, is at one point washed by the Jefferson. The rock is decidedly the most prominent landmark in the valley and can be seen from a distance of many miles and from all directions.

The Beaver's-head, or Beaverhead, as it was perhaps more commonly called, is about twelve miles south from Twin Bridges and eighteen miles north—by road—from Dillon, Mont., and has been and is now generally known as the Point of Rocks. Because of this and of another curious, existing fact, few persons in the immediate region appear to know that the Point of Rocks *is the true Beaver's-head*, and if such an assertion be made to most residents of Dillon, for example, it will probably draw forth an absolute denial and a look of commiseration for him who has the temerity to make such a statement.

The Beaver's-head, known to the people of the upper Jefferson, or Beaverhead Valley, as this part of the river is now usually called, is a rock ten miles south from Dillon and is in reality the Rattlesnake Cliff of Lewis and Clark.

This latter rock, as a matter of fact, although not as high as the Point of Rocks Beaver's-head, bears just as strong, if not a stronger resemblance to the head or even the whole body of a beaver, so that there is some excuse, reasoning from analogy alone, for this misconception and transposition of names. There is, however, no question as to the original names of these rocks, but it is strange that Lewis and Clark did not record this double similarity in the

same locality, for the Beaver's-head is less than thirty miles below Rattlesnake Cliff, and the beaver-like resemblance of the cliff is easily recognized even at a distance.

The Beaver's-head of Lewis and Clark is stated by them to bear N. 24° E.; and Rattlesnake Cliff, which is at their gap where "the river enters the mountains" in ascending it, bears S. 18° W. from a certain limestone rock, which I think I saw in the outskirts of Dillon, and which is ten miles below this gap.

That both of these points were known and called by the names that Lewis and Clark gave them, as late as the thirties, is proved by further reference to Ferris. In his journal for 1831, while encamped with some Flathead Indians two or three miles above the mouth of the Philanthropy or Stinkingwater River, he says:

> Six miles above the forks [where the Wisdom and Philanthropy rivers join the Jefferson] on the west side of the Jefferson, there is a bluff or point of a high plain jutting into the valley to the brink of the river, which bears some resemblance to a beaver's head, *and goes by that name* [italics mine]. Hence the plains of the Jefferson are sometimes called the Valley of Beaver Head.

Granville Stuart, in *Montana as It Is*, published in 1865, refers to this point as the Beaver's-head. At more than one place Ferris refers to the mouth of the cañon above Dillon, from which the river issues, as Rattlesnake Cliff.

Lewis and Clark also refer to the cliff above Dillon in the vicinity of where Rattlesnake Creek flows into the Jefferson. This creek Lewis and Clark named Track Creek, and Blacktail Deer Creek they called M'Neal's Creek after one of their men. Grasshopper Creek was also named for one of the party, Willard's Creek, and they mentioned Bald Mountain—"a snowy mountain to the north"—in connection with the sources of Track, or Rattlesnake Creek.

17 *The True Beaver's-head Rock of Lewis and Clark, below Dillon, Mont., as Seen from the South.*

Wisdom River impressed them strongly, and at the time that they explored it they concluded that it carried as much water as the Jefferson, or even more, but the water was more scattered and the river not being navigable for a great distance determined them still to follow the latter stream. They do not seem to have examined the Wisdom beyond its last and oblique northeast course, and at any rate formed no clear conception of the peculiar bends made by the stream. Its shape is that of a big dipper with the bowl at its confluence with the Jefferson, where the town of Twin Bridges is now built. Its remotest sources interlock with those of the Jefferson which the explorers followed after reaching the Two Forks above the Rattlesnake Cliff cañon. Had Lewis and Clark known this, or known either, while at the mouth of Wisdom River, what their subsequent experiences were to be among the Salmon—Lemhi—River Mountains, they might not have settled the question of route so easily.

Both Wisdom River and Willard's Creek are still more or less known as such, but most modern maps show them as Big Hole River and Grasshopper Creek either alone or as alternative names.

Besides the great changes effected by irrigation in this beautiful valley, which include large irrigation canals, settlers, farms, towns, roads, and railways, with their accompanying details, there have been wrought equal transformations by mining. In the South Boulder range, whose snowy peaks the explorers faced upon leaving Three Forks and through which the cañon of the Jefferson led them transversely, and in the main Rockies west of, and across the valley from, the South Boulder Mountains, there are found to-day, prosperous mines and mining camps from which have flowed into the world's channels of trade millions of dollars. Just across the range from the head-

waters of Pipestone Creek lies Butte, the greatest mining camp of the world. In common with other parts of Montana, there was much prospecting and development work done around Butte in the sixties, but it was not until 1875 or 1876, when copper was discovered, that Butte began to show its real character.

Since 1882, the Butte mines have produced considerably more than $500,000,000, in proportions, approximately, of gold 3 per cent., silver 35 per cent., and copper 60 per cent., and they now furnish about 25 per cent., of the copper output of the world.

Anaconda, a little west of Butte and the place where most of the Butte ores are treated, is the city of enormous smelters, those of the world-known Amalgamated Copper Company. There are two plants with an aggregate capacity of nearly 10,000 tons of crude ore daily, and the new plant represents an expenditure of more than $5,500,000.

Mining is seen in its most advanced and scientific aspects at Butte and Anaconda. Electricity and compressed air are employed wherever possible, and in the construction of hoisting works, smelters, concentrators, etc., the latest ideas are utilized and the best machinery installed. The production, financial operations, etc., of these corporations are on a colossal scale. There were employed in the mines of Butte during 1900 nearly 8700 men; the monthly disbursements, largely among the mines and smelters, were almost $2,000,000; the dividends paid amounted to a little less than $14,000,000, and the mine production, gold, silver, and copper, was $50,000,000. In the last ten years these mines have paid in dividends more than $43,000,000.

The waters of Wisdom River are now flumed into Butte for city uses, and electricity from a power-house on one of the banks of the stream is transmitted by wire to the same place.

After Lewis and Clark had reached a point above the true

Beaver's-head, they were flanked by mountains on each side, out of whose Pactolian gulches golden streams of marvellous, phenomenal richness were to flow, such as would startle mankind.

In the year 1862, just fifty-seven years after Lewis and Clark first passed along this valley, gold was discovered on Willard's Creek. Two men, John White and William Eads, the latter said to be a son of Captain James Eads, the celebrated engineer of St. Louis, were the discoverers, and to the town which sprang up was given the name Bannack, after an Indian tribe of that name. The "diggings" at Bannack were marvellously rich and a stampede to them ensued, not only from other parts of Montana, but from Colorado and the West in general. In 1864, when the Territory of Montana was created, Bannack became the first capital.

Scarcely had the excitement of the surprise occasioned by the finding of the rich placers at Bannack (I use the old spelling of the word, the second *a* is now usually changed to *o*) subsided somewhat, before "Bill" Fairweather, Henry Edgar, and their associates rode into Bannack and announced that on May 26, 1863, they had discovered another rich gulch. This was the renowned Alder Gulch, of which, among several mining towns within its confines, Virginia City became the chief and widest known, and was the Territorial capital from 1865 to 1875.

Alder Gulch is reputed to have been the richest gulch ever known. Its discovery, which, of course, would have been made sooner or later in any event, was entirely accidental. On February 4, 1863, a company of eight men left Bannack on a prospecting tour. They were to meet a larger party led by James Stuart, one of the most remarkable men of that time and region, at the mouth of Beaverhead—Jefferson—River, near where Twin Bridges and Sheridan now stand. Missing them, they followed on, endeavoring to overtake

The Rock Locally Known as Beaver's-head Rock, the Rattlesnake Cliff of Lewis and Clark, as Seen from the South.

them, but were captured by Crow Indians, released, and in making their way back to Bannack camped on a small creek. The men, with the exception of Fairweather and Edgar, largely from habit probably, went out to prospect a little, the two latter remaining to watch camp and the horses. Fairweather, noticing a piece of "rim rock," Edgar and he took a shovel, pick, and pan, went to the ledge, and Fairweather dug up a panful of dirt and Edgar washed it. After washing, there was gold in the pan worth $2.40, and while Edgar was panning, Fairweather found a nugget worth exactly the same amount.

The finding of this $4.80 was the discovery of Alder Gulch, as the other men found nothing, and before they had returned to camp Edgar and Fairweather had panned out $12.30 in gold. Edgar named the gulch from the alder bushes growing on its banks, and the district was named after Fairweather, who, years afterward, dying from dissipation, was buried near the site of his discovery.

Alder Creek is one of the higher branches of Philanthropy River, and the placers on this stream are reliably stated to have produced at least $60,000,000 between 1863 and 1876. The gravels have been worked and reworked and worked again, and at the present day are being handled by a process of dredging which returns to its operators a good interest on the investment, and the same remark applies to the placers at Bannack.

Silver first attracted attention in Montana in 1864, when argentiferous galena was found on Rattlesnake Creek, not far from Bannack, at a point called Argenta, which is also about twelve or fifteen miles northwest from Dillon. The first successful silver smelter erected in Montana was at Argenta in 1867. Argenta and Bannack are now quiet little burghs, Dillon is a thriving and growing place, and Virginia City maintains itself remarkably well.

A feature of those early days of mining was the Vigilantes, an organization the origin and operations of which have been much misapprehended. It is difficult for an outsider to realize the cosmopolitan character of that early-day population. Along with honest, hard-working men intent upon making a good livelihood, and perchance a fortune, there came, literally, perhaps, from the ends of the earth, many of the very reverse order. Thieves, thugs, fugitives from justice, outlaws, the riff-raff from all over the West,—and this means a long way east from Montana,—adventurers of all sorts, poured into Bannack and Alder Gulch intent upon luxuriously rioting in sin and violence where courts and constabulary were wanting.

Secretly banding together, many of them, these road agents, as they were called, had their haunts, spies, places of rendezvous, etc., all over the region, so that it finally became a serious question whether any man suspected of having gold dust or money could possibly journey safely from one place to another, be the distance long or short, and to incur the ill-will of one of these men, from whatever cause, meant death. It is known that one hundred and two persons were killed by these road agents, and there were undoubtedly many more.

To countervail the power of the road agents the Vigilantes were finally compelled to organize secretly. As all law comes from the people, so it did here. It was a last and serious effort, a forlorn hope, to enforce the spirit of the law where the usual legal adjuncts were lacking. It was really the essence of law without its technical forms, the kernel of the nut without its shell. The men subject to the judgments of the Vigilantes were impartially tried, without, however, the frivolous delays of the law, and the judgments were promptly executed. As soon as officials and courts made their appearance, in 1864, and the regular legal

machinery was set in motion, the Vigilantes' organization voluntarily ceased to exist, and this fact is the best argument for the righteousness of the movement.

The road between Bannack and Virginia City was a favorite one for the operations of the road agents and there was then heavy travel over it. The road ran northeast from Bannack down Rattlesnake, or Track Creek, thence down the Beaverhead, or Jefferson River to Beaver's-head Rock, where, crossing the river and a spur of the mountain, it ascended Philanthropy River to Virginia City. Near the summit of the divide near Bannack stands a low but somewhat prominent and isolated rock known as Road Agents' rock from its use by these men as a hiding spot in their hold-up operations.

In the valley of the Philanthropy was a ranch—Daly's—which was one of their rendezvous. The house is still standing and in use. The valley of the Rattlesnake was a favorite gathering point for these gentry. The Vigilantes finally rid the country of these desperadoes by a determined and continuous man hunt and by the banishment or summary execution of most of them when caught, after due trial.

Into most of this region the locomotive has now penetrated. Along the Jefferson from the Three Forks to the mouth of Alder Gulch; up Frazier's—Antelope—Creek and Philosophy River—Willow Creek—and along the Panther—Pipestone—Creek the Northern Pacific trains now run. South from Butte the Oregon Short Line extends to Salt Lake City, following, for many miles, the Wisdom River where it forms a fine and picturesque cañon, and, after climbing the divide, reaches the Jefferson at Dillon, crossing the stream near the limestone rock before mentioned. It then follows this river through the Rattlesnake Cliff cañon, past the Two Forks of the Jefferson, near which is Shoshone Cove, and on to the summit of the mountains at the Montana-

Utah line. The only portion of the Jefferson not now paralleled by a railway track lies between the mouth of Philanthropy River, near the Beaver's-head, and Dillon.

Captain Lewis had, at the Two Forks of the Jefferson, reached an eventful point and stage in his journey. He had been following some old horse tracks on an Indian road, or trail, and at the forks it was at first uncertain which branch was the proper one to take. He first tried the left-hand or "southwest branch," but the horse tracks soon disappeared and he then examined the western fork. There the tracks reappeared, so the party pushed ahead, first leaving a note for Captain Clark, to hold him at the forks until Lewis should return, and that night—August 10th—they camped at Shoshone Cove. The morning of the 11th of August, Lewis started early but the tracks soon wholly vanished.

We will now follow Lewis's movements until the party became re-united and will let the journal, for the most part, tell the story. Lewis, after losing the tracks

went straight forward to the pass, sending one man along the river to his left and another on the right, with orders to search for the road, and if they found it to let him know by raising a hat on the muzzle of their guns.

In this order they went along for about five miles, when Capt. Lewis perceived, with the greatest delight, a man on horseback, at the distance of two miles, coming down the plain toward them. . . .

Convinced that he was a Shoshonee, and knowing how much our success depended on the friendly offices of that nation, Captain Lewis was full of anxiety to approach without alarming him, and endeavor to convince him that he [Lewis] was a white man. He therefore proceeded toward the Indian at his usual pace. When they were within a mile of each other the Indian suddenly stopped. Captain Lewis immediately followed his example, took his blanket from his knapsack, and holding it with both hands at the two corners, threw it above his head and unfolded it as he brought it to the ground, as if in the act of spreading it. This signal, which originates in the practice of spreading a robe or skin, as a seat for guests to whom they wish to show

distinguished kindness, is the universal sign of friendship among the Indians on the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. As usual, Captain Lewis repeated this signal three times; still the Indian kept his position, and looked with an air of suspicion on Drewyer and Shields, who were now advancing on each side.

Captain Lewis was afraid to make any signal for them to halt, lest he should increase the suspicions of the Indian, who began to be uneasy, and they were too distant to hear his voice. He therefore took from his pack some beads, a looking-glass, and a few trinkets, which he had brought for the purpose, and leaving his gun, advanced, unarmed, toward the Indian. He remained in the same position till Captain Lewis came within 200 yards of him, when he turned his horse and began to move off slowly. Captain Lewis then called out to him in as loud a voice as he could, repeating the word "*tabba bone!*" which in the Shoshonee language means white man; but looking over his shoulder the Indian kept his eyes on Drewyer and Shields, who were still advancing, without recollecting the impropriety of doing so at such a moment, till Captain Lewis made a signal to them to halt. This Drewyer obeyed; but Shields did not observe it, and still went forward. Seeing Drewyer halt, the Indian turned his horse about as if to wait for Captain Lewis, who now reached within 150 paces, repeating the words "*tabba bone,*" holding up the trinkets in his hand, and at the same time stripping up the sleeve of his shirt to show the color of his skin. The Indian suffered him to advance within 100 paces; then suddenly turning his horse, and giving him the whip, leaped across the creek and disappeared in an instant among the willow-bushes. With him vanished all the hopes, which the sight of him had inspired, of a friendly introduction to his countrymen.

The Captain was terribly disappointed at the result, as well he might be. He was "soarly chagrined" and "could not forbare abraiding" the two men somewhat. But they pushed ahead on the trail of the Indian, with the United States flag flying, stopped for breakfast, left at his breakfast camp some "beads, trinkets, awls, some paint and a looking-glass" in order that if the Indians chanced upon the spot they might know that their visitors were white men and friends. They finally "lost the track of the fugitive Indian"

and then went into camp for the night, it may be presumed, tired, disappointed, perhaps well-nigh discouraged.

On the morning of August 12th,

> . . . at the distance of four miles from his camp he met a large plain Indian road which came into the cove from the northeast, and wound along the foot of the mountains to the southwest, approaching obliquely the main stream he had left yesterday. . . .
>
> They then continued through the low bottom, along the main stream, near the foot of the mountains on their right. . . . The stream gradually became smaller, till, after going two miles, it had so greatly diminished in width that one of the men [M'Neal] in a fit of enthusiasm, with one foot on each side of the river, thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri. . . . From the foot of one of the lowest of these mountains, which rises with a gentle ascent of about half a mile, issues the remotest water [as Lewis thought] of the Missouri.
>
> They had now reached the hidden sources of that river, which had never yet been seen by civilized man. As they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain—as they sat down by the brink of that little rivulet, which yielded its distant and remotest tribute to the parent ocean—they felt themselves rewarded for all their labors and all their difficulties.

Crossing the Continental Divide,

> they followed a descent much steeper than that on the eastern side, and at the distance of three-quarters of a mile reached a handsome, bold creek of cold, clear water, running to the westward. They stopped to taste for the first time the waters of the Columbia; and after a few minutes followed the road across steep hills and low hollows, till they reached a spring on the side of a mountain,

where they camped and ate their last piece of pork.

Soon after leaving camp on the following day, they discovered two women, a man, and some dogs on an eminence at the distance of a mile before them, who also fled upon their approach.

Continuing their journey with increasing hope,

they had not gone . . . more than a mile, when on a sudden they saw three female Indians, from whom they had been concealed by the deep ravines which intersected the road, till they were now within 30 paces of each other. One of them, a young woman, immediately took to flight; the other two, an elderly woman and a little girl, seeing they were too near for them to escape, sat on the ground, and holding down their heads seemed as if reconciled to the death which they supposed awaited them. . . .

Captain Lewis instantly put down his rifle, and advancing toward them, took the woman by the hand, raised her up, and repeated the words "*tabba bone!*" at the same time stripping up his shirt-sleeve to prove that he was a white man—for his hands and face had become by constant exposure quite as dark as their own. She appeared immediately relieved from her alarm; and Drewyer and Shields now coming up, Captain Lewis gave them some beads, a few awls, pewter mirrors, and a little paint, and told Drewyer to request the woman to recall her companion, who had escaped to some distance and, by alarming the Indians, might cause them to attack him without any time for explanation. She did as she was desired, and the young woman returned almost out of breath. Captain Lewis gave her an equal portion of trinkets, and painted the tawny cheeks of all three of them with vermilion, a ceremony which among the Shoshonees is emblematic of peace.

After they had become composed, he informed them by signs of his wishes to go to their camp, in order to see their chiefs and warriors; they readily obeyed, and conducted the party along the same road down the river. In this way they marched two miles, when they met a troop of nearly sixty warriors, mounted on excellent horses, riding at full speed toward them. As they advanced Captain Lewis put down his gun, and went with the flag about 50 paces in advance. The chief, who with two men was riding in front of the main body, spoke to the women, who now explained that the party was composed of white men, and showed exultingly the presents they had received. The three men immediately leaped from their horses, came up to Captain Lewis and embraced him with great cordiality, putting their left arm over his right shoulder and clasping his back, applying at the same time their left cheek to his, and frequently vociferating, "ah hi e, ah hi e!"—"I am much pleased! I am much rejoiced!" The whole body of warriors now came forward, and our men received the caresses, with no small share of the grease and paint of their new friends. After this fraternal embrace, of

Rattlesnake Cliff, above Dillon, Mont., now Generally, but Erroneously Known as the Beaver's-head Rock—Looking South.

which the motive was much more agreeable than the manner, Captain Lewis lighted a pipe and offered it to the Indians, who had now seated themselves in a circle around the party. But before they would receive this mark of friendship they pulled off their moccasins; a custom, as we afterward learned, which indicates the sacred sincerity of their professions when they smoke with a stranger, and which imprecates on themselves the misery of going barefoot forever if they are faithless to their words—a penalty by no means light to those who rove the thorny plains of their country.

When the smoking was concluded,

the chief then moved on, our party followed him, and the rest of the warriors in a squadron brought up the rear. . . . At the distance of four miles from where they had first met, they reached the Indian camp, which was in a handsome level meadow on the bank of the river [where] they were introduced into an old leathern lodge, which the young men who had been sent from the party had fitted up for their reception.

The ceremony of smoking being concluded, and Captain Lewis having explained to the chief [whose name was Cameahwait] the purposes of his visit and distributed some small presents, it was now late in the afternoon, and our party had tasted no food since the night before. On apprising the chief of this circumstance, he said that he had nothing but berries to eat, and presented some cakes made of service-berries and choke-cherries which had been dried in the sun. On these Captain Lewis made a hearty meal, and then walked down toward the [Lemhi] river. . . . The chief informed him that this stream discharged, at the distance of half a day's march, into another [Salmon River] of twice its size, coming from the southwest; but added, on further inquiry, that there was scarcely more timber below the junction of those rivers than in this neighborhood, and that the river was rocky, rapid, and so closely confined between high mountains that it was impossible to pass down it either by land or water to the great lake [Pacific Ocean], where, as he had understood, the white men lived.

This information was far from being satisfactory, for there was no timber here that would answer the purpose of building canoes—indeed not more than just sufficient for fuel. . . . The prospect of going on by land is more pleasant, for there are great numbers of horses feeding in every direction round the

camp, which will enable us to transport our stores, if necessary, over the mountains. . . .

Captain Lewis determined to remain with the Indians long enough to enable Clark and the boat party to reach the forks, and in the meantime to gather such information as was possible regarding the Columbia River country. He was now on short rations and the Indians were in the same condition, but Drewyer and Shields set forth to hunt on horses borrowed from the Indians, and the young Indian hunters started out on the same mission armed with bows and arrows.

Having now secured the good will of Cameahwait, Captain Lewis informed him of his wish that he would speak to the warriors, and endeavor to engage them to accompany him to the forks of Jefferson River; where by this time another chief, with a large party of white men, was awaiting his [Lewis's] return; that it would be necessary to take about 30 horses to transport the merchandise; that they should be well rewarded for their trouble; and that, when all the party should have reached the Shoshonee camp, they would remain some time among them to trade for horses. . . . In about an hour and a half he returned, and told Captain Lewis that they would be ready to accompany him in the morning. . . .

August 15th. Captain Lewis rose early, and having eaten nothing yesterday except his scanty meal of flour and berries, felt the inconveniences of extreme hunger. On inquiry [of M'Neal] he found that his whole stock of provisions consisted of two pounds of flour. This he ordered to be divided into two equal parts, and one-half of it to be boiled with the berries into a sort of pudding. After presenting a large share to the chief, he and his three men breakfasted on the remainder . . . [and] Captain Lewis now endeavored to hasten the departure of the Indians, who still hesitated and seemed reluctant to move. . . . Cameahwait told him that some foolish person had suggested that he was in league with their enemies the Pahkees, and had come only to draw them into ambuscade; but that he himself did not believe it. Captain Lewis felt uneasy at this insinuation, . . . and saw that if this suggestion were not instantly checked, it might hazard the total failure of the enterprise.

Assuming, therefore, a serious air, he told the chief that he was sorry to find they placed so little confidence in him . . . and that, if the greater part of the tribe entertained any suspicion, he hoped there were still among them some who were men, who would go and see with their own eyes the truth of what he said, and who, even if there was any danger, were not afraid to die. To doubt the courage of an Indian is to touch the tenderest string of his mind, and the surest way to rouse him to any dangerous achievement. Cameahwait instantly replied that he was not afraid to die, and mounting his horse, for the third time harangued the warriors. . . . This harangue produced an effect on six or eight only of the warriors, who now joined their chief. With these Captain Lewis smoked a pipe; and then, fearful of some change in their capricious temper, set out immediately. . . . Yet such is the wavering inconsistency of these savages, that Captain Lewis' party had not gone far when they were joined by ten or twelve more warriors; and before reaching the creek which they had passed on the morning of the 13th, all the men of the nation and a number of women had overtaken them. . . . About sunset they reached the upper part of the level valley, in the cove through which he had passed, and which they now called Shoshonee cove. . . .

AUGUST 16th. As neither our party nor the Indians had anything to eat, Captain Lewis sent two of his hunters [Drewyer and Shields] ahead this morning to procure some provisions. At the same time he requested Cameahwait to prevent his young men from going out, lest by their noise they might alarm the game. But this measure immediately revived their suspicions [and most of the Indians returned home] leaving only 28 men and three women [with the Captain].

After the hunters had been gone about an hour, Captain Lewis again mounted, with one of the Indians behind him, and the whole party set out. But just as they passed through the narrows, they saw one of the spies coming back at full speed across the plain. . . . The young Indian had scarcely breath to say a few words as he came up, when the whole troop dashed forward as fast as their horses could carry them. Captain Lewis, astonished at this movement, was borne along for nearly a mile before he learned, with great satisfaction, that it was all caused by the spy's having come to announce that one of the white men had killed a deer.

As they once more proceeded,

Captain Lewis again explained the possibility of our [Captain Clark's party] not having reached the forks, in consequence of the difficulty of the navigation; so that if they [the Indians] should not find us at that spot, they might be assured of our not being far below. They again all mounted their horses and rode on rapidly, making one of the Indians carry their flag, so that we might recognize them as they approached us; but, to the mortification and disappointment of both parties, on coming within two miles of the forks no canoes were to be seen. . . . Captain Lewis, perceiving how critical his situation had become, resolved to attempt a stratagem, which his present difficulty seemed completely to justify. Recollecting the notes he had left at the point for us, he sent Drewyer for them with an Indian, who witnessed his taking them from the pole. When they were brought, Captain Lewis told Cameahwait that on leaving his brother chief [Clark] at the place where the river issues from the mountains, it was agreed that the boats should not be brought higher than the next forks we should meet; but that if the rapid water prevented the boats from coming on as fast as they expected, his brother chief was to send a note to the first forks above him to let him know where the boats were; that this note had been left this morning at the forks, and mentioned that the canoes were just below the mountains, and coming slowly up in consequence of the current. . . .

Captain Lewis now wrote, by the light of some willow-brush, a note to Captain Clark, which he gave to Drewyer, with an order [for Captain Clark] to use all possible expedition in ascending the river; and engaged an Indian to accompany him [Drewyer] by the promise of a knife and some beads.

In order to hold the confidence of the Indians, Lewis had promised liberal exchanges for their horses; but what was still more seductive, he had told them that one of their countrywomen, who had been taken with the Minnetarees, accompanied the party below; and one of the men had spread the report of our having with us a man [York] perfectly black, whose hair was short and curled. This last account had excited a great degree of curiosity, and they seemed more desirous of seeing this monster than of obtaining the most favorable barter for their horses.

As the darkest hour is just before dawn, so Lewis's period of anxiety and discouragement was just before the clouds of

despondency rolled completely away and revealed the sun of success riding high in the sky of confidence and truth, notwithstanding the "stratagem" it had seemed necessary to employ. The narrative now recounts the dramatic events of August 17th, a day memorable in the chronicles of the expedition. Lewis's fears were dispelled very early in the day; the objects of the long, wearisome, alternate land marchings by the Captains since leaving Maria's River were practically accomplished; Sacágawea found herself among her kindred and friends, and it needs no telling to know that the rude but friendly reception given the strangers in a strange land by these right-hearted if uncouth savages, warmed every heart and lifted a mighty load from every mind in that worn but unconquerable band of heroes.

[SATURDAY], AUGUST 17th, 1805. Captain Lewis rose very early and dispatched Drewyer and the Indian down the river in quest of the boats. . . . Drewyer had been gone about two hours . . . when an Indian, who had straggled a short distance down the river, returned with a report that he had seen the white men, who were only a short distance below and were coming on. The Indians were transported with joy, and the chief, in the warmth of his satisfaction, renewed his embrace to Captain Lewis, who was quite as much delighted as the Indians themselves. . . .

On setting out at seven o'clock, Captain Clark, with Chaboneau and his wife, walked on shore; but they had not gone more than a mile before Captain Clark saw Sacajawea, who was with her husband 100 yards ahead, begin to dance and show every mark of the most extravagant joy, turning round to him and pointing to several Indians, whom he now saw advancing on horseback, sucking her fingers at the same time, to indicate that they were of her native tribe. As they advanced, Captain Clark discovered among them Drewyer dressed like an Indian, from whom he learned the situation of the party. . . .

We soon drew near the camp, and just as we approached it a woman made her way through the crowd toward Sacajawea; recognizing each other, they embraced with the most tender affection. The meeting of these two young women had in it something peculiarly touching. . . . They had been com-

panions in childhood; in the war with the Minnetarees they had both been taken prisoners in the same battle; they had shared and softened the rigors of their captivity till one of them had escaped from the Minnetarees, with scarce a hope of ever seeing her friend relieved from the hands of her enemies. While Sacajawea was renewing among the women the friendships of former days, Captain Clark went on, and was received by Captain Lewis and the chief, who, after the first embraces and salutations were over, conducted him to a sort of circular tent or shade of willows. . . . Glad of an opportunity of being able to converse more intelligibly, Sacajawea was sent for; she came into the tent, sat down, and was beginning to interpret, when, in the person of Cameahwait, she recognized her brother. She instantly jumped up, and ran and embraced him, throwing over him her blanket, and weeping profusely. The chief was himself moved, though not in the same degree. After some conversation between them she resumed her seat and attempted to interpret for us; but her new situation seemed to overpower her, and she was frequently interrupted by her tears. After the council was finished the unfortunate woman learned that all her family were dead except two brothers, one of whom was absent, and a son of her eldest sister, a small boy, who was immediately adopted by her. . . .

The Indians were most favorably impressed by all that they saw and heard, and the usual distribution of presents accentuated their good humor.

After the council was over we consulted as to our future operations. . . . Our Indian information as to the state of the Columbia is of a very alarming kind, and our first object is of course to ascertain the practicability of descending it, of which the Indians discourage our expectations. It was therefore agreed that Captain Clark should set off in the morning with 11 men furnished, besides their arms, with tools for making canoes; that he should take Chaboneau and his wife to the camp of the Shoshonees, where he was to leave them, in order to hasten the collection of horses.

Clark was now in his element. His "tumers" and bruises and blisters and prickly pear pustules were evidently in much better shape and he was fairly entitled to the honor of leading this pioneer party. One of the admirable things in

connection with this exploration was the perfect unselfishness, the utter lack of jealousy between the leaders. It was a beautiful example of "in honour preferring one another," and doubtless had the occasion arisen either would have gladly been a Jonathan to the other's David, a Pythias to his Damon.

Clark, with his party, of whom Gass was one, set out on the morning of Sunday, August 18th, Gass, a carpenter, was naturally in demand when canoes were to be constructed. Gass's journal gives some details of interest at this point, although in recounting the trip up the river from the Three Forks it is usually excessively brief and curt.

The explorers had concluded that they were on the extreme headwaters of the Jefferson, and from the relative size of the divergent streams at the forks as they saw them, they were probably justified in forming this erroneous conclusion, but M'Neal carried the idea to a boyish and ridiculous extent in his straddling-the-stream act on the 12th inst.

The remotest, highest sources of the Jefferson are probably more than two hundred miles above the Two Forks, just west of Henry's Lake and not far distant from the western border of Yellowstone Park. J. V. Brower, who has carefully explored and studied the upper Missouri, Jefferson, Beaverhead, or Red Rock Creek, as one chooses to consider the upper reaches of the stream, gives the distance from the *Three* Forks to the summit of the mountains east of the upper Red Rock Lake, Alaska Basin and Culver's Cañon, as 398 miles. The distance from the *Two* Forks of the Jefferson to "the remotest water of the Missouri," that "chaste and icy fountain" of Captain Lewis's narrative, situated near the summit of the divide at the head of the western branch—Horse Prairie Creek—up which Lewis and Clark travelled, is only about thirty miles, thus making a marked difference between the length of the two branches, measured from the Two Forks.

At this point the regular narrative dilates at some length upon the general nature of the Missouri and the distinctions which characterize different portions of it. It will be recalled that the explorers noted the fact that as the inferior branch at the Two Forks seemed to be the larger affluent, so, at the junction of the Wisdom and Jefferson rivers the former stream carried a larger quantity of water than did the main stream. Brower,[1] in his very complete work on the Missouri and its tributaries, throws some light on this. Hackett, Brower's assistant, says in reference to the basin of the Wisdom, or Bighole:

> The streams of that locality take their courses out from one of the most elevated and rugged mountain ranges in the State of Montana, and all of the foot-hills on the west side of the valley are covered with a dense growth of fir and pine timber which extends far up into the mountains where the snow-fall is excessive, and nearly every creek heads far back in some deep cañon or gorge. The east side of the valley is somewhat different. The streams there rise earlier in the season and commence to go down before the streams on the west side commence to rise. The main stream, by this natural cause, has a considerable stage of water before the melting snows from the timbered region on the west side commence to pour in a vast volume of water through every tributary creek. . . . All these numerous streams head in rough timbered cañons, and pour a vast volume of water into the channel of the Bighole. No such conditions exist on the Red Rock branch of the Missouri. The valley is very narrow and long, and the river crooked, the channel being over one hundred miles long down through the Centennial Valley alone,

where the hydrographic conditions are such that "the principal streams are sustained in a perennial existence," the supply of water being thus more regular and permanent.

Captain Lewis with the main body of the outfit remained at Shoshone Cove until August 24th. This point becomes an important one: It is the head of the expedition's so-called

[1] *The Missouri River and Its Utmost Source.*

navigation of the Missouri, and here they change from canoes to horses as means of transportation. To this point also, one of the Captains will return on the homeward journey in 1806, though by a somewhat different route. Here, therefore, they made a further *cache* of supplies and of collections made en route, and stowed away their canoes for future use.

While awaiting the return of the Indians, the most of whom had gone with Clark to their village to obtain horses for Captain Lewis's use, the time was well occupied. Game was very scarce and the Indians had hardly enough food to keep themselves from hunger, yet they were Christianly unselfish, heathen that they were, and although never having heard of the Golden Rule, they practised it to the very letter. Sacágawea had no occasion to blush for her countrymen.

The party were occupied chiefly in making pack-saddles, in the manufacture of which we supply the place of nails and boards by substituting for the first thongs of raw-hide, which answer very well, while for boards we use the handles of our oars and the plank of some boxes, the contents of which we empty into sacks made of raw-hide for the purpose. The Indians who visit us behave with the greatest decorum, and the women are busily engaged in making and mending the moccasins of the party.

AUGUST 21st, 1805. . . . Late to-night Drewyer, one of the hunters, returned with a fawn and a considerable quantity of Indian plunder, which he had taken by way of reprisal [for the theft of a rifle.]

AUGUST 22nd. . . . On examining the spoils which Drewyer had obtained, they were found to consist of [many articles of Indian apparel and also] an instrument made of bone for manufacturing flints into arrow-heads, and a number of flints themselves. The flint was much of the same color and nearly as transparent as common black glass, and when cut detached itself into flakes, leaving a very sharp edge.

This "black glass flint" was undoubtedly obsidian or natural, volcanic glass. This is found in various parts of the West, the large and noted Obsidian Cliff in Yellowstone Park being the best known. This material was very generally

used, where obtainable, for arrow-heads. The tribes formerly had a quarry at Obsidian Cliff, and and the spawls and arrow and spear points made from them were bartered from tribe to tribe, as the red pipestone pipes were.

The narrative continues:

> About eleven o'clock Chaboneau and his wife returned with Cameahwait, accompanied by about fifty men, with their women and children. After they had camped near us and turned loose their horses, we called a council of all the chiefs and warriors, and addressed them in a speech. . . . The council was then adjourned, and all the Indians were treated with an abundant meal of boiled Indian corn and beans. The poor wretches, who had no animal food and scarcely anything but a few fish, had been almost starved, and received this new luxury with great thankfulness. Out of compliment to the chief, we gave him a few dried squashes, which we had brought from the Mandans, and he declared it was the best food he had ever tasted except sugar, a small lump of which he had received from his sister.

They now began the purchase of horses, and

> we soon obtained five very good ones . . . by giving for each horse merchandise which cost us originally about $6. We have again to admire the perfect decency and propriety of the Indians; for though so numerous, they do not attempt to crowd round our camp or take anything which they see lying about, and whenever they borrow knives or kettles or any other article from the men, they return them with great fidelity. . . .

The result of some subsequent bartering was the purchase of three more horses and one mule, the latter obtained by the Shoshoni from some other tribe by barter, or from the Mexicans to the south, and it cost the explorers twice what each horse did. After procuring, in all, nine horses and a mule they hired two more horses and started, on August 24th, at noon, for the Shoshone camp. They were all on foot,

> except Sacajawea, for whom her husband had purchased a horse with [in exchange for] some articles which we gave him for that

purpose; an Indian, however, had the politeness to offer Captain Lewis one of his horses to ride, which he accepted in order better to direct the march of the party.

And now we find the only serious lapse from perfect sincerity and candor in the treatment of the party by these Indians. The offender, too, is Cameahwait, the Bird-woman's brother, and the discoverer and exposer of the scheme is Sacágawea herself, loyal to her heart's core to her white friends.

While at dinner we learned by means of Sacajawea that the young men who had left us this morning carried a request from the chief that the village would break camp and meet this party to-morrow, when they would all go down the Missouri into the buffalo country. Alarmed at this new caprice of the Indians, which, if not counteracted, threatened to leave ourselves and our baggage on the mountains, or even if we reached the waters of the Columbia, to prevent our obtaining horses to go on further, Captain Lewis immediately called the three chiefs together. After smoking a pipe he asked them if they were men of their word, and if we could rely on their promises. They readily answered in the affirmative. He then asked if they had not agreed to assist us in carrying our baggage over the mountains. To this they also answered yes. "Why, then," said he, "have you requested your people to meet us to-morrow where it will be impossible for us to trade for horses, as you promised we should? . . . If you wish the whites to be your friends, to bring you arms, and to protect you from your enemies, you should never promise what you do not mean to perform. . . . If, therefore, you intend to keep your promise, send one of the young men immediately, to order the people to remain at the village till we arrive." The two inferior chiefs then said . . . that they had not sent for the people, but on the contrary had disapproved of that measure which was done wholly by the first chief. Cameahwait remained silent for some time; at last he said that he knew he had done wrong, but that, seeing his people all in want of provisions, he had wished to hasten their departure for the country where their wants might be supplied. He, however, now declared that, having passed his word he would never violate it, and counter-orders were immediately sent to the village by a young man, to whom we gave a handkerchief, in order to insure dispatch and fidelity. . . .

AUGUST 26th. . . . We set out at sunrise and soon reached the fountain of the Missouri; . . . then crossing the dividing ridge we reached the fine spring where Captain Lewis had slept on the 12th [of August, where they halted for dinner].

One of the women, who had been leading two of our pack-horses, halted at a rivulet about a mile behind, and sent on the two horses by a female friend. On inquiring of Cameahwait the cause of her detention, he answered, with great appearance of unconcern, that she had just stopped to lie in, but would soon overtake us. In fact, we were astonished to see her in about an hour's time come on with her new-born infant, and pass us on her way to the camp, apparently in perfect health. . . .

After dinner we continued our route, [to camp] where we arrived about six o'clock, and were conducted to the leathern lodge in the center of 32 others made of brush. . . . We here found Colter, who had been sent by Captain Clark with a note apprising us that there were no hopes of a passage by water, and that the most practicable route seemed to be that mentioned by his guide, toward the north.

We will now return, for a time, to Captain Clark. On the 18th Clark travelled fifteen miles and he reached the Indian village early on the 20th of August, having crossed the Continental Divide on the 19th.

On the 20th, Clark left his camp early in the morning and within four miles reached the Indian camp, which had changed its location since Lewis's visit. Cameahwait halted the procession before entering the precints of the village and they had a ceremonious smoke.

This being over, Captain Clark was conducted to a large leathern lodge prepared for his party in the middle of the camp, the Indians having only shelters of willow-bushes. A few dried berries and one salmon, the only food the whole village could contribute, were then presented to him. . . .

A portion of Gass's narrative for the 19th and 20th runs as follows:

The people of this nation instead of shaking hands as a token of friendship, put their arms round the neck of the person they salute.

AUGUST 20th. They [the Shoshoni] are the poorest and most miserable nation I ever beheld; having scarcely anything to subsist on, except berries and a few fish, which they contrive by some means, to take. They have a great many fine horses, and nothing more; and on account of these they are much harassed by other nations. They move about in any direction where the berries are most plenty.

The explorers are now experiencing the hospitality of the Shoshonean family of Indians. This is a widespread stock geographically, nearly touching the Gulf of Mexico on the south, reaching the Pacific on the west, and a finger of it, on Powell's map, extending almost to the Canadian boundary. The principal region occupied by the Shoshoni, in their various tribes, was in Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, western Wyoming, Colorado, and southern California, with a broad lobe running down into Texas. The family comprised within its limits such well-known and apparently diverse tribes as the Bannock, Comanche, the various branches of the Ute, the Pai Ute, Shoshoni, Moki—in Arizona—etc. Many of these tribes have been almost, or quite, continuously the firm friends of the whites, old chief Washakie, one of the great latter-day chiefs of the Shoshoni, being noted in this respect and having on different occasions assisted the whites in their wars with the Sioux. There is now an agency of the Shoshoni on the Lemhi River in Idaho, near the very spot where Lewis and Clark camped and traded with the tribe in 1805. In 1900, there were about two hundred and fifty Indians at this agency.

The description of, and comments upon, these interesting people who were such friends in need, by Lewis and Clark, while a long one, is worthy of transcription here for several reasons did space permit; it runs, in part, thus:

The Shoshonees are a small tribe of the nation called Snake Indians. . . . . The Shoshonees with whom we now are amount to about 100 warriors, and three times that number of

women and children. Within their own recollection they formerly lived in the plains, but they have been driven into the mountains by the Pahkees, . . . and are now obliged to visit occasionally and by stealth, the country of their ancestors. . . . From the middle of May to the beginning of September they reside on the waters of the Columbia. . . . During this time they subsist chiefly on salmon, and as that fish disappears on the approach of autumn, they are obliged to seek subsistence elsewhere. They then cross the ridge to the waters of the Missouri, down which they proceed slowly and cautiously, till they are joined near the Three Forks by other bands, either of their own nation or of the Flatheads, with whom they associate against the common enemy. . . . In their intercourse with strangers they are frank and communicative, in their dealings perfectly fair, nor have we had during our stay with them any reason to suspect that the display of all our new and valuable wealth has tempted them into a single act of dishonesty. While they have generally shared with us the little they possess, they have always abstained from begging anything from us. . . .

In their conduct toward ourselves they were kind and obliging; and though on one occasion they seemed willing to neglect us, yet we scarcely knew how to blame the treatment by which we suffered, when we recollected how few civilized chiefs would have hazarded the comforts or the subsistence of their people for the sake of a few strangers. . . .

The infant daughters are often betrothed by the father to men who are grown, either for themselves or for their sons, for whom they are desirous of providing wives. . . . Sacajawea had been contracted for in this way before she was taken prisoner, and when we brought her back her betrothed was still living. Although he was double the age of Sacajawea and had two other wives, he claimed her; but on finding that she had a child by her new husband, Chaboneau, he relinquished his pretensions and said he did not want her.

The chastity of the women does not appear to be held in much estimation. The husband will, for a trifling present, lend his wife for a night to a stranger, and the loan may be protracted by increasing the value of the present. Yet, strange as it may seem, notwithstanding this facility, any connection of this kind not authorized by the husband is considered highly offensive, and quite as disgraceful to his character as the same licentiousness in civilized societies.

The dress of the Shoshonees is as convenient and decent as that of any Indians we have seen.

They have many more children than might have been expected, considering their precarious means of support and their wandering life. . . .

The names of these Indians vary in the course of their life. . . . To give to a friend one's own name is an act of high courtesy, and a pledge, like that of pulling off the moccasin, of sincerity and hospitality. The chief in this way gave his name to Captain Clark when he first arrived, and he was afterward known among the Shoshonees by the name of Cameahwait.

T. J. Farnham in *Travels in the Great Western Prairies*, etc.—1839—refers in the highest terms to the Shoshoni and I quote a few sentences:

From the time they met Lewis and Clark on the head-waters of the Missouri to the present day, the Snakes have opened their lodges to whites, with the most friendly feelings. . . . His property, when once arrived in their camp, is under the protection of their honor and religious principle. And should want, cupidity, or any other motive, tempt any individual to disregard these laws of hospitality, the property which may have been stolen, or its equivalent, is returned and the offender punished. The Snakes are a very intelligent race. This appears in the comforts of their homes, their well-constructed lodges, the elegance and useful form of their wardrobe, their horsegear, &c. But more especially does it exhibit itself in their views of sensual excesses and other immoralities. These are inhibited by immemorial usages of the tribe. . . . Civilized vice is quite as offensive as that which grows up in their own untrained natures. The non-use of intoxicating liquor is an example of this kind. They abjured it from the commencement of its introduction among them. And they give the best of reasons for this custom: "It unmans us for the hunt, and for defending ourselves against our enemies: it causes unnatural dissensions among ourselves: it makes the Chief less than his Indian; and by its use, imbecility and ruin would come upon the Shoshonie tribe."

This word-picture presents the Shoshoni in such a different light, in many respects, than does the narrative of Lewis and Clark, that one is led to think Farnham must have met a more prosperous and intelligent band than did our explorers.

I am constrained to interpolate at this point an account taken from Ferris of the first meeting of the Shoshoni with white men—Lewis and Clark—as given by the Indians. Ferris gives this as the first meeting of the Flatheads with Lewis and Clark, but in this I am convinced that he was in error, as will, I think, be seen later.

Many anecdotes of Messrs. Lewis and Clark, who were the first white men they ever saw, are related by the Flatheads, and some of the old men in the village now with us, were present at their first interview. An intelligent Flathead, known to the hunters by the name of "Faro," related to me many curious incidents in their history, and among others an account of this first interview with the whites. . . .

"A great many snows past," said he, "when I was a child, our people were in continual fear of the Blackfeet, who were already in possession of firearms of which we knew nothing, save by their murderous effects. During our excursions for buffalo, we were frequently attacked by them, and many of our bravest warriors fell victims to the thunder and lightning they wielded, which we conjectured had been given them by the Great Spirit to punish us for our sins. . . . At length, 'Big Foot,' the great chief of our tribe, assembled his warriors in council. . . . 'My heart tells me,' said he, 'that the Great Spirit has forsaken us; he has furnished our enemies with his thunder to destroy us, yet something whispers to me, that we may fly to the mountains and avoid a fate, which, if we remain here is inevitable. The lips of our women are white with dread, there are no smiles on the lips of our children. Our joyous sports are no more, glad tales are gone from the evening fires of our lodges. I see no face but is sad, silent, and thoughtful: nothing meets my ears but wild lamentations for departed heroes. Arise, let us fly to the mountains, let us seek their deepest recesses where unknown to our destroyers, we may hunt the deer and the bighorn, and bring gladness back to the hearts of our wives and our children.'

"The sun arose the following morning to shine upon a deserted camp, for the little band of Flatheads were already leaving the beautiful plains of the Jefferson. During one whole moon we pursued our course southwestward, through devious paths and unexplored defiles, until at last, heartsore and weary we reached the margin of Salmon river. Here we pitched our camp. . . . The Great Spirit seemed again to look kindly upon us. We were

no longer disturbed by our enemies, and joy and gladness came back to our bosoms. Smiles like little birds came and lit upon the lips of our children, their merry laughter was a constant song, like the song of birds. The eyes of our maidens were again like the twinkling stars, and their voices soft as the voice of a vanishing echo. There was plenty in every lodge, there was content in every heart, . . . we smoked the calumet in peace.

"After several moons, however, this state of tranquil happiness was interrupted by the arrival of two strangers. They were unlike any people we had hitherto seen, fairer than ourselves, and clothed with *skins* unknown to us. . . . They gave us things like solid water, which were sometimes brilliant as the sun, and which sometimes showed us our own faces. . . . We thought them the children of the Great Spirit. . . . But . . . we soon discovered that they were in possession of the identical thunder and lightning that had proved in the hands of our foes so fatal to our happiness. We also understood that they had come by the way of Beaver-head River, and that a party of beings like themselves were but a day's march behind them.

"Many of our people were now exceedingly terrified, making no doubt but that they were leagued with our enemies the Blackfeet, and coming jointly to destroy us. This opinion was strengthened by a request they made for us to go and meet their friends. At first this was denied, but a speech from our beloved chief, . . . induced most of our warriors to follow him and accompany the strangers to their camp. As they disappeared over a hill in the neighborhood of our village, the women set up a doleful yell, which was equivalent to bidding them farewell forever, and which did anything but elevate their drooping spirits. After such dismal forebodings imagine how agreeably they were disappointed, when, upon arriving at the strangers' encampment, they found, instead of an overwhelming force of their enemies, a few strangers like the two already with them, who treated them with great kindness, and gave them many things that had not existed before even in their dreams or imaginations. Our eagle eyed chief discovered from the carelessness of the strangers with regard to their things, that they were unacquainted with theft, which induced him to caution his followers against pilfering any article whatever. His instructions were strictly obeyed, mutual confidence was thus established. The strangers accompanied him back to the village, and there was peace and joy in the lodges of our people. They remained with us several days and the Flatheads have been ever since the friends of the white men."

It will at once be noted that this Indian recital, given to Ferris twenty-eight years after the meeting, is a remarkable duplicate of Lewis and Clark's statement of their meeting with the *Shoshoni*, and, we shall soon see, bears no resemblance to the meeting with the Flatheads either as recounted by the explorers or by the Indians.

Ferris has been found to be very accurate in his facts and statements, but I am convinced that in this instance he either fell into confusion as to the two tribes, or confused accounts of both tribes, in his writings.

So far as I have been able to discover, the Flatheads never resided on either the Lemhi or Salmon River, south of the mountains, but, on the contrary, all accounts place them to the north, across the mountains, just where Lewis and Clark found them, while the Shoshoni did, at one time, live on the plains east of the mountains, where the Ferris narrative erroneously places the Flatheads. The latter did, however, hunt the buffalo there in company with the Nez Percés and Shoshoni.

Farnham gives what purports to be the story of the *Shoshone who first met Captain Lewis*. Farnham was on his way to Oregon and stopped a few days, in early August, 1839, at Fort David Crockett in Brown's Hole, now Brown's Park, in northeastern Utah. This spot is one of the pleasantest of the larger valleys of the Rocky Mountains, is hemmed in by the lofty Uinta range, and in the fur-trading days was as favorite a spot for rendezvous of trappers as it was in later years for a wintering place for stockmen. It so happens that the first mountaineering of the writer was in this very region and he spent some weeks, in 1874, in Brown's Park. Powell, in his exploration of the Colorado River and its cañons in 1869 *et seq.*, passed through this park and Frémont had traversed it earlier still.

Farnham's account is interesting reading, but it does not

exactly square with the explorers' narrative, and the printers have made arrant nonsense of a portion of it, which portion I therefore omit. It is, moreover, but reasonable to expect that narrations of such events, particularly when made years afterwards and in a strange tongue or through interpreters, lose something in accuracy. I suspect though that the Indian or the interpreter made the most of his opportunity in recounting the tale to Farnham, which is as follows:

Among the several personages whom I chanced to meet at Brown's Hole, was an old Snake Indian, who saw Messrs. Lewis and Clark on the head-waters of the Missouri in 1805. He is the individual of his tribe, who first saw the explorers' cavalcade. He appears to have been galloping from place to place in the office of sentinel to the Shoshonie camp, when he suddenly found himself in the very presence of the whites. Astonishment fixed him to the spot. Men with faces pale as ashes, had never been seen by himself or nation. . . . His fears at length overcoming his curiosity, he fled in the direction of the Indian encampment. But being seen by the whites, they pursued and brought him to their camp; exhibited to him the effects of their fire-arms—loaded him with presents, and let him go. Having arrived among his own people, he told them he had seen men with faces pale as ashes, who were makers of thunder, lightning, &c. This information astounded the whole tribe. They had lived many years, and their ancestors had lived many more, and there were many legends which spoke of many wonderful things; but a tale like this they never had heard. A council was therefore assembled to consider the matter. The man of strange words was summoned before it; and he rehearsed, in substance, what he had before told to others; but was not believed. "All men were red, and therefore he could not have seen men as pale as ashes. The Great Spirit made the thunder and the lightning; he therefore could not have seen men of any color that could produce it. He had seen nothing; he had lied to his chief, and should die." At this stage of the proceedings, the culprit produced some of the presents which he had received from the pale men. These being quite as new to them as pale faces were, it was determined "that he should have the privilege of leading his judges to the place where he declared he had seen these

strange people; and if such were found there, he should be exculpated; if not, these presents were to be considered as conclusive evidence against him, that he dealt with evil spirits, and that he was worthy of death by the arrows of his kinfolks." The pale men—the thunder-makers—were found, and were witnesses of the poor fellow's story. He was released; and has ever since been much honored and loved by his tribe, and every white man in the mountains. He is now about 80 years old, and poor. But as he is always about Fort David Crockett, he is never permitted to want.

The expedition is now fairly across the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains. It has passed from the waters that drain to the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, to the drainage of the Pacific, but many weary and trying weeks will pass before the explorers see the spray of the breakers and hear the roar of the surf of that great ocean.

The pass by which they have advanced one more step on the way is the Lemhi, one of the easiest across the Rockies, but it led them into a region full of tribulation and hardship for them.

Lewis and Clark crossed the Rocky Mountain chain seven times at six distinct places, crossing one pass twice. Of these six passes three were of the main range, the others of concomitant ranges on either side of, and more or less parallel to, the main range. In their order of succession and with the names in current use these passes were, the Lemhi; an unnamed pass of the Bitter Root range at the southwestern angle where that range joins the main Rockies; the Lolo Pass of the Bitter Root range; Gibbon's Pass of the Rockies, near the unnamed pass mentioned; the Lewis and Clark Pass of the main range at the head of Dearborn's River, and the Bozeman Pass between the Bridger and Gallatin ranges east of Bozeman, Montana.

Of all these passes there were but three that Lewis and Clark both crossed and the only one across the main range

that both of them saw and used was the first one—the so-called Lemhi Pass. This pass, therefore, should have been called and should, if possible, even yet be named the *Lewis and Clark* Pass. The one now known by that name Clark never saw, and the Gibbon Pass, which Lewis never saw, should by all rules be known as Clark's Pass, not Gibbon's, General Gibbon having crossed it seventy-one years after Clark.

Why the Government itself has not seen to it that the rights of these, our first and greatest governmental explorers, have been protected, or why some of the many scientific societies of the country have not long ago acted in this matter, is incomprehensible. As a matter of fact the Government has itself assisted in perpetuating these gross blunders and injustices. It would seem that there is an opportunity here for the United States Board on Geographic Names to make a commendable record for itself.

The country in which the expedition now found itself is one of the wildest and roughest within the domain of the United States. The rivers run in tremendous cañons and with such rapidity of descent that for miles they form continuous rapids, thus rendering them unnavigable. There is little arable or bottom land along their courses; the mountains are heavily timbered and fallen timber obstructs progress in every direction; the snowfall is heavy; the trails few, steep, and difficult, and hunting is a laborious occupation.

It required all the resources both of the Captains and of the Indians, who aided them to the utmost extent of their ability, to extricate themselves from their difficult situation.

CHAPTER II

CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS

CAPTAIN CLARK and his little contingent of explorers and canoe builders reached the Indian camp early on the morning of August 20th. From the information that the Indians had already given to Lewis and which was, to all appearances, straightforward and reliable, Clark knew that the plan originally contemplated was of doubtful practicability. Time was pressing, the days were shortening, the ocean was a long distance off, and if the branch of the Columbia upon which they now were was indeed unnavigable for canoes, and its banks impassable for horses, another route must be found.

The first move was to explore the river and verify the tales of the Indians. Clark, therefore, in the council held immediately upon his arrival, stated his objects and obtained as a guide down the river an old man "who was said to know more of their geography to the north than any other person."

The Indians were encamped upon the Lemhi River some little distance above its junction with the Salmon River, and a careful examination of these streams for many miles to the north and west was necessary to determine the future course of the explorers.

Before starting Clark continued his inquiries of Cameahwait, who began

by drawing on the ground a delineation of the rivers. . . . The river [Lemhi] on which the camp is, he divided into two

branches just above us, which, as he indicated by the opening of the mountains, were in view; he next made it discharge itself into a larger [Salmon] river, ten miles below, coming from the southwest; the joint stream continued one day's march to the northwest, and then inclined to the westward for two days' march farther. At that place he placed several heaps of sand on each side, which, as he explained them, represented vast mountains of rock always covered with snow, in passing through

A Pack Train in the Salmon River Country.

which the river was so completely hemmed in by the high rocks that there was no possibility of travelling along the shore; that the bed of the river was obstructed by sharp-pointed rocks, and such its rapidity that, as far as the eye could reach, it presented a perfect column of foam. The mountains he said were equally inaccessible, as neither man nor horse could cross them. . . . Cameahwait said also that he had been informed by the Chopunnish, or Pierced-nose [Nez Percé] Indians, who reside on this [the Salmon, which becomes the Snake] river west of the moun-

tains, that it ran a great way toward the setting sun, and at length [as the Columbia] lost itself in a great lake of water [the Ocean] which was ill-tasted, and where the white men [the traders] lived.

From the 20th to the 23d of August, Clark was exploring the Salmon River, and with every mile that he progressed the obstacles and difficulties increased. The Indians had told him the truth, and at last, after sixty-eight or seventy miles of most difficult trailing, the Captain admitted that further tramping was useless. A few quotations from the narrative will give an idea of their experiences.

The western branch of this [Salmon] river is much larger than the eastern [Lemhi], and after we passed the junction we found the river about one hundred yards in width, rapid and shoaly, but containing only a small quantity of timber. As Captain Lewis was the first white man who visited its waters, Captain Clark gave it the name of Lewis's River. . . .

He soon began to perceive that the Indian accounts had not exaggerated; at the distance of a mile he passed a small creek, and the points of four mountains, which were rocky, and so high that it seemed almost impossible to cross them with horses. . . .

This day Clark discovered a so-called woodpecker, which later became known as Clark's crow.

On August 23d,

Captain Clark set off very early, but as his route lay along the steep side of a mountain, over irregular and broken masses of rocks which wounded the horses' feet, he was obliged to proceed slowly. At the distance of four miles he reached the river, but the rocks here became so steep, and projected so far into the river, that there was no mode of passing except through the water. This he did for some distance, though the river was very rapid and so deep that they were forced to swim their horses. . . .

From the place where he had left the party to the mouth of this creek, it presents one continued rapid, in which are five shoals, neither [none] of which could be passed with loaded canoes; and the baggage must therefore be transported for a

considerable distance over the steep mountains, where it would be impossible to employ horses for the relief of the men. . . .

On the afternoon of the 23d he pushed ahead once more, and ascended a high mountain,

from which the guide now pointed out where the river broke through the mountains about twenty miles distant. . . . This view was terminated by one of the loftiest mountains Captain Clark had ever seen, which was perfectly covered with snow. Towards this formidable barrier the river went directly on, and there it was, as the guide observed, that the difficulties and dangers of which he and Cameahwait had spoken commenced. . . . But he was in need of no further evidence to convince him of the utter impracticability of the route before him. He had already witnessed the difficulties of part of the road; yet after all these dangers his guide, whose intelligence and fidelity he could not doubt, now assured him that the difficulties were only commencing, and what he saw before him too clearly convinced him of the Indian's veracity.

He therefore . . . returned to the . . . last creek he had passed and . . . encamped for the night.

Here he held a long interview with the guide, an intelligent old fellow, and,

after a great deal of conversation, or rather signs, and a second and more particular map from his guide, Captain Clark felt persuaded that his guide knew of a road from the Shoshonee village they had left to the great river [Clark's, or Bitter Root] to the north, without coming so low down as this on a route impracticable for horses.

They hastened their return as rapidly as possible, but as their diet now consisted almost entirely of berries, the men lacked strength and some of them were sick, so that they made slow progress. In passing some Indian lodges the people

treated them with great kindness, and though poor and dirty . . . they gave the whole party boiled salmon and dried berries, which were not, however, in sufficient quantities to appease their hunger.

At this time Clark and most of the men went twenty-four hours without anything to eat. Matters were indeed becoming serious; they obtained their food from day to day only and, rarely, in any one day, in sufficient quantity wholly to appease their ravenous appetites.

Captain Clark remained at the lower camp for a day or two, in the meantime sending forward the old guide to Captain Lewis to rehearse the state of affairs to him.

On August 29th, Captain Clark and his party, with the exception of Gass and one other, rejoined Lewis at the upper village and the traffic for horses was pushed vigorously.

The late misfortunes of the Shoshonees make the price higher than common, so that one horse cost a pistol, one hundred balls, some powder, and a knife; another was exchanged for a musket, and in this way we obtained twenty-nine. The horses themselves are young and vigorous, but they are very poor, and most of them have sore backs in consequence of the roughness of the Shoshonee saddle.

Gass's journal on this day describes the Indian method of making fire, which is always an interesting process to a white man the first time he sees it. My initiation was in 1874 among the Utes of the Uinta Reservation in Utah.

While I lay here to-day, one of the natives shewed me their method of producing fire, which is somewhat curious. They have two sticks ready for the operation, one about 9 and the other 18 inches long. The short stick they lay down flat and rub the end of the other upon it in a perpendicular direction for a few minutes; and the friction raises a kind of dust, which in a short time takes fire. These people make willow baskets so close and to such perfection as to hold water, for which purpose they make use of them. They make much use of the sunflower and lambs-quarter seed, as before mentioned; which with berries and wild cherries pounded together, compose the only bread they have any knowledge of, or in use. The fish they take in this river are of excellent kinds, especially the salmon, the roes of which when dried and pounded make the best of soup.

The expedition had now reached the crucial period of the journey. To pass the mountains northward and then to the westward, and then to reach the navigable waters of the Columbia was the task before them, and no man of them could forecast the result. Their provisions were virtually exhausted and they must, like an army cut loose from its base, live off the country, which here, as we have seen, meant a precarious existence. It was an anxious time, almost the only ray of sunshine among the clouds of despondency being the ability and reliability of the old guide and his assurance of being able to lead them across the mountains.

As Sacágawea had been, and was still to prove, a valuable help to the explorers, so this old Shoshone was to show himself a blessing to them.

On August 30th the main body moved down to the lower Indian camp, and on the 31st they all started down the river and that difficult stage of their journey, the crossing of the range, had begun.

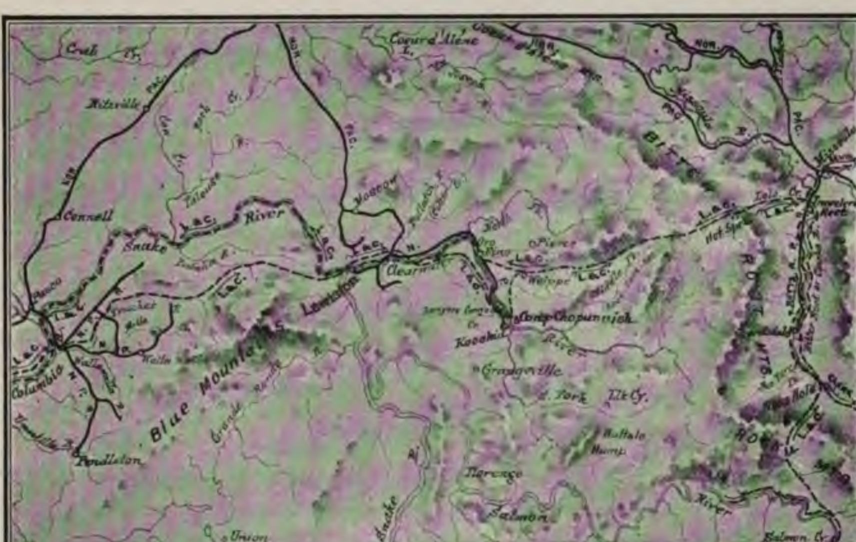
Gass thus refers to the cost of their cavalcade:

> The first cost of the articles, which had been given for each horse, did not amount to more than from three to five dollars; so that the whole of them only cost about one hundred dollars.

As the expedition set out down the river from the upper village on the 30th, the Shoshoni, who had delayed their own departure in order to trade with and to assist Lewis and Clark, started eastward for the buffalo country, and the expedition never saw them again.

If the rough-and-tumble life which our adventurers had so long been living had not eradicated all sentiment, we may rest assured that the parting with these copper-hued but truly hospitable people was not without its tender side. No truer hospitality nor purer friendship can be shown than that which these poor, rough, uncultured beings had ex-

hibited towards Lewis and Clark, and it is but simple justice and manliness to dwell upon it for a moment, for it marked a turning-point in the fortunes of the expedition, and stamped success instead of failure upon the whole enterprise. Consider for just a moment what the result must have been had the Shoshoni received them, not even in an openly hostile



The Route of Lewis and Clark, Crossing the Bitter Root Range. Lemhi River to Mouth of Walla Walla River.

manner, but simply in an ungracious, surly way; had they refused to trade with them or to give them the information necessary to guide them in their future course, or, if instead of freely sharing their salmon and their berry cakes with them, they had sullenly kept all they had, which was little enough for themselves.

In considering the success of Lewis and Clark we are compelled now and again to stop and acknowledge the material

aid rendered them by the natives, and in the case of the Shoshoni this assistance was simply inestimable.

Very little is said in the narrative regarding the stay of Bird-woman among her friends and tribe. She apparently evinced no desire to remain with them, and so far as we know, after the expedition left for the North, she never again saw her people. That her friendship for the whites and her relationship to Cameahwait and the tribe had an important influence upon their reception and treatment of the explorers, may be accepted as a self-evident truth.

In leaving the Lemhi River country the explorers followed Captain Clark's route down the Salmon River for about thirty miles below their first encampment on Columbian waters, or, eight or ten miles below the junction of the Lemhi and Salmon, to a certain Tower Creek, —not Berry Creek as the Biddle-Allen edition states,—which is now, presumably, Boyle's Creek. They ascended this creek four miles and then struck across the mountains, in a general northwestern direction, until they reached what they called Fish Creek, apparently the north fork of the Salmon River, six or seven miles below the main forks of the creek. They then ascended Fish Creek to the forks and, taking the western branch, followed it to the summit of the range and then descended the mountains to the headwaters of Clark's River, now the Ross fork of the Bitter Root.

To their camp of August 31st at the old Indian lodges on Tower Creek, the trail was fairly good, but from that point it was, as Gass puts it, "the worst road (if road it can be called) that was ever traveled." There was, in reality, no trail at all and they were compelled to cut their own trail through underbrush and trees and to wind about through fallen timber so that

> we are obliged to go up the sides of the hills, which are very steep, and then *down again in order to get along at all.* In going

up these ascents the horses would sometimes fall backwards, which injured them very much.

The ground was also rough and rocky and the men as well as the horses were tired out and bruised in making this passage. Poor York, perhaps, wished that he was just at this time back among his own people, for Gass records that,

about the middle of the day [September 1st] Captain Clarke's blackman's feet became so sore that he had to ride on horseback.

However, despite these obstacles, increased by rain and snow, they managed to reach the lowlands on the north of the range, but still west of the Continental Divide and on the waters of another branch of the Columbia, without loss of any men or animals. They ate the last of their pork before reaching the divide and had but a little flour left.

When they started from the Lemhi, besides their Indian guide, they were accompanied by four of his sons and another Indian. These left them on September 2d, according to Gass, but the guide was joined this same day by another son, who continued with them.

As we have already seen, Lewis and Clark overestimated, more or less, the mileage they made. The record also shows that in their compass readings they sometimes recorded west when they meant east, north when it should have been south, and their direction courses were not always accurately given. In working out the explorers' route across these mountains, Dr. Coues ran against a "snag" on Ross's Fork where the Captains met the Flatheads and camped.

The record reads in part:

SEPTEMBER 4th, . . . We crossed a high mountain which forms the dividing ridge between the waters of the creek we had been ascending and those running to the north and west [or between the Salmon and the Bitter Root]. We had not gone more than six miles over the snow when we reached the head of a stream from the right, which directed its course more to the

westward. We descended the steep sides of the hills along its border, and at the distance of three miles found a small branch coming in from the eastward. . . . Then we pursued the course of the stream for three miles, till it emptied itself into a river from the east. In the wide valley at their junction, we discovered a large encampment of Indians; when we had reached them and alighted from our horses, we were received with great cordiality. A council was immediately assembled, white robes were thrown over our shoulders, and the pipe of peace [was] introduced.

They remained with the Indians during the 5th and the narrative continues:

SEPTEMBER 6th. We continued this morning with the Ootlashoots, from whom we purchased two more horses, and procured a vocabulary of their language. The Ootlashoots set off about two o'clock to join the different bands who were collecting at the Three Forks of the Missouri. We ourselves proceeded at the same time, and taking a direction N. 30 W., crossed, within the distance of one mile and a half, a small river from the right and a creek coming in from the north. This river is the main stream, and when it reaches the end of the valley, where the mountains close in upon it, is joined by the river on which we encamped last evening, as well as by the creek just mentioned. To the river thus formed we gave the name of Captain Clark, he being the first white man who had ever visited its waters.

To one unfamiliar with the region the narrative is hardly consistent, or at least is not plain, and one who has visited the spot finds some difficulty at first in harmonizing it with the locality. The apparent confliction in the number and the courses of the streams down in the valley and noted by Coues, is I think, owing to obscurity in the narrative in describing the descent into the valley.

In ascending Fish Creek the party kept to the left side of that stream, and their direction of travel, with one immaterial exception, was always to the west of north, considerably so much of the time. This, I think, brought them out on the head of a branch of Camp Creek,—the name of the

main creek here which the explorers first struck,—instead of on the main stream, and to the northwest of the head of the main creek. In order to get down into the valley of Camp Creek they were compelled to go at some time, in a northeastern direction, but no such course is given by them. I think the last course reading of Clark's on September 4th, which he gives as "N. 35° W. 3 m. down this run to the river which comes from the east," should probably read N. 35° E. This would have taken them down a good-sized branch of Camp Creek, near the mouth of which Mr. Waugh now lives, and on which Mr. Wright and I camped in 1899, and to the "river which comes from the east," which does not, however, come from the east as much as from the southeast. Then, when leaving camp on the 6th, a mile and a half would bring them to the main fork of the river, "the small river from the right and a creek coming in from the north," and the entire narrative would be consistent with itself and with the situation as it exists.

I am led to believe that this interpretation is correct for two other reasons: first, the narrative of September 6th distinctly states that "the small river from the right . . . is the main stream" and it is not "the river on which we encamped last evening," and the relation of all these rivers, creeks, the cañon just below the junction, and the trail by which they left the valley, to each other and to the locality precisely fits this explanation. Second, Camp Creek runs through a valley that meets the description of the narrative as to the place where they camped with the Ootlashoots, and it is so named because it has always been a favorite camping ground of the Indians.

By a reference to my notes since writing the foregoing I find that this interpretation coincides, also, with statements made to me in 1899 by Mr. Waugh as to the course of the old Salmon River trail.

The details of the narrative are so indefinite and obscure as to the descent to Camp Creek, that a further and detailed examination might force a modification as to a part of this statement but of one fact, there can be no question; the camp of the Indians and of Lewis and Clark from September 4th to September 6th was on Camp Creek and not on Ross's Fork.

The point at which the expedition now finds itself after its fearful trip across the range is a beautiful park, or "hole" as it was wont to be called, among the mountains, some twenty miles above and south from the present terminus of the Bitter Root Valley branch of the Northern Pacific Railway. It is right in the northern angle formed by the Bitter Root range with the main range of the Rockies, which latter extends northeastward toward Anaconda. Sula is its post-office, and there are several families living there and on Ross's Fork and affluent creeks, and it is generally known as Ross's Hole. Ross's Fork comes in from the east and Camp Creek joins it from the southeast at almost a right angle, and a little way below the junction the combined waters enter a cañon of fine proportions, wild, rough, and picturesque, through which they flow, cutting through the mountains, into the Bitter Root Valley. There has been little real change here since Lewis and Clark camped with the Ootlashoots. Some of the trails have been expanded into roads, but the mountains are as high and savage in appearance and as heavily timbered as in 1805. A road to the settlements of the Bitter Root Valley now runs through the cañon which was avoided by the trail used by Lewis and Clark. This trail, as it left the valley, followed a depression just west of the "creek coming in from the north," now known as Cameron Creek, and then swung toward the northwest. It descended into the Bitter Root Valley at two points: one, at the wagon bridge across the Bitter Root River near Wildes's

Head of Cañon of Bitter Root River, near Junction of Ross's Fork and Camp Creek.

Spring, the other, down the valley of Rye, or Rye Grass Creek. At the former place the old trail is very plain and is even yet used; at the mouth of Rye Creek the hills are plainly marked with trails which may well have been Indian trails originally. This trail avoided the cañon which the road now follows and which was a difficult and, in some respects, a dangerous defile.

At Ross's Hole the Salmon River trail and the one from the Wisdom River and upper Jefferson, or Red Rock Creek, converged.

Unless the old Shoshone guide had not been over the Fish Creek trail for a long time and was, therefore, unfamiliar with it at this time,—there is no evidence that he got lost as Coues suggests; quite the contrary indeed,—it is strange that he did not lead the expedition back across the Lewis and Clark—Lemhi—Pass and around by the trail that Clark used a year later on his return to Shoshone Cove. This would have been a somewhat longer route in miles, but a much easier one to travel, and it would probably have taken no more time.

The Indians whom the explorers met here were those of a tribe whose virtues and unwavering fidelity and friendliness to the whites seem almost like fiction. Lewis and Clark knew them as Ootlashoots; we know them as Flatheads, or more correctly, Salish. The term Flathead, applied to them, is an utter misnomer, apparently without foundation in fact.

Father Palladino [1] states that these Indians never flattened the heads of their infants. The tribes to the west did, and the Nez Percés probably did also, in the early days; but, according to universal testimony, the Salish were guiltless of this monstrous practice.

The reception of the party by the Indians was cordial

[1] *Indian and White in the Northwest*, L. B. Palladino, S. J., Baltimore, John Murphy & Co. 1894.

and friendly to a degree, although these were the first white men they had ever seen. Learning, some years since, that I could obtain from an old and reliable Indian, François, on the Flathead Reservation, the story of this meeting, I wrote to my friend Father D'Aste, a priest who has been long in the country, at St. Ignatius Mission, and asked him if he could obtain the story for me. With a change here and there, I let Father D'Aste tell the story in his own words:

ST. IGNATIUS MISSION, Sept. 5, 1899.

I had three days ago a chance to see, at the agency, the old Indian, François Saxà, and asked him to tell me what he had heard the old Agnes, the wife of Chief Victor and stepmother of Charlot relate about the first meeting of the Flathead Indians and the explorers, Lewis and Clark. You know that this man, François, while living in Bitterroot valley, enjoyed the enviable reputation among the settlers of being a truthful man, on whose words they could always depend. He said he remembered very well what the old Agnes related to the Indians about that historical meeting.

The Flathead Indians were camping at Ross's hole, or Ross's fork, at the head of Bitterroot valley, when one day the old chief, *Three Eagles*, the father of Chief Victor and grandfather of Charlot, left the camp to go scouting the country, fearing there might be some Indian enemies sneaking around with the intent to steal horses, as it was done then very frequently. He saw at a distance Lewis and Clark's party, about twenty men, each man leading two pack horses, except two, who were riding ahead, who were Lewis and Clark. The old chief, seeing that these men wore no blankets, did not know what to think of them. It was the first time he had met men without blankets. What kind of beings could they be? The first thought was that they were a party of men who, traveling, had been robbed by some Indians of their blankets. He went back to his people and, reporting to them what he had seen, he gave orders that all the horses should be driven in and watched, for fear the party he had seen might be on a stealing expedition. He then went back toward the party of strange beings, and, hiding himself in the timber, watched them.

When they came to the open prairie he noticed that they traveled slowly and unconcerned, all together, the two leaders going ahead of the party and looking around, as if surveying the

country and consulting with their men. He thought within himself: These must be two chiefs; but what can they be after? To make things more complicated for the old chief, there was a colored man in the party. What can this man be? When the Indians were going to the buffalo hunt they had a custom, if any sign would appear of some of their enemies being hiding around, to have a *war dance* to encourage one another to fight and be brave. For this dance the Indian warriors would paint themselves, some in red, some in yellow, and some in black, etc., and from the color each had chosen to paint himself his name was called. This black face, thought the old chief, must surely be a man who painted his face black in sign of war. The party must have had a fight with some hostile Indians and escaped from their enemies, losing only their blankets.

Seeing that the strangers were traveling in the direction of his camp, the old chief went back to his people and told them to keep quiet and wait for the party to come near. From the easy and unconcerned way the strange beings were traveling, the Indians inferred that they had no intention to fight or to injure them. Hence, when they saw the strangers advancing, in the same manner, toward them, and were already near their camp, the Indians did not move, but kept watching. When the two leaders of the party, coming to the Indian camp, showed friendship to the Indians, there was a universal shaking of hands. The chief then gave orders to the Indians to bring in the best buffalo hides, one for each man to sit on, and the best buffalo robes also, one for each man to use as a blanket. Then the two leaders, observing that the Indians were using, for smoking, the leaves of some plant, a plant very much alike to our tobacco plant, asked for some and filled their pipes; but as soon as they tried to smoke, they pronounced the *Indian tobacco* no good. Cutting some of their own tobacco they gave it to the Indians, telling them to fill their pipes with it. But it was too much for them, who had never tried the American weed, and all began to cough, with great delight to the party. Then the two leaders asked the Indians for some Kinnikinnick, mixed it with the tobacco, and gave again to the Indians the prepared weed to smoke. This time the Indians found it excellent, and in their way thanked the men whom they now believed a friendly party. On their side the whites, seeing the friendly dispositions of the Indians, decided to camp right there, and they began to unpack their horses, giving the Indians to understand that they also had blankets in their packs, but that they used them only to sleep in, and gave them back the robes. The Indians were

67 *Flathead, or Salish, Indian Women on the Jocko Reservation, Montana.*

soon out of their wits when they saw some of the men packing on their shoulders pretty good sized logs for their camp fires, and conceived a great idea of the power of the white man. All went on friendly, and after three days they started off, directed to Lolo fork's trail by the Indians, as the best way to go to the Nez Percés' country.

I am yours respectfully,
J. D'ASTE, S. J.

There is nothing in this account that appears to conflict with what the explorers state, and it is interesting as giving the Indians' view of the event.

Lewis and Clark record of the Salish at Ross's Hole as follows:

We then began to traffic for horses, and succeeded in exchanging seven, purchasing eleven, for which we gave a few articles of merchandise.

This camp consists of thirty-three lodges, in which were about four hundred souls, among whom eighty were men. They are called Ootlashoots, and represent themselves as one band of a nation called Tushepaws, a numerous people of four hundred and fifty lodges, residing on the heads of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, and some of them lower down the latter river. . . . Their only wealth is their horses, which are very fine, and so numerous that this party had with them at least five hundred.

Gass says that when the expedition left the Ootlashoots they had forty horses and three colts, also that the Indians' dogs were so hungry that they ate several pairs of "mockasons last night."

The Salishan family of whom these Ootlashoots formed a part occupied a large part of Washington and Oregon, and extended well up into British Columbia and down into Montana. Lewis and Clark met them at the southeastern extremity of their range. For long years these Indians occupied the Bitter Root Valley, and it was not until 1891 that the last of them removed to the Jocko agency, northwest from Missoula, Montana.

These were the Indians who, in connection with the Nez Percés, sent the various delegations to St. Louis between the years 1831–39, asking for "the Book" — the Bible — and the "Black Robes," the missionaries.

In 1840, the now renowned Father De Smet established a Catholic mission among these Indians, and Catholics they remain to this day. The Jefferson River from Red Rock Lake to the Three Forks was the theatre of De Smet's first labors. In 1841, he moved over to the Bitter Root Valley and established his first mission near the present town of Stevensville. The Fathers gave the name St. Mary's to the mission, river, and valley; but this name, as regards the river and valley, was long since supplanted by that of the Bitter Root. The old St. Mary's Mission Church at Stevensville still stands, one of the land marks of the valley. Occasional services are held there by some Father from a neighboring town or mission, who visits the church for that purpose, but the Indians are gone.

The first grist-mill and the first saw-mill in Montana were both constructed at this mission by the Jesuit Fathers. The mill-stones for the grist-mill were brought from Europe and were but fifteen inches in diameter. As for the equipment for the saw-mill, Father Palladino states that, "four wagon tires welded together made the crank, while a fifth one was first flattened out and hardened into a steel blade by dint of hammering, and then filed into a saw." A sledge-hammer made from tin cans was another home-made implement of mission manufacture.

No tribe of Indians in the United States has received more and higher encomiums than have these Ootlashoots, Salish, or Flatheads, whose knowledge of white and black men was first obtained through Lewis and Clark. Their standards of honesty and morality were and are higher than those of most Indians.

Gass, speaking of the Flatheads in general, after commenting upon the immoralities of the various tribes they had seen, remarks:

> To the honour of the Flatheads, who live on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, and extend some distance down the Columbia, we must mention them as an exception; . . . and they are the only nation on the whole route where anything like chastity is regarded.

Father De Smet, as is well known, could hardly say enough in favor of this tribe, and Governor Stevens, and Captain Mullan, one of his assistants, both of whom knew these Indians well, were unqualified in their praise. Ross Cox, one of the Astorians, who spent some time among the lodges of these people in 1813–14, paid this tribute to them:

> With the exception of the cruel treatment of their prisoners (which, as it is general among all savages, must not be imputed to them as a peculiar vice), the Flat-heads have fewer failings than any of the tribes I ever met with. They are honest in their dealings, brave in the field, quiet and amenable to their chiefs, fond of cleanliness, and decided enemies to falsehood of every description. The women are excellent wives and mothers, and their character for fidelity is so well established, that we never heard an instance of one of them proving unfaithful to her husband. They are also free from the vice of backbiting, so common among the lower tribes; and laziness is a stranger among them. Both sexes are comparatively very fair, and their complexions are a shade lighter than the palest new copper after being freshly rubbed. They are remarkably well made, rather slender, and never corpulent.

Ferris, who was among them in 1831, says:

> The ancient superstitions have given place to the more enlightened views of the Christian faith, and they seem to have become deeply and profitably impressed with the great truths of the Gospel. They appear to be very devout and orderly, and never eat, drink, or sleep, without giving thanks to God.

St. Mary's Mission, Stevensville, Mont., where Father De Smet Established himself among the Salish, or Flathead, Indians. Bitter Root Range in the Background.

Wyeth was among these Indians in 1832 and he praised them highly.

The mettle and the sincerity of these people were shown in 1877, during the Nez Percé war. At that time Chief Charlot and his band of Flatheads were still in the Bitter Root Valley. Chief Joseph and the Nez Percés came across the mountains from Idaho by the same pass through which we are about to accompany Lewis and Clark, and after remaining near Stevensville for a day or two ascended the valley to Ross's Hole and then crossed the main Rockies to the Wisdom River and Jefferson River valleys.

The whites in Bitter Root Valley were at first greatly alarmed, and in their panic, seemed as much afraid of the peaceful Flatheads as of the Nez Percés. Charlot, when Joseph, Looking Glass, and the other Nez Percé chiefs offered to shake hands with him, unceremoniously refused to do so because their hands were "reeking with the white man's blood." He gave the Nez Percés plainly to understand that if any hostilities or depredations were committed against the white people of *that* valley, they would have to reckon not alone with the white soldiers, but with him and his Indians. The whites were not molested by the Nez Percés in their transit through the valley. As a fact, many of the settlers and storekeepers made money by selling to the Nez Percés, ranch and other supplies and ammunition.

When it is recalled that the Flatheads and Nez Percés were connected by the strongest ties of friendship, the moral bravery and the importance of Charlot's position and action will be fully understood. Since the removal of the Flatheads, or Salish, to the Jocko Reservation, these Indians are seldom seen in the valley of the Bitter Root. The Nez Percés occasionally cross the range from the Clearwater country and, in 1899, I saw a band of them there.

On the day that Lewis and Clark departed from Ross's

Hole, they started late and travelled only a few miles. An important entry reads:

> Our stock of flour was now exhausted and we had but little corn, and as our hunters had killed nothing except two pheasants, our supper consisted chiefly of berries.

Their progress down Clark's River, as the explorers then called this stream, was uneventful. On the 7th of September they passed the junction of the Nez Percé fork with the main stream, and the entries of the journal relate almost entirely to passing or crossing creeks and "runs," of which there are a large number, the valley being abundantly watered on either side by fine, beautiful trout streams. There are so many of these lateral creeks that actual identification of a large number of them is not easy nor does it matter. The march of the explorers was now a holiday procession in comparison with the experiences of the days preceding, and they reached what they called Traveller's-rest Creek on the afternoon of September 9th.

At this day it is rather amusing to read the comments in the regular narrative, and also of Gass regarding this valley.

> The valley through which we passed is of poor soil, and its fertility is injured by the quantity of stone scattered over it; . . . the valley continues to be a poor stony land, with scarcely any timber.

This is the burden of the explorers' tale. Gass remarks once or twice that the country is "mountainous and poor and the game scarce"; again, "the soil of the valley is poor and gravelly."

As a matter of fact the Bitter Root Valley is one of the most fertile and prolific to be found anywhere. The valley appears to have been an ancient lake bed. There are very large gravel and boulder areas here and there as Gass states, and he would doubtless have been mystified beyond belief

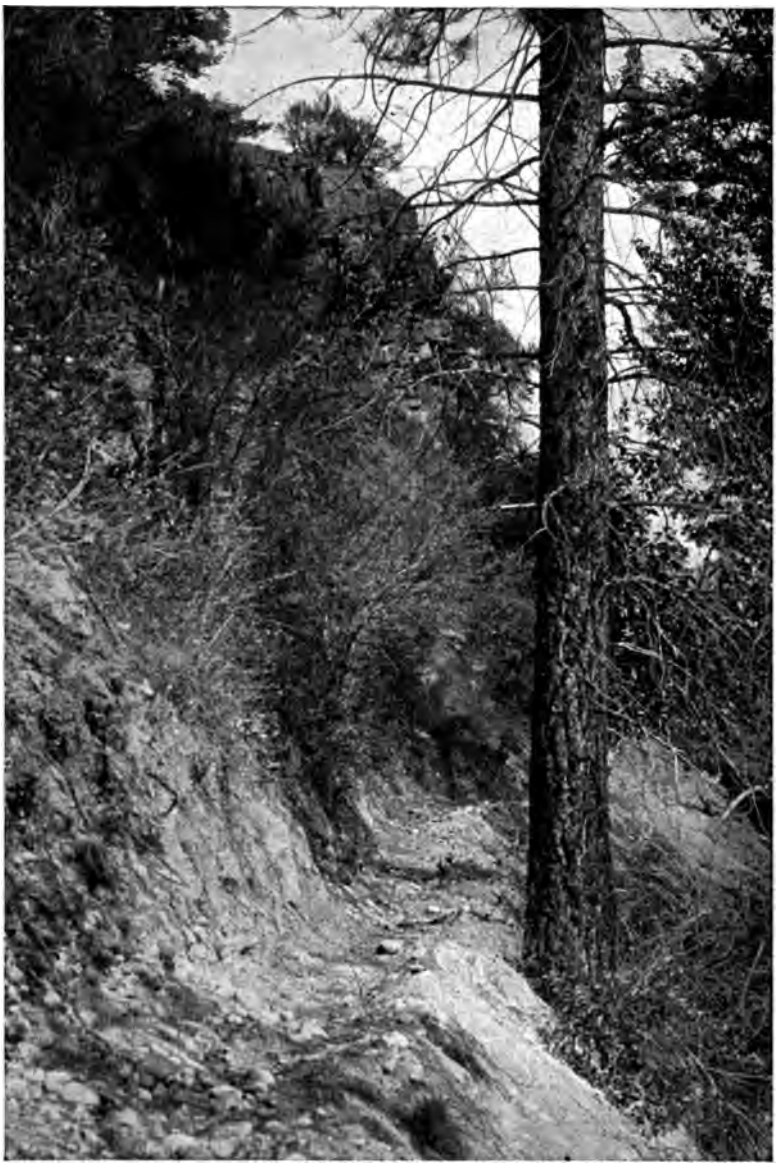
had he known that these stony benches were destined to be the sites of magnificent orchards.

On the night of September 7th the party camped a few miles south from the present town of Grantsdale, apparently just above Weeping Child, not Sleeping Child, Creek. In the summer of 1898 I drove across a rough, bouldered spur of the high bench on the opposite side of the river and overlooking the wide stretch of valley in which Lewis and Clark had camped. Along both sides of the road, which ran through a large fruit ranch, the boulders were piled in solid, continuous phalanxes as high as the fences, and in the fields on each side there were huge piles of stones, and there were yet vast numbers to be cleared from the fields. Down the slope among the yet unremoved boulders there were small irrigating canals, watering the long, straight lines of young thrifty apple trees that were growing there to the number of 48,000; and this was but one fruit ranch.

The name Weeping Child for the creek mentioned, near which the expedition camped, is the translation of an Indian name and is based upon a curious tradition current among the old Indians, who were very superstitious. This tradition I obtained from the Rev. E. J. Stanley of Corvallis, Mont., and the substance of it is, that

> a long time ago when a traveler passed that way he would hear a child weeping, and on going to the place would find a real child. Moved by sympathy he would take it in his arms. It would be very hungry, and he would place his finger in its mouth to satisfy it, and it would begin to nurse and keep on until it would suck all the flesh from his finger, then from his arm, and even from his entire body, leaving nothing but a skeleton, when it would disappear and wait for another victim, which would be treated in the same way and share the same fate. This was kept up until there was a very great pile of bones at this place.

During the 7th and 8th of September the cavalcade of



The Old Indian Trail along the East Fork of the Bitter Root River, at Wagon Bridge, near Wildes's Spring.

adventurers was passing through what, ninety years later, was the magnificent stock, grain, and fruit ranch of the late Marcus Daly.

A beautiful flower, a beautiful river, a beautiful valley, a magnificent mountain range—such is the Bitter Root. The flower is a small plant that blooms in June and is common to many of the Montana valleys. It seems to thrive more especially in the Bitter Root Valley, and this circumstance has given to the valley its name. The petals are of a beautiful, delicate pink or rose color; the root is edible, and was formerly much used by Indians and mountaineers for food, but it is very bitter. The Indians dry it, and in this condition it will keep for years. The botanical name of the plant is *Lewisia rediviva*, after Captain Lewis; the Shoshone Indians, Granville Stuart says, call it *Konah;* the Flathead, or Salish, Indians characterize it by the word *Spitlem*.

The Bitter Root is the State flower of Montana, and it is entirely worthy of the honor thus shown it.

The Salish Indian name for the Bitter Root River is *Spitlem seulkn*, the water of the Bitter Root, and the valley is called *Spitlemen*, the place of the Bitter Root.

At Traveller's-rest Creek the party remained two days. This creek is a beautiful stream, one 'of the largest in the valley, flowing from the heart and higher altitudes of the Bitter Root range. The name Traveller's-rest fitted the locality, and it is a pity that it was ever displaced even by such a satisfactory name as Lolo, the name now borne by the stream. Another name by which the creek was charted was Lou Lou, but a few years since the United States Board on Geographic Names adopted Lolo as the proper name.

The manner of the naming by Lewis and Clark was on this wise:

> It is a fine bold creek of clear water about twenty yards wide, and we call it *Traveller's-rest* Creek; for . . . we deter-

mined to remain for the purpose of making celestial observations and collecting some food. . . .

The explorers make no very clear statement as to where they camped on Traveller's-rest Creek, until their return in 1806, when Clark's compass courses down Lolo Creek state

Junction of Traveller's-rest—Lolo—Creek and Bitter Root River, Montana.

that they crossed the creek to the south side " 1 m. above camp and 2 m. above its mouth," which would make their camp ground one mile above the mouth of the stream.

The land hereabout is now divided into small farms and orchards and all old trails are largely obliterated, but the trail which the explorers followed evidently brought them to a point on the creek near where both the main county road and the Northern Pacific Railway cross the stream, and just south of Lolo station.

The origin of the word "Lolo," the present name of Traveller's-rest Creek, is also of interest. Some years ago the writer started an investigation among the old settlers and among the Fathers who had been in Montana since early days, and we arrived, I think, at the truth in the matter. There are several plausible stories current regarding this name, but the word comes from the English word "Lawrence" and as the Flathead language contains no *r*, Lawrence easily became Lolo. Judge Frank H. Woody of Missoula, who has been in the region since 1856, kindly led in the investigation of this matter for me, and I quote his own conclusions:

That the name, Lolo, is the nearest that the Indians could get to "Lawrence," I have no longer any doubt. Father D'Aste and Father Palladino, who are among the oldest of the Jesuit Fathers now living, are both of this opinion. They say that they have known more than one instance in which men by the name of Lawrence have been called Lolo by the red men. Duncan McDonald, who is one of the best informed men in the Northwest regarding the early history of the Indians, coincides with this opinion. Since I have been engaged in this research, I have received several letters from different parts of the state in regard to the subject, and nearly all of them are in support of this theory.

It has been the current opinion, and I myself have shared it until now, that the name of the stream, the pass, and the mountain were derived from the name of an old half-breed, who lived in that region. The grave of this old man may still be seen in the pass [below the pass near Grave Creek], and until I undertook this investigation, I never questioned the authenticity of this story. The Indian whose name was given by the whites to this stream was well known to many of the early residents and, I am told by Duncan McDonald, was a famous hunter and trapper. McDonald is so well informed regarding these matters, that I accept his statement as a fact. The name evidently came from the name of this Indian, whose baptismal name had been corrupted by the red men from Lawrence to Lolo.

The Indian name of the stream was "Tum-sum-lech," the

Flathead word for "Salmonless," or "No Salmon." In all of the creeks and rivers across the range, the Clearwater and its several branches, is an abundance of salmon, but none were ever found in the Lolo, hence its Indian name.

While other ingenious explanations are given, this one seems to have the weight of authority back of it.

Those interested in folklore, tradition, etc., will read with interest the Flathead legend as to the lack of salmon in this

Clearwater—Kooskooskee—River Salmon.

stream and the adjoining waters, which fact was pointed out by Lewis and Clark. This tradition I also obtained from Judge Woody:

The Indians of this section, like all others, had a legendary explanation of the origin of the natural phenomena that they saw around them. In all of the Flathead tales the "Coyote" is the hero, like "Brer Rabbit" in the negro tales of the South. The "Coyote" is the hero of the story concerning the absence of salmon in the stream, Tum-sum-lech.

It appears that the Coyote married. His alliance was a love

match, but he was a fickle fellow, and when two sons arrived he showed no inclination to support them or his wife. The wife, however, invoked higher authority and compelled Coyote to provide for his family. He complained bitterly, and told his troubles to the spirits across the range. They sympathized with him, and gave him a salmon that he was to take and place in the stream Tum-sum-lech, to furnish food for his wife and children. The only condition that was imposed upon him was that when he took the salmon across the range, he should not look back. It was the same injunction that was given to Lot's wife. Coyote missed just as the woman of Scripture did. He took the salmon in his mouth and climbed the western side of the range. He kept his eyes frontward till he reached the summit. Then the demands of nature compelled him to pause. He stopped and laid down the salmon. At that instant he thoughtlessly cast his eye back to the valley that he had just left. As he did so, the salmon slipped down the mountain-side, and back into the Clearwater. The opportunity for stocking the stream with salmon was lost, and so it was called Tum-sum-lech—No Salmon. This name became forgotten in the simpler one, Lolo, that remains to-day.

On September 10, one of the hunters brought into camp three Tushepaw, or Flathead, Indians, whom it was hoped might be induced to guide the party across the mountains. The Indians declined to remain, unfortunately for the explorers.

On the afternoon of September 11, 1805, the expedition, leaving Traveller's-rest and the beautiful valley and river, turned directly west up Traveller's-rest, or Lolo, Creek itself, and began their second attempt to cross the mountains to the Columbia.

The first eight or ten miles up this stream was and is through a fine bottom now occupied by ranches. Then Lewis and Clark were compelled to take to the rugged hills, for the mountains closed in tightly, and the cañon became narrow, brushy, and rough.

The trail across the hills was necessarily steep and hard, and they had much severe climbing to do. The narrative

accounts are quite meagre as to details and do not agree well. On the 12th, for example, the regular narrative says, "the road had been very bad during the first part of the day," and it adds:

> We found the account of the scantiness of game but too true. . . . Along the road we observed many of the pine trees peeled off, which is done by the Indians to procure the inner bark for food in the spring.

Gass says:

> Having travelled 2 miles we reached the mountains which are very steep; but the road over them pretty good, as it is much travelled by the natives, who come across to the Flathead river to gather cherries and berries. Our hunters in a short time killed 4 deer.

The peeled pine trees can still be seen throughout this region, wherever the old Indian trails ran.

Early on the 13th the party reached the Hot Springs, a determinable point of great importance in their route across the range. There are two sets of hot springs here, and it is only in the record of the compass courses of the party on the return, in 1806, that anything is said that makes it unmistakably clear which springs were visited.

Less than two miles above the explorers' camp of the 12th, Traveler's-rest Creek forks, the northern branch bearing the name of Granite Creek. Just above the forks, on the latter creek, among a maze of huge granite boulders, the Granite Hot Springs pour forth. On the other fork, the Traveler's-rest, or Lolo, Creek proper, half a mile perhaps by the trails across the hill—travelled now as they were then—and somewhat farther as the creek and road run, are what are known as Boyle's Springs, and these are they to which the narrative refers.

This spot is a most beautiful one, a little opening or dell nestling in the very arms of the range. A striking feature

of it is a great rock on the extreme northern edge, surmounted by a rock pinnacle from the top of which one obtains a fine view of the entire clearing, and a fairly satisfactory one of the divide to the south wherein lies the Lolo Pass. Both of these groups of springs are now open to the public and are largely patronized, the accommodations being comfortable, for such a spot. Boyle's Springs break out from just such rocks as the journal mentions, on the west side of the little valley.

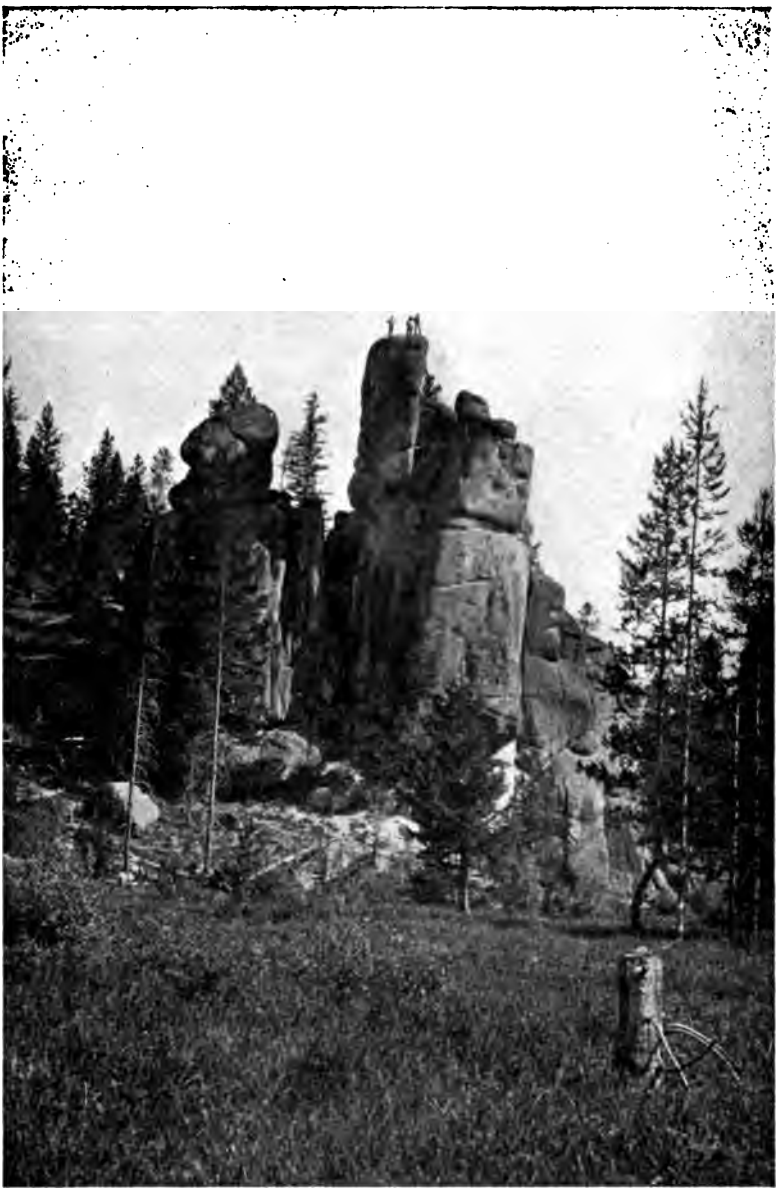
On the return, in 1806, the narrative refers to the springs in these words:

> These warm springs are situated at the foot of a hill on the north side of Traveller's-rest Creek, which is ten yards wide at this place. They issue from the bottoms, and through the interstices of a gray freestone rock which rises in irregular masses round their lower side. The principal spring, which the Indians have formed into a bath by stopping the run with stone and pebbles, is about the same temperature as the warmest bath used at the hot springs in Virginia. On trying, Captain Lewis could with difficulty remain in it nineteen minutes, and then was affected with a profuse perspiration. . . .

There is now a good road up Lolo Creek to both springs, and a stage-coach runs daily during the season to and from Missoula.

The first time I made this trip the road crossed the stream something like forty times, but recent improvements have cut out almost all of these crossings. The cañon is a wild and rugged one and the ride through it full of interest. The old trail is distinctly visible at several points where it drops down from those "steep, stony sides of hills and along the hollows and ravines, rendered more disagreeable by fallen timber," of which our explorers write.

From this point the explorers are about to enter a country where they experience, probably, all told, the worst privations and endure the greatest hardships of the entire explora-



High Pinnacle Rock at Lolo Hot Springs, Montana. The Old Trail can be Seen just to the Left of the Rock in the Trees.

tion. It is also a point where, metaphorically, their trail has been, as an Indian might say, washed out. That is to say, hitherto the topography of the region has been so little known, and the maps have been so worthless, that no one has ever been able to do more than vaguely guess at their trail across this wild, craggy range. Owing to a rare combination of circumstances, the writer feels that he has been able accurately to map the routes of the explorers, both going and coming, across this region.

Before starting on this rough and rocky trail let us study the country in the light of recent, detailed Government explorations and reports.

The great mountains, deep gorges, rushing streams, heavily timbered hillsides across which Lewis and Clark toiled in 1805–06 are now a part of the United States Bitter Root Forest Reserve, and are, in their principal features, scarcely changed from what they were one hundred years ago, except as forest fires may have somewhat affected them.

From the report of John B. Leiberg to the Director of the United States Geological Survey, relating to this reserve, I extract the following matter, and run it together here as a connected whole:

> The western slope of the Bitterroot Mountains is primarily formed by a few great branches from the main range, which in their turn branch out into a vast mass of curving, winding, peak-crowned spurs, constituting the watersheds of the Clearwater basins. The primary divides with the great number of lateral spurs to which they give rise, form a perfect maze of bewildering ridges. The crest of the range is a succession of sharp, craggy peaks and "hogbacks," with long east and west swinging curves alternating with deep saddles where the larger cañons have their rise. The peaks attain elevations of 8,000 to 9,000 feet—in some instances 10,000 feet—while the deeper saddles, which form the passes of the range, have elevations of 5,800 to 6,500 feet. The direct western slope of the main backbone of the system has been cut and fissured by great glaciers

that have long since disappeared, but which left behind beetling crags, deep cañons with precipitous walls, and a general ruggedness in the landscape that time has not yet succeeded in modifying, except in a very small degree.

The main range of the Bitterroots north of Nez Percés Pass has always proved a formidable barrier in the way of travel from east to west in this region. . . . The three trails extending across the reserve, the Lolo trail on the north, the trail through Lost Horse Pass in the centre, and the Nez Percés trail on the south, were laid out by the Indians ages ago and their course[s] was [were] made to coincide as nearly as possible with the crest of the primary ridges, the cañons being utterly impassable without much grading and rock cutting.

Mr. Leiberg has drawn an accurate and plain picture of this region, and as it now is so it was, practically, in Lewis and Clark's time.

The Lolo trail is beyond much doubt a century and a half or two centuries old. It follows the divide, or watershed between the North Fork and the Middle, or Lochsa Fork of the Clearwater River. From the Hot Springs its general direction is south to the Lolo Pass, whence it wheels to the west and retains this course for from sixteen to twenty miles, when it assumes a general southwestern direction, with many twists and curves of course, dependent upon the varying topography, until it reaches the low ground of the Weippe—Wée-ipe—prairie.

My first acquaintance with this trail was in 1898, when I made a flying trip to Boyle's Springs. In 1899, Mr. Wright and I, with what passed for a pack train, pushed our way across the pass and made our camp on Glade Creek, from which point we tramped across the mountain to the south, where we overlooked a large extent of country. A storm period coming on prevented our extending our explorations at that time, but Mr. Wright had, for years before, and he has since, intelligently explored nearly every square mile of the Clearwater country. On that trip I had an edition of Lewis

and Clark's report that was so abbreviated as to be absolutely misleading on such points as were important to me.

In 1902, Mr. Wright, Mr. De Camp, an artist from Helena, Montana, and myself, again took a pack train and, starting from Kamiah, on the main Clearwater River in Idaho, pushed on and into the heart of the range from the west. Our object was to investigate Lewis and Clark's trail, and we had with us Coues's work on Lewis and Clark and, what proved of great importance and value, a rough, unpublished, reconnaissance map of the United States Geological Survey. With Mr. Wright's intimate knowledge of the region, a much more accurate map than heretofore obtainable, and a reliable and unabbreviated edition of Lewis and Clark's journal, combined, we were able to work out the problem in a manner that far exceeded my anticipations. I am free to say that to Mr. Wright is owing a large share of the credit for this. Ever since our first trip across the Lolo Pass he had, with myself, been studying the subject and had applied to the problem his knowledge of the trail, of the watercourses and localities in general, so that when we came to discuss the narrative critically, and to attempt to identify localities, as we did in our tent night after night, I had some one to counsel with who knew his ground and could consider the matter intelligently.

I have also had the benefit of C. C. Van Arsdol's extended explorations and surveys in the Clearwater country. Mr. Van Arsdol is an Assistant Civil Engineer for the Northern Pacific Railway Company, who, in recent years, has made extended surveys of all the passes and rivers of the Bitter Root range.

The location of the trail of Lewis and Clark across these mountains, as shown on the accompanying map, has also had the benefit of the criticism of James Stuart of Kooskia, Idaho. Mr. Stuart is a Nez Percé Indian, a graduate of Car-

lisle, and a gentleman of intelligence and ability. He is familiar with the old Indian trails in the Clearwater country both from knowledge handed down by the Indians and from personal and recent travel over them. I have carefully discussed the route travelled by Lewis and Clark across this region, in all its phases, with Mr. Stuart, and he concurs in what I have written and in the location of their trail.

I feel, therefore, that with these valuable aids to the explorers' own notes, added to such personal knowledge as I possess of the region, the determination of this matter as given here can be relied upon.

It should be observed that the recorded compass courses of the explorers through these mountains have to be interpreted very liberally in some instances, as they indicate general directions only—and hardly those in some cases—owing to the zig-zag routes that the party were compelled to pursue. The mileage, too, is not to be taken without much allowance for the same reason.

Lewis and Clark, west-bound, used only parts of the present Lolo trail. Their abnormal course in 1805 resolves itself partly, I think, into a matter of poor guiding. The old Shoshone did his work conscientiously, but he was unfamiliar with the route. The Chopunnish guides, in 1806, knew the trail—but slightly different from the present one— and followed it even when it was covered many feet deep with snow.

Preliminary to an intelligent understanding and study of Lewis and Clark's courses across these mountains, it is absolutely essential first to determine and identify beyond a doubt two localities. These are Colt-killed Creek on the east, and Hungry and Collins creeks —these two are factors of a common problem—at the west. These points fixed, the others are easily made out.

Once the foregoing localities are identified, the greatest difficulty in interpretation and adjustment comes at the very

outset—from the Hot Springs to and through the pass. The narrative reads as follows:

> These [trails] embarrassed our guide, who, mistaking the road, took us three miles out of the proper course over an exceedingly bad route. We then fell into the right road, and proceeded on very well, when, having made five miles, we stopped to refresh the horses. . . . We then proceeded along the same kind of country which we passed yesterday, and after crossing a mountain [through Lolo Pass] and leaving the sources of Traveller's-rest Creek on the left, reached, after five miles riding, a small [Glade] creek which also came in from the left hand, passing through open glades, some of which were half a mile wide. The road, which had been as usual rugged and stony, became firm, plain, and level after quitting the head of Traveller's-rest [Creek]. We followed the course of this new creek for two miles, and encamped at a spot where the mountains close [in] on each side.

This account is not very enlightening. It leaves a wide margin for guesswork. Clark's courses state that these ten miles were in a direction S. 30° W., but this is somewhat open to doubt, except in a most general sense. But what he says about the streams would indicate that they bore to the right side, ascending, of the main fork of Lolo Creek, to the first mountain which they crossed.

A great trail like the Lolo is much like a great trunk line of railway. Here and there, at certain and favorable places, will be found lines of parallel trails, like parallel railway sidings, all merging, at some point, into the main track or trail; branch trails also, like branch lines, will now and again be found. So it was and is here. There are many parallel trails, some of them now dim and overgrown through age and disuse, and there are evidently two or three points where the divide itself may be crossed. The conditions of travel are the same whichever route one takes, and all the trails terminate at the same point, the beautiful summit prairie, or the glades of Glade Creek, down which the party pro-

ceeded two miles and camped. I have platted the trail over the pass as seems to me to meet best all the conditions of the narrative, both going and returning.

Mr. Wright and I camped at the forks of Glade Creek—where Lewis and Clark first came out upon it—in a bed of delicious ripe wild strawberries. Alongside my tent ran an

Glade Creek and Meadow. The Headwaters of Kooskooskee—Clearwater—River. Lolo Pass in Distance.

old trail, which we followed across the mountain to the slopes of Colt-killed Creek. At the time we trudged over this mountain, I supposed, from the narrative of Lewis and Clark which we had with us, that it was the same trail that the Captains had used, but, later, I discovered that this could not be the case. The trail was one of the parallel trails which traversed another part of the mountain to Colt-killed

Creek. We explored Glade Creek valley and found that the creek had numerous affluents, and there were old trails on each side of the valley all converging at our camp. We startled a fawn, on our tramp, and watched a beautiful skunk prowling about the creek bank, its long black and white bushy tail floating like a banner over it.

An incident of our sojourn at this camp may be of interest. As Wright and I neared camp on our return from the jaunt up Glade Creek, we came upon an old mother grouse and her brood of two or three very young chicks. Wright made a dive for one of the birds, but failed to get it the first time. At the second attempt, the mother grouse bristled up to him, much as an old hen does when she thinks her chicks are in danger, but she was very careful not to come within actual reach of his arms. This time he caught the young chick, which, after a moment or two, seemed to be very well contented in the warm palm of Wright's hand, the day being somewhat cold, and we took it to camp with us.

When we got there the bird was enjoying a good nap. I then took the chick and held it while Wright arranged his camera to photograph it. Placing the bird upon the limb of a small pine tree at hand, it maintained its place quietly, as a well-behaved grouse should, until Wright snapped his camera and had his negative. We then carried the bird back to where we had found it, and placed it upon one end of a long log, near the other end of which the mother grouse was strutting warily about. Two or three clucks made known her whereabouts, and the young chick moved slowly along the log toward the madam, having the air, for all the world, of a child who had done something wrong and expected to be punished therefor. In this, however, it was agreeably disappointed, so far as we could see, and in a few moments we returned to camp leaving the mother and her chicks happy and contented.

On September 14th the narrative continues:

We proceeded early, and continuing along the right side of Glade Creek crossed a high mountain, and at the distance of six miles reached the place where it is joined by another branch [the Kooskooskee] of equal size from the right. Near the forks the Tushepaws have had an encampment which is but recently abandoned, for the grass is entirely destroyed by horses, and two fish weirs across the creek are still remaining; no fish were, however, to be seen. We here passed over to the left side of the [Glade] creek and began the ascent of a very high and steep mountain, nine miles across. On reaching the other side we found a large branch from the left, which seems to rise in the snowy mountains to the south and southeast. We continued along the creek [*i. e.*, crossed the Kooskooskee and went down its right bank] two miles farther, when, night coming on, we encamped opposite a small island at the mouth of a branch on the right side of the [main] river. The mountains which we crossed to-day were much more difficult than those of yesterday. . . . Although we had made only seventeen miles, we were all very weary The whole stock of animal food was now exhausted, and we therefore killed a colt, on which we made a hearty supper. From this incident we called the last creek we had passed [coming] from the south [and just before fording the Kooskooskee] Colt-killed Creek. The river itself is eighty yards wide, with a swift current and a stony channel. Its Indian name is Kooskooskee.

This itinerary is perfectly plain. Following down the right side of Glade Creek to where it joins the Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, they forded the creek, not the river, crossed another high mountain, the same one that Wright and I climbed by another trail from our camp at the forks of Glade Creek, and descended to "a large branch" flowing from the left. This creek they named Colt-killed Creek and it is the White Sand Creek of present-day maps. It will be seen, from the map of this trail, that the party have gone directly away from the main Lolo trail, as it now runs and as it then ran. What the old guide meant, if he really knew what he was doing, by taking the expedition down into this cañon,

and around by the old fishery, is inconceivable, for they were simply compelled to climb out again and regain the main trail on the high ridge to the north. It was a case of misleading, wholly, I think, unless, for some reason not specified, the Captains insisted upon this détour. Mr. Stuart and I discussed this détour at length, and he can see no occasion whatever for it.

The party now crossed the Kooskookee River and followed its right bank "two miles" down to "the mouth of a branch on the right side," where they camped. The map of the Bitter Root Forest Reserve shows no such branch on the right side, but *does* show one on the left side at that distance, and one on the right side at four miles' distance from the main forks.

Many of Clark's notes and distance courses are without punctuation of any sort, and are very ambiguous; this particular reading runs thus: "S. 70° W. 2 miles down the river Kooskooske to a small branch on the right side killed and eate Coalt." I think this might, without violence, be expanded a little and rendered "2 miles down the river Kooskooske to a small branch, [where,] on the right side, we [camped and] killed and ate a colt."

There would be no greater liberties taken with the narrative in so doing, than it has been found necessary to take at other places, and it would then fit the apparent conditions, unless the map is inaccurate and misplaces the creek on the right bank, or unless the explorers' estimate of two miles is too little; their errors of this sort, however, usually overran, rather than fell short of, the actual distances.

It is proper to add that since writing the foregoing both Mr. Wright and Mr. Stuart state that there is at this point a very small watercourse on the right side, too small to make much showing on the map. But such a stream the narrative usually calls "a small run."

Lewis and Clark in the Heart of the Bitter Root Mountains. Clark is Seen above the Head of the Horse in the Foreground, York is to the Left of the Horse's Head. (From an oil painting by Paxson.)

On September 15th at an early hour we proceeded along the right side of the Kooskooskee, over steep rocky points of land, till at the distance of four miles we reached an old Indian fishing place; the road here turned to the right of the water, and began to ascend a mountain; but the fire and wind had prostrated or dried almost all the timber on the south side, and the ascents were so steep that we were forced to wind in every direction round the high knobs, which constantly impeded our progress. . . . After clambering in this way for four miles, we came to a high snowy part of the mountain where was a spring of water, at which we halted two hours to refresh our horses.

On leaving the spring the road continued as bad as it was below, and the timber more abundant. At four miles we reached the top of the mountain, and foreseeing no chance of meeting with water, we encamped on the northern side of the mountain, near an old bank of snow three feet deep. Some of this we melted, and supped on the remains of the colt killed yesterday. Our only game to-day was two pheasants, and the horses on which we calculated as a last resource began to fail us, for two of them were so poor and worn out with fatigue, that we were obliged to leave them behind.

It would appear from the trail of the 14th and 15th as if the old Shoshone had some knowledge of history and was trying to emulate the King of France in his celebrated march with his 20,000 men, except that old Toby, as we find his name to be, marched *down* the hill and then marched *up* again. At their camp at night they are once more on the ridge and the main trail. The map shows the route in detail. They simply climbed the mountain and corrected the blunder of September 14th in leaving the divide.

The trail by which the explorers climbed the mountain from below Colt-killed Creek is but little used now. Mr. Stuart says that he knows that there was formerly such a trail at this point, which, Mr. Wright says, is still used upon rare occasions. There is a trail farther along leading from the ridge down to the Hot Springs on the same stream, and this winds up the mountain in much the same general direction of the trail which Lewis and Clark followed.

SEPTEMBER 16th, it began to snow and continued all day, so that by evening it was six or eight inches deep. This covered the tract so completely that we were obliged constantly to halt and examine, lest we should lose the route. In many places we had nothing to guide us except the branches of the trees, which, being low, have been rubbed by the burdens of the Indian horses.

At noon we halted to let the horses feed on some long grass on the south side of the mountain, and endeavoured by making fires to keep ourselves warm. As soon as the horses were refreshed, Captain Clark went ahead with one man, and at the distance of six miles reached a stream from [the left to] the right, and prepared fires by the time of our arrival at dusk. We here encamped in a piece of low ground, thickly timbered, but scarcely large enough to permit us to lie level. We had now made thirteen miles. We were all very wet, cold, and hungry; . . . and were obliged to kill a second colt for our supper.

Their noon camp this day was at or near a point known as the "Indian Post-offices," two piles, or mounds, consisting of stones piled several feet high along the trail, and well known as land—or trail—marks to all mountaineers and travellers in the region. These mounds were there when Lewis and Clark passed along, but as they do not refer to them they doubtless did not see them owing to certain peculiarities of the trail. On the return journey they mention seeing one such mound farther to the west.

The narrative is in error in speaking of the stream where Captain Clark "prepared fires" and where they camped as coming from the right; it ran *to* the right; flowing into the north fork of the Kooskooskee, or Clearwater River, as Clark's course readings show.

The miles travelled on the 17th were few, but rough.

Our horses became so much scattered during the night that we were detained till one o'clock before they were all collected. We then continued our route over high rough knobs and several drains and springs, and along a ridge of country separating the waters of two small rivers. The road was still difficult, and

several of the horses fell and injured themselves very much, so that we were unable to advance more than ten miles to a small stream [Gass says spring], on which we encamped.

We had killed a few pheasants, but these being insufficient for our subsistence we killed another of the colts. This want of provisions, and the extreme fatigue to which we were subjected, and the dreary prospects before us, began to dispirit the men.

The stream on the head of which they camped this night flows into the Lochsa fork of the Kooskooskee, and the camp is on the south side of Bald Mountain, among the "rough knobs" with which the country abounds. It was a blue time with them, and a marked change of program was determined on.

September 18th was an important day. Clark set out with the best hunters as an advance and pioneer party, and on this day we make acquaintance with Hungry and Collins creeks.

Clark started early in the morning and his route at first lay

along the same high dividing ridge, and the road was still very bad; but he moved on rapidly, and at the distance of twenty miles was rejoiced on discovering far off an extensive plain toward the west and southwest, bounded by a high mountain. He halted an hour to let the horses eat a little grass on the hillsides, and then went on twelve and a half miles till he reached a bold creek running to the left, on which he encamped. To this stream he gave the very appropriate name of Hungry Creek, for having procured no game, they had nothing to eat.

In the meantime we were detained till after eight o'clock by the loss of one of our horses, which had strayed away and could not be found. . . . By pushing on our horses almost to their utmost strength we made eighteen miles. We then melted some snow, and supped on a little portable soup, a few cannisters of which, with about twenty weight of bear's oil, are our only remaining means of subsistence.

At the place where Clark let the horses graze he left the regular trail, as at present known, and struck southwest-

our rout lay along the ridge of a high mountain
course S 20. W. 18. M. used the snow for cooking. -

Thursday September 19th 1805.

Set out this morning a little after sunrise and
continued our rout about the same course of yesterday
or S. 20. W. for 6 miles when the ridge terminated and
we to our inexpressable joy discovered a large
tract of Praire country lying to the S. W. and widen
ing as it appeared to extend to the W. through that
plain the Indian informed us that the Columbia
River, (in which we were in search) ran. this plain
appeared to be about 60 Miles distant, but our guides
assured us that we should reach its borders tomorrow
the appearance of this country, our only hope for
subsistance greatly revived the spirits of the party
already reduced and much weakened for the want of
food. - the country is thickly covered with a very
heavy growth of pine of which I have enumerated
8 distinct species. after leaving the ridge we as-
cended and decended several steep mountains in
the distance of 6 miles further when we struck
a Creek about 15 yards wide. our course being S 85
W. we continued our rout 6 miles along the side of
this creek upwards passing 2 of it's branches which
proved to come in from the N. at the places we struck the
creek and the other 3 miles further. the road was ex-
ceedingly dangerous along this creek being a narrow
rocky path generally on the side of steep preci-
pices, from which in many places if either man
or horse were precipitated they must inevitably be

Facsimile of Page 2, Codex Fd. Lewis. Records First Sight of Kamas Prairie, Idaho, from Rocky Ridge, Bitter Root Range.

ward. His unusual, and, I think, perhaps, overestimated mileage this day shows that he did a great deal of circuitous, zigzag travelling for the actual advance made, but this, as I know, was inevitable.

Hungry Creek is that unnamed creek of the maps whose headwaters, rising directly south of the place shown as Weitus Meadow—a perversion of the real name—flow south, southeast, and south again, into the Lochsa fork. In the very same locality are to be seen the headwaters of another unnamed stream flowing westward to Lolo Creek. This is Collins Creek and its headwaters interlock with those of Hungry Creek, and these streams are very important ones in the itinerary of the expedition.

Collins, Lolo, and Musselshell creeks all come together within a short distance of each other, and to the combined waters Lewis and Clark continued the name *Collins*, to-day displaced, unfortunately and unjustly, by the word Lolo, and thus duplicating the name of the creek on the eastern side of the range.

Wright, De Camp, and I camped at Weitus Meadow, which constitutes the low meadow divide whence spring the waters of Hungry and Collins creeks, as well as those of a branch of the north fork of the Clearwater.

The main body of the party under Captain Lewis followed Captain Clark's trail, spreading out, undoubtedly, on all sides where the ground permitted, in order to hunt.

There is, therefore, a double narrative of the party's progress now, from which to reconstruct their trail. The details are not clear enough to enable us to trace with absolute certainty the double route of the expedition, but still it is reasonably certain where they went and camped.

Some of the difficulties in the line of interpretation are suggested.

Clark's mileage up Hungry Creek is given as eight miles;

that of the main body to where Clark killed the colt on Hungry Creek—two miles short of the point where Clark left this creek—is also eight miles, which would make the total miles travelled by them along this stream, apparently, ten miles. At some place or places they forded this creek, but neither itinerary states where, and this must be inferred from the context.

Clark travelled four miles along the eastern branch of Collins Creek, while the narrative mentions but two and a half miles thus travelled by the main body; both refer to "the forks of a large creek," Clark on the 20th, Lewis on September 21st. These forks were unquestionably the junction of the two branches of Collins Creek, the eastern one along which they travelled and the northern one now charted as Lolo Creek, and also used for a short distance.

It will be noted that there are discrepancies between Clark's compass bearings and those of the main body. Twice, where the former says S. 85° W. and S. 80° W. Lewis states S. 25° W. and S. 30° W. The general route was S. W. for much of the way, with twists and turns in every direction. It is possible that Clark's figure 8 may be so much like a 3 as to have been mistaken for the latter, which would virtually correct the discrepancy.

Clark's leaving the ridge and descending to the waters of Hungry and Collins creeks seems, in the light of the present trail, a strange thing to do, but they undoubtedly followed the trail of 1805–06, for their Chopunnish guides used the same route on the return trip, and Mr. Stuart says that the trail did formerly run there. Traces of it can still be seen.

The lack of game along here nearly proved fatal to them, but this dearth of animal life was a natural result of conditions. Although there were and are large quantities of game, both large and small, in the Clearwater—Bitter Root—Mountains, there never was any, so far as I can learn, in the

country immediately adjoining this trail. There was none in 1805, there is none now.

To the south and southwest of the Colt-killed Creek country in the Moose Creek region, there are many licks and warm springs and many elk, deer, mountain goats, etc. The game sought those places, not the rough stony country along the trail. There are licks also along Colt-killed Creek.

Wheeler and Wright in Camp at Weitus Meadow in 1902. Wright Standing.

SEPTEMBER 19th. Captain Clark proceeded up the [Hungry] creek, along which the road was more steep and stony than any he had yet passed. At six miles distance he reached a small plain, in which he fortunately found a horse, on which he breakfasted, and hung the rest on a tree for the party [Lewis's] in the rear. Two miles beyond this he left the creek and crossed three high mountains, rendered almost impassable from the steepness of the ascent and the quantity of fallen timber. After clambering over these ridges and mountains, and passing the

heads of some branches of Hungry creek, he came to a large [Collins] creek running westward. This [the right bank] he followed for four miles, then turned to the right [north] down the mountain, till he came to a small creek [flowing] to the left. Here he halted, having made twenty-two miles on his course, south 80° west, though the winding route over the mountains almost doubled the distance.

Clark went up Hungry Creek eight miles, wound about its headwaters and came down on the north side of the eastern branch of Collins Creek, followed its course four miles, crossed the mountains, once more on the main trail, and camped on the north branch of Collins Creek, now Lolo Creek, some miles above the forks.

[The main body] followed soon after sunrise. . . . On leaving the ridge we again ascended and went down several mountains, and six miles farther came to Hungry creek where it was fifteen yards wide and received the waters of a branch from the north. We went up it on a course nearly due west, and at three miles crossed a second branch flowing from the same quarter. . . . Three miles beyond this last branch of Hungry creek we encamped, after a fatiguing route of eighteen miles. . . . The men are growing weak and losing their flesh very fast; several are afflicted with the dysentery, and eruptions of the skin are very common.

The narrative of the main body indicates quite clearly that the point where the trail reached Hungry Creek was at the junction of the main stream flowing eastward with the branch from the north, and where the full stream turned abruptly south, which was, I think, below where Clark struck the creek.

Mr. Wright has trailed along this creek and his knowledge of its peculiarities was a very important factor in determining certain questions that came up in our discussions. The stream is a beautiful one, a regular mountain torrent for much of its course, very rocky, and carries a large volume of water.

The "plain to the southwest" was not the Weippe country, but the now well-known Kamas prairie plateau beyond the Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, "bounded by a high mountain," which was Craig Mountain.

SEPTEMBER 20th. Captain Clark went on through a country as rugged as usual, till on passing a low mountain he came, at the distance of four miles, to the forks of a large creek. Down this he kept on a course south 60° west for two miles, then turning to the right, continued over a dividing ridge where were the heads of little streams, and at twelve miles distance descended the last of the Rocky mountains and reached the level country. . . . He continued for five miles, when he discovered three Indian boys who, on observing the party, ran off and hid themselves in the grass. Captain Clark immediately alighted, and giving his horse and gun to one of the men, went after the boys. He soon relieved their apprehensions and sent them forward to the village about a mile off, with presents of small pieces of riband.

Soon after the boys reached home a man came out to meet the party, with great caution, but he conducted them to a large tent in the village, and all the inhabitants gathered round to view with a mixture of fear and pleasure these wonderful strangers. . . . They now set before them a small piece of buffaloe meat, some dried salmon, berries, and several kinds of roots. Among these last is one which is round and much like an onion in appearance, and sweet to the taste; it is called quamash, and is eaten either in its natural state, or boiled into a kind of soup, or made into a cake which is then called pasheco. After the long abstinence this was a sumptuous treat.

Captain Clark's route this day was, apparently, down Lolo, or the north branch of Collins Creek, to the junction with the eastern branch, then down the creek and across to the headwaters of Musselshell and Brown creeks, but not as the trail of to-day runs, these being the "2 runs passing to our left." From here he followed through the more open country until, clearing the timber country entirely, he came out into the wide and beautiful prairie country and found himself once more among hospitable people, the Chopunnish, or Nez Percé Indians.

Hungry Creek, Idaho, below where Captain Clark Killed a Horse for Food on September 19, 1805.

The main body under Lewis were late in starting from their camp on Hungry Creek, the horses being scattered. Once they were ready they

proceeded for two miles, when to our great joy we found the horse which Captain Clark had killed. . . . Our general course was south 25° west through a thick forest of large pine. . . . After making about fifteen miles we encamped on a ridge, where we could find but little grass and no water. We succeeded, however, in procuring a little from a distance, and supped on the remainder of the horse.

On the 21st of September, Lewis

continued along the ridge on which we had slept, and at a mile and a half reached a large [Collins] creek running to our left, just above its junction with one of its branches. We proceeded down the low grounds of this creek, which are level, wide, and heavily timbered, but turned to the right at the distance of two and a half miles, but the thick timber had fallen in so many places that we could scarcely make our way. After going five miles we passed the creek [Lolo] on which Captain Clark had encamped during the night of the 19th, and continued five miles farther over the same kind of road, till we came to the forks of a large [also the Collins, or Lolo] creek. We crossed the northern branch of this stream, and proceeded down it on the west side for a mile; here we found a small plain where there was tolerable grass for the horses, and therefore remained during the night, having made fifteen miles on a course S. 30° W. We were so fortunate, also, as to kill a few pheasants and a prairie wolf, which, with the remainder of the horse, supplied us with one meal, the last of our provisions, our food for the morrow being wholly dependent on the chance of our guns.

The "large creek running to the left," is of course, Collins Creek and the creek where Clark had camped was the north fork, or Lolo Creek.

Horses and wolves to eat! How they must have longed for the juicy hump ribs, the tongues and marrow bones of

the buffalo, the haunches of venison, the elk steaks, and the trout, of the plains and rivers east of the mountains!

At noon Sept. 22d, they

> proceeded on a western course for two and a half miles, when we met the hunters sent by Captain Clark from the village seven and a half miles distant, with provisions. . . . After this refreshment we proceeded in much better spirits, and at a few miles were overtaken by the two men who had been sent back after a horse on the 20th. They were perfectly exhausted with the fatigue of walking and the want of food; but as we had two spare horses they were mounted and brought on to the village. [These men had had a rough time of it which the narrative records in detail.]
>
> As we approached the village, most of the women . . . fled with their children into the neighboring woods. The men, however, received us without any apprehension, and gave us a plentiful supply of provisions. The plains were now crowded with Indians, . . . but as our guide was perfectly a stranger to their language, we could converse by signs only. . . . The Twisted-hair [a chief] drew a chart of the river on a white elk-skin,

in which he laid down with great accuracy the course of the Kooskooskee and Columbia rivers to the Great Falls of the latter.

We have followed the party across the mountains westward, let us now briefly study the trail on the homeward run.

In 1806, the explorers, when they left the Weippe prairie, virtually retraced their outgoing trail to the Musselshell prairie—which Dr. Coues confused with the Weippe prairie—and the mouth of Musselshell Creek. Then, instead of going northeast and up the Lolo Fork, they clambered over the mountains on the *south* side of the eastern fork of Collins Creek until they reached the old trail west of the spot where Lewis camped the night of September 20, 1805. From this point their route coincides, essentially, with the one of the year before, until the camp of September

15, 1805, at the snow-bank, is reached. Just east of that they rejected the old trail down the mountain to the fishery and Colt-killed Creek, and followed the trail as at present known, to the Hot Springs on Traveller's-rest Creek.

The map shows the divergencies plainly, and the narrative will make them more clear as we come to them in their natural order.

Gass, in his journal, indulges in some comments and reflections in relation to the journey across "the most terrible mountains I ever beheld." Verily, indeed, he found that the Appalachians of his youthful experience were far different from these mountains. At the junction of Colt-killed Creek and the Kooskooskee, which latter stream Gass calls Stony Creek, he says, "none of the hunters killed anything except two or three pheasants; on which, without a miracle it was impossible to feed thirty hungry men and upwards, besides some Indians," evidently having in mind the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Soup—portable soup—was a standard article of diet, day after day, Gass says.

At their camp of September 18th, on the ridge beyond Bald Mountain, he states: "We had great difficulty in getting water, being obliged to go half a mile for it down a very steep precipice," which recalls vividly to mind an experience of my own among the Selkirks in British Columbia.

On the 19th, a day of experiences along Hungry Creek, his journal is quite full.

> One of our horses fell down the precipice about 100 feet, and was not killed, nor much hurt: the reason was, that there is no bottom below, and the precipice, the only bank, which the creek has; therefore the horse pitched into the water, without meeting with any intervening object, which could materially injure him. . . . The men are becoming lean and debilitated, on account of the scarcity and poor quality of the provisions on which we subsist: our horses' feet are also becoming very sore.

A Bit of the Old Indian, or Lolo, Trail, at Lolo Hot Springs, Montana.

When they first sighted the Kamas prairie, he records:

When this discovery was made there was as much joy and rejoicing among the corps, as happens among passengers at sea, who have experienced a dangerous and protracted voyage, when they first discover land on the long looked for coast.

On the 22d, writing of the roots which Clark had hurried back from the Indian village to his famishing comrades, he says:

The roots they use are made into a kind of bread; which is good and nourishing, and tastes like that sometimes made of pumpkins. We remained here about an hour and then proceeded on again, down the ridge along a very rough way: and in the evening arrived in a fine large valley, clear of these dismal and horrible mountains.

While Lewis and his party had slowly toiled over the mountains, Clark had cultivated the Chopunnish Indians. These people had not seen white men before, and the curiosity of the Indians was at white heat. They received them warmly as the Shoshoni and the Ootlashoots had done.

Captain Clark had, by the time Captain Lewis arrived, been to the main Kooskooskee to the west, and established relations with Twisted-hair, the Chief.

The change of food to a plentiful diet of roots made Clark, and later, Lewis, and all the others sick. Clark remained in the village the day after his arrival principally on this account. "I am very sick to-day and puke which relieves me," is the sententious way in which he puts it.

Then, in the afternoon at four o'clock, feeling still more relieved, doubtless from constant "puking," he set out for the temporary camp of Twisted-hair, who was fishing at the river, some eighteen miles distant. On the way they hired an Indian guide and they reached the river at midnight. "Twisted-hare" showed himself to be a true host, for upon

the guide's calling to him he crossed the river and the two chiefs smoked for an hour.

On September 22d Twisted-hair, "who seemed cheerful and sincere in his conduct," and Clark, leaving the hunters at the river, retraced their way to the Weippe villages, reaching them just as Lewis and the main body arrived. These two villages "consist of about thirty double [skin] tents, and the inhabitants call themselves Chopunnish or Pierced-nose."

[MONDAY] SEPTEMBER 23d. The chiefs and warriors were all assembled this morning, and we explained to them where we came from, the objects of our visiting them, and our pacific intentions toward all the Indians. This being conveyed by signs, might not have been perfectly comprehended, but appeared to give perfect satisfaction. . . . The Twisted-hair introduced us into his own tent, which consisted, however, of nothing more than pine bushes and bark, and gave us some dried salmon boiled.

The tribe among which the explorers now sojourn for a day or two are still known, ethnologically, as the Chopunnish and are of the Shahaptian family. This family comprises, besides the Chopunnish, or Nez Percés, as they are commonly called, the Palouse, Klikitat, Umatilla, Walla Walla, and other tribes. Of them all, the Chopunnish are the lords. They are found to-day where Lewis and Clark found them, along the Clearwater River. Their reservation has been divided among them in severalty, and the surplus lands—500,000 acres—sold to white settlers.

These Indians, haughty and exclusive, are much above the ordinary among red men. They are aristocratic and dignified in bearing and action, industrious, able, reticent, and since their acquaintance with Lewis and Clark have been the stanch friends of the whites, although to an extent, disdaining intimate contact with them. The only break in this friendship occurred in 1877 when Joseph, Looking Glass,

Whitebird, and their people took the war-path, and gave the United States troops under command of the best generals in the army, a merry chase and almost beat them to the British Columbian boundary-line. This retreat of Joseph's, and his universally admitted masterly generalship, remind

The Bitter Root Range at Head of Colt-killed—White Sand—Creek.

one of Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten thousand, or of Stonewall Jackson's brilliant strategic movements.

The consensus of opinion appears to agree that in this one disruption of pleasant relations, Joseph and his Nez Percés were more sinned against than sinning. Dunn in *Massacres Of The Mountains* says regarding this: "The meanest, most contemptible, least justifiable thing that the United States was ever guilty of was its treatment of the Lower Nez Percés."

The fact that these people ever did actually pierce their noses seems to be hard to establish absolutely. Lewis and Clark state that they did and Dunn confirms this, but says that the practice was "abandoned so long since that many modern writers have been puzzled to know the origin of their name." The present-day Nez Percés claim to know nothing of it.

These people did also, at one time, flatten the heads of their infants, but gave it up after intercourse with the whites had become well established, in response to the teachings of the latter.

Parker, in 1835, states that, while the Indians "near the Pacific" both "flatten their heads" and "also pierce their noses," the so-called Flatheads—from whose country our explorers have just come—did not flatten their heads nor did the Nez Percés pierce their noses when he was among them.

All accounts represent these people as being of a high order of natural intelligence and ability, quick to adapt themselves to new teachings, and of a most receptive and deeply religious nature. They, with the Flatheads, sought the missionary in the thirties, and when he came attended upon his counsels.

It was among the Chopunnish, or Nez Percés, that the Rev. H. H. Spalding established his Protestant mission in 1836, at Lapwai, and there, in 1839, the first printing-press west of the Rocky Mountains was first used in printing a small volume of twenty pages in the Nez Percé language. This press was brought from the Sandwich Islands.

Many of the early writers, after Lewis and Clark, refer to the devout habits of the Nez Percés and other neighboring tribes and to their consistent religious practices. One of the best of these accounts is found in Farnham's *Travels*, already quoted, and I reproduce a portion of it here.

In 1839, Farnham had just descended the Blue Mountains, and was on his way to Dr. Whitman's mission near the present town of Walla Walla. He procured a guide in the person of Crickie, a middle-aged Cayuse Indian who, with his family, was on the way to the mission.

> The weather was so pleasant that no tent was pitched. The willows were bent, and buffalo robes spread over them. Underneath were laid other robes, on which my Indian host seated himself with his wife and children on one side, and myself on the other. A fire burned brightly in front. Water was brought, and the evening ablutions having been performed, the wife presented a dish of meat to her husband, and one to myself. There was a pause. The woman seated herself between her children. The Indian then bowed his head and prayed to God! A wandering savage in Oregon calling upon Jehovah in the name of Jesus Christ! After the prayer, he gave meat to his children, and passed the dish to his wife. . . .
>
> I had slumbered, I know not how long, when a strain of music awoke me. . . . The Indian family was engaged in its evening devotions. They were singing a hymn in the Nez Percés language. Having finished it, they all knelt and bowed their faces upon the buffalo robes, and Crickie prayed long and fervently. Afterwards they sang another hymn and retired. This was the first breathing of religious feelings that I had seen since leaving the States.

Although Crickie was a Cayuse, or Skyuse as Farnham wrote it, Indian, the incident applies equally to the practices of the Nez Percés who were the immediate neighbors of the Cayuse to the east. Both tribes were at that time on a par in this respect. Later—in 1847—the Cayuse "backslid" and massacred Whitman, his wife, and many others, but the Nez Percés held fast "to the Book" and refused to join in the massacre of the whites.

There is a tradition among the Nez Percés of the present day to the effect that the Chopunnish were at first inclined to kill Lewis and Clark and their men. This legend was made known to the writer in 1899 by Miss MacBeth, long

Cr.
Loto Peak
Charlton Cr.
RIVER
Charles Cr.
St.Joseph Peak
Lucy Cr.
ROOT
BITTER
T 9 N
Old Fort Owen
Stevensville
R 5 E
Pierce
Hot Sprin
Big Cr.
T 36 N
T 8 N
Brown's
Warm
Sweathouse
Cr.
S. 22 - L.
Bear Cr.
T 35 N
Cr.
T 7 N
Woodside
Corvallis
Mill Cr.
Willow Cr.
T 34 N
T 6 N
Fork
UTE OF
AND CLARK
N

resident among these people, and more recently by Mr. Stuart, and Mrs. Dye gives it in her interesting book of *The Conquest.*

Briefly, the tradition runs, that a Nez Percé woman was captured by a hostile tribe, while with a hunting party in the buffalo country to the east and was taken, presumably, to the

Descendants of the Chopunnish Indians of Lewis and Clark.

Red River country in Manitoba, where, as was not unusual —as in Sacágawea's case—the poor slave became a wife and mother. She there came to know the white people and by them was assisted to escape. She eventually reached her own people, but her babe, having sickened and died, was buried among friendly Flatheads, and she herself was nigh unto death when she arrived at the lodges of her tribe. Before she died Lewis and Clark appeared, and hearing that her people were inclined to murder them, she, having before told the Nez Percés of the whites, the "crowned" or hatted

ones,—those wearing hats,—warned them to treat the explorers hospitably and not to harm them. This the Indians did, and, finding that the whites were peaceful and just, they became, as we shall find, warm friends and so they remain even unto this day.

Tradition is often unrel able. But, as we have already seen in the case of the Bird-woman and her girl friend who escaped and returned to the Shoshoni, there is nothing inherently improbable in the real facts of this story, and if true, it was a lucky thing for Lewis and Clark that the woman remained alive until the Captains reached Weippe prairie.

Mr. Stuart informs me that there is no question, in his mind, of the truth of this tradition. It is one of the established beliefs among the Nez Percés, handed down from the days of Lewis and Clark.

CHAPTER III

DOWN THE COLUMBIA

He who for weeks has lain upon a bed of suffering, feeling that each day might be his last on earth and who, when convalescent, is wheeled about among the trees and flowers and grass; who again hears the birds carol and sees the sun as it steadily holds its way across the heavens, who rejoices almost, as it were, in a new birth and life—such an one can understand what these adventurers must have felt when, breaking away from the last outliers of Rocky ridge, they came into the warm breezes, the open prairies, the wide, timber-fringed kamas plains of the Chopunnish.

What if they were sick from the reaction and change of climate and diet! They still had Rush's and Scott's pills and "Captain Clarke gave all the sick a dose of Rush's Pills, to see what effect that would have," Gass says. What if they must needs retraverse those "dismal, desert mountains!" That was now months in the future and their recent experience would enable them to be the better prepared for it. Surely, they could feel that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" and not borrow trouble for the morrow so far away.

The next move is foreshadowed by Gass, when, referring to Clark's trip to the river, he says: "He thinks we will be able to take the watter again at the place he had been at."

On the 24th of September, 1805, the party, with the exception of Colter, who went back to hunt the lost horses, "set out" for the Kooskooskee River, following down the

Jim Ford Creek of the present day. What a change of scene! "All around the village the women are busily employed in gathering and dressing the pasheco root [kamas], of which large quantities are heaped up in piles over the plain." The kamas is still found on the Weippe prairie and the Nez Percé women still wander in there and dig it, although the farms of the white man and his rail fences circumscribe their labors.

Kamas Bulbs, Used as Food by the Chopunnish and Other Indian Tribes.

Lewis and some of the later arrivals were "very ill," and the Captain "could hardly sit on his horse, while others were obliged to be put on horseback, and some, from extreme weakness and pain, were forced to lie down along side the road for some time." At sunset they reached the river, to find but little fresh meat at camp and two of the hunters ill.

On the 26th the entire party moved down the Kooskooskee five miles, to where the north fork joins the main stream, passing, on the way, the mouth of Rockdam, now Oro Fino, Creek, and on the south side they established their canoe

camp "in a handsome small bottom." Two chiefs and their families camped with them, and the weather was so hot that several more of the party were taken sick. It was a camp of invalids, but Clark was for pushing things, so, having distributed the axes and divided the men into gangs, on Friday, September 27th, they began

at an early hour, the preparations for making five canoes. But few of the men, however, were able to work, and of these several were soon taken ill, as the day proved very hot. The hunters too, returned without any game and seriously indisposed, so that nearly the whole party was now ill.

They remained at Canoe Camp until October 7th, pushing canoe construction as rapidly as possible. Gass says that to save the men from hard labor, "we have adopted the Indian method of burning out the canoes." The men recovered but slowly, the purgative effects of the roots they were compelled to eat, in the absence of game, weakening constitutions already enfeebled by the privations and enforced fastings which they had endured. Change of climate also had a most debilitating effect, under the circumstances. What little game they did get, whether deer, wolf, "panther," or pheasant, was relished by the invalids, and in addition they killed a colt which made a nourishing soup for them. "Some of these roots" which they were forced to eat, they say, "possess very active properties; for, after supping on them this evening, we were swelled to such a degree as to be scarcely able to breathe for several hours."

On October 5, 1805, the canoes approached completion, two of them being launched that evening. The journal recounts that

the canoes being nearly finished it became necessary to dispose of our horses. They were therefore collected, to the number of thirty-eight, and being branded and marked were delivered to three Indians, the two brothers and the son, of a

chief, who promises to accompany us down the river. To each of these men we gave a knife and some small articles, and they agreed to take good care of the horses till our return.

A branding iron used by Lewis and Clark was found in 1892 on one of the Sepulchre, or Memaloose, Islands in the Columbia River, three and one half miles above the Dalles. It is now in possession of Geo. H. Himes, Assistant Secretary, Oregon Historical Society, Portland, Oregon, and is a very interesting relic in a good state of preservation.

The Branding Iron of Lewis and Clark, Found in 1892.

The hollow interior was evidently intended to be filled with such additional letters, marks, or devices as the occasion demanded, as is the case with movable type hand stamps of the present day. The back was fashioned for a handle that could be clamped, and this was attached to the instrument by the round lugs at the ends, much as the handle of a modern carpet-sweeper is. Its use was undoubtedly to brand horses, canoes, saddles, utensils, etc.

Canoe Camp was an extremely interesting point topographically. Past it ran the drainage of almost all the Clearwater country. Clark says of the stream that it is "about

150 yds. wide and is the one we killed the 1st Coalt on," which last statement Dr. Coues thought "was a wonderful inference the great geographer drew—that here again was the same river on which the first colt was killed—considering that he never saw it from Colt-killed Creek to Village [Jim Ford] Creek." There was no inference about it; Clark knew it as any topographer would have known. While he did not actually see the water itself after he left the stream near the old fishery and climbed back to the trail on the ridge, he overlooked the rough winding gorge of the creek, or river, during all their travel along the ridge from the Snowbank Camp to where the ridge broke down southeast from Bald Mountain, and at the forks of Hungry Creek he was again but a few miles from it. With what he had seen with his own eyes, added to the information given him by the Chopunnish, his correct sense of topography easily grasped the truth, and it would have been strange indeed had he come to any other conclusion.

Clark says that below the forks of the river opposite their camp the stream "is called the Kooskooskee." It seems to be a fact, however, that Indians do not name streams as such. Rev. Mr. Parker [1] states that this word should be Coos-Coots-ke. Coos*coos*ke, he says, "signifies the water water, but Coos-*coots*-ke signifies the little water; Coos, Water; coots, little; ke, the; The Little River."

Kous-kouts-ki is another form of the word I have seen on an old map. Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor [2] records an interview with Lawyer, a renowned Nez Percé Chief, which is of value in this connection:

We told him we had come a long way to see the man who had talked with Lewis and Clarke,—at which he smiled in a

[1] *Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains in 1835–37*, published in 1840.

[2] *All Over Oregon and Washington*, 1872.

gratified manner. When we asked him how old he was when Lewis and Clarke were in the country, he indicated with his hand the stature of a five-year-old child; but he must have been older than that, to have remembered all he claims to about the great explorers. It was his father [Twisted-hair], who, while they explored the Columbia to its mouth, kept their horses through the winter, and returned them in good condition in the spring.

Junction of Collins, or Lolo, Creek and the Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, River, Idaho.

On asking him the meaning of *koos-koos-kie*—the name Lewis and Clarke gave to the Clearwater—he explained, in Nez Percé, to Mr. Whitman, that Lewis and Clarke misapprehended the words of the Indians; that, on being questioned concerning this river, and knowing that it was the object of the explorers to find the great *River of the West*—as it was then called—they had answered them that the Clearwater was *koos-koos-kie*, that is, a smaller river, or branch only of the greater one beyond. But Lewis and Clarke understood them to give it as the name of the stream. "What was the name of this river, formerly?" we asked. He could not tell us. If it ever had a

name it was forgotten; and thus, directly, the interview ended. It is remarkable, that so many of the rivers of the country are nameless among the Indians; and especially so, that the Columbia seems never to have had a name among any of the tribes residing either upon its shores, or in the interior.

Concerning the meaning of *Lapwai*, we were informed by Mr. Whitman that it meant the place of meeting, or boundary between two peoples, and that the Lapwai Creek really was the boundary between the Upper and Lower Nez Percés. The former tribe went to the buffalo-grounds, while the latter never did—hence the distinction.

As previously stated, the Indians did not give names to entire streams, but named *localities* or referred to peculiarities or attributes. While riding on a train, in 1902, in company with an intelligent Nez Percé, along this very part of the river, he gave me the Indian names for the waters of these streams, and these have since been confirmed by Mr. Stuart. Below the north fork he spoke of the river as *Keihk-keihk*, clear; the north, or Chopunnish Fork, is called *Ahsáhka*, narrow river; the Lolo Fork, or Collins Creek, is called *Náhwah;* the main stream, from the north fork to the headwaters of the middle fork and Moose Creek, is *Sélwah;* the Colt-killed Creek fork is *Lóchsah;* the south fork is *Tookóo-pah*, smaller river, also called *Lahkáhtse*, muddy river, and these branches bear these names on some maps.

Regarding Mrs. Victor's statement that Lawyer was a son of the Chief Twisted-hair, who had charge of the horses of Lewis and Clark during the winter of 1805–06, Mr. Stuart is very positive that this is an error. The chiefs of that time, Stuart says, had certain districts that were considered, in a way, as their own, and where they and their particular bands roamed and hunted, and they were not supposed to poach upon each other's preserves, and this statement is largely borne out by the Lewis and Clark narrative. Lawyer's father lived in the region about the present Lawyer's Cañon Creek, or Kamiah, while the Twisted-hair of Lewis and Clark

was found, as the latter show, many miles to the north; he was, as Mr. Stuart puts it, "a North Fork Indian." If Mr. Stuart is correct, as I imagine he may be, Lawyer, who was without question a man of fine character and ability,[1] simply betrayed a common weakness of humanity, white and Indian, in wishing to bask in the reflected glory of Lewis and Clark, and it need occasion no surprise that he, passively perhaps, assented to, and assisted in, this apparent deception.

On October 7, 1805, the party, physically much stronger, started upon the last stage of their outbound journey. Their canoes proved fairly equal to the task of navigating the rapids and eddies of the Columbia, of which they encountered many. When the time came to start, the two chiefs who were to accompany them were nowhere to be found, but the party started, nevertheless.

On October 8th they passed a large creek on the right, to which they gave the name of Colter, after John Colter. This creek is now known as the Potlatch River. The Spokane-Lewiston branch of the Northern Pacific Railway south from Spokane follows the stream for some distance and down to its junction with the Clearwater River, and then continues down the left bank of the latter to Lewiston.

From the mouth of the Potlatch, the Clearwater extension of the railway follows the right bank of the Clearwater and up the south fork of that river, to beyond the mouth of the Middle, or Selwáh Fork—the one the explorers had camped on at Colt-killed Creek—and some miles beyond the farthest point reached by Lewis and Clark up the Kooskooskee.

Just beyond the mouth of the Potlatch, when grading for the railway embankment, it became necessary to cut through the nose, or end of a hill bordering the river. Unexpectedly, an Indian grave or two was uncovered and Lester

[1] Vide *Life of General Stevens*, by his son, Hazard Stevens.

S. Handsaker of the Engineering Corps located at the spot, on March 1st, 1899, began an examination of the graves. Beads, brass and copper ornaments, arrow-heads, knives, hatchets, an old flintlock musket, a sword, etc., were brought forth, the metallic articles greatly rusted and decayed. The handle is entirely gone from an old hatchet given to the

The Lewis and Clark Medal Found at Mouth of Colter's Creek, or Potlatch River, in 1899.

writer by Mr. Handsaker, and a bayonet is rusted to probably one half its original size. Handsaker, in his investigation, found something carefully wrapped in many thicknesses of buffalo hide. Unwrapping it, he uncovered one of the Lewis and Clark medals[1] of the Jefferson medallion grade.

[1] This particular medal passed into the hands of Edward D. Adams of New York City and was, by him, presented to the Department of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History, New York.

This proved that the grave from which it was taken was that of a chief. The Captains had distributed several of the medals—of the three grades—to chiefs in this vicinity and along the Snake River. In Governor I. I. Stevens's report on the Pacific Railroad surveys occurs a passage in reference to one of these same medals. George Gibbs, in his report to Captain Geo. B. McClellan—afterward General McClellan—who had charge of a branch of Stevens's work, under date of March 4, 1854, says:

> At the crossing of the Snake River, at the mouth of the Peluse [Palouse], we met with an interesting relic. The chief of the band, . . . exhibited, with great pride, the medal presented to his father, Ke-powh-kan, by Captains Lewis and Clark. It is of silver, double, and hollow, having on the obverse a medallion bust, with the legend, "TH. JEFFERSON, PRESIDENT OF THE U. S., A. D. 1801," and on the reverse the clasped hands, pipe, and battle-axe, crossed, with the legend, "PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP."

The medallion portrait is of Jefferson, of course, and the medal is two and one eighth inches in diameter. The one found at the Potlatch, when I saw it, bore slight traces of its long entombment. Dr. Coues mentions two other medals found, one at Fort Clatsop, and the other at the mouth of the Walla Walla River.

At the mouth of the Potlatch Neeshnepáhkeeook had his village, and in the vicinity were the villages of Weáhkoonut, Hohástilpilp, and Tunnachémootoolt. These were chiefs with whom we shall later, become better acquainted, and to each of them a medal of some sort was given.

The party's progress down the river was punctuated by a canoe striking a rock now and then on a rapid, when the men would wade ashore, repair the canoe, and launch forth again. The Indians were found on either bank at frequent intervals, and more or less barter, present-giving, and council-holding was indulged in.

On the 8th, they came upon the two chiefs who had deserted, but who now willingly joined them.

On the 9th

> we were surprised at hearing that our old Shoshonee guide [Toby] and his son had left us and [had] been seen running up the river several miles above. As he had never given any notice of his intention, nor had even received his pay for guiding us, we could not imagine the cause of his desertion, nor did he ever return to explain his conduct. We requested the chief to send a horseman after him to request that he would return and receive what we owed him. From this, however, he dissuaded us, and said very frankly that his nation, the Chopunnish, would take from the old man any presents that he might have on passing their camp.

Gass, perhaps, suggests the true reason for the panic-stricken flight of old Toby: "I suspect he was afraid of being cast away passing the rapids." As we learn later, Toby and his son each took a horse belonging to Lewis and Clark with them.

On the 9th, Gass refers to a new article of diet for them: "We have some Frenchmen, who prefer dogflesh to fish; and they here got two or three dogs from the Indians." The Irishman also came to relish dog stew a little later.

On the 10th the party went on, having remained in camp an extra day to dry the luggage thoroughly; they soon passed the site of Lapwai, where Spalding established his mission many years later, and in the afternoon they reached the junction of the Kooskooskee and Kimooenim, or Clearwater and Snake, rivers. They "halted below the junction on the right side of the river," where the Indians "flocked in all directions to see us."

> Being again reduced to fish and roots, we made an experiment to vary our food by purchasing a few dogs, and after having been accustomed to horseflesh, felt no disrelish to this new dish. The Chopunnish have great numbers of dogs, which they employ for domestic purposes, but never eat; and our

using the flesh of that animal soon brought us into ridicule as dog-eaters.

Their camp was opposite the present city of Clarkston, and diagonally opposite Lewiston, at the base of a line of basaltic hills some two thousand feet high, a most impressive sight, and surmounted by a magnificent and highly fertile plain.

The country at the junction of the two rivers is an open plain on all sides, broken toward the left by a distant ridge of high land, thinly covered with timber; this is the only body of timber which the country possesses, for at the forks [of the Lewis and Kooskooskee rivers] there is not a tree to be seen [there are many there now], and during almost the whole descent of sixty miles down the Kooskooskee from its forks there are very few. This southern branch is, in fact, the main stream of Lewis's River, on which [the Lemhi] we encamped when among the Shoshonees. The Indians inform us that it is navigable for sixty miles; that not far from its mouth it receives a branch from the south; and a second and larger branch, two days' march up and nearly parallel to the first Chopunnish villages we met near the mountains. This branch is called Pawnashte, and is the residence of a chief who, according to their expression, has more horses than he can count. . . .

The Chopunnish, or Pierced-nose nation, who reside on the Kooskooskee and Lewis's rivers, are in person stout, portly, well-looking men; the women are small, with good features and generally handsome, though the complexion of both sexes is darker than that of the Tushepaws. In dress they resemble that nation, being fond of displaying their ornaments. The buffaloe or elk-skin robe decorated with beads, sea-shells, chiefly mother-of-pearl, attached to an otter-skin collar and hung in the hair, which falls in front in two queues; feathers, paints of different kinds, principally white, green, and light blue, all of which they find in their own country.

The dress of the women is more simple, consisting of a long shirt of argalia or ibex skin, reaching down to the ankles without a girdle; to this are tied little pieces of brass and shells and other small articles; but the head is not at all ornamented. The dress of the female is indeed more modest, and more studiously so, than any we have observed, though the other sex is careless of the indelicacy of exposure.

Junction of Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, River and Colter's Creek, now Potlatch River, Idaho. Mark × shows where the Lewis and Clark medal was found by L. S. Handsaker, in 1899.

In recognizing the Kimooenim as the stream on which they had camped when among the Shoshoni, the explorers were simply utilizing again their geographical common sense. It was not so difficult as one might at first think to reach this conclusion, for they had necessarily made the geography of this region a study, and the instruction given them first by the Shoshoni, then by the Flatheads, or Salish, and now by the Chopunnish, was of the simplest, most accurate sort, so that it was comparatively easy to correlate the knowledge gained from the last-named with that of the Shoshoni and to come to the accurate conclusion at which they arrived.

The Pawnashte River is the Salmon River, and the name which the explorers gave to the Kimooenim, or Snake River, was, of course, Lewis, already applied at the headwaters of the Salmon. This name should never have been displaced. It was the first name of the stream, given by the first explorers, and their rights in the matter have been inexcusably disregarded and ignored. A movement set on foot during these days of Louisiana Purchase and Lewis and Clark revivalism to restore some of these original names would be a merited one and might be crowned with success.

As understood by the Nez Percés of to-day, the name Kimooenim, or Kah-móo-enim as it is given to me, is applied, strictly speaking, to the south fork of the Lewis, or Snake River, although it is sometimes used for the entire stream. The word means "the stream or place of the hemp weed," which grows there.

The junction of the Kooskooskee and Lewis rivers is called by the Indians, Asótin, according to James Stuart. A lateral stream of the Lewis River, a town, and a county in Washington, south of Lewiston, all bear this name.

The Snake, or Lewis River, drains an enormous area. Nearly the whole of Idaho, and portions—more or less extensive—of Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, eastern Oregon, and

Junction of Lewis, or Snake, River with the Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, River. The town is Lewiston, Idaho, and the bridge spans the Snake River.

Washington, pour their waters into the Pacific Ocean through the Snake River. Its ultimate head streams come from the southern portion of Yellowstone Park, in close proximity to the headwaters of the Yellowstone River, which flows in an opposite direction to the Gulf of Mexico.

The figure that this river, with the Columbia from the junction, cuts on the map is almost the counterpart of the constellation Ursa Major, or the Dipper, the Columbia River being the handle.

Lewiston, at the junction of these streams, is practically the head of navigation of both the Snake and Clearwater rivers.

Lewis and Clark make the distance from Canoe Camp to their camp just below Lewiston fifty-nine miles. The railway follows the river for this entire distance, which, from Ahsáhka to Lewiston, is thirty-nine miles by accurate survey.

The explorers' statement regarding the scarcity of timber below their Canoe Camp is still true, and there is yet fairly good timber about the junction of the Ahsáhka, or north fork, and the main Kooskooskee. But in the country drained by the Ahsáhka Fork and by Colter Creek, or Potlatch River, there are immense areas of standing pine of which our explorers knew nothing. It is said that the largest and finest body of standing white pine now in existence in the United States is to be found along the Clearwater River, in the western foothills of the Bitter Root range.

Altitude and climate are two valuable assets of this region. The altitude of Lewiston is less than seven hundred feet above sea level, and the general mildness of the climate, latitude and longitude considered, may be judged from this low elevation.

Dr. Coues was unable to find any authority for the statement that Lewiston, Idaho, was named after Captain Lewis.

Upon inquiry I have found it somewhat difficult to establish this fact, as definite proof seems lacking and other contentions are made as to the meaning of the name. The prevailing opinion, however, I find to be that it was either named directly for Lewis, or indirectly for him after the Lewis River.

Through the efforts of Geo. H. Himes of the Oregon Historical Society, Portland, Oregon, and J. C. Painter of Walla Walla, Wash., I have been placed in possession of a letter from Hon. Geo. E. Cole of Spokane, Wash., at one time Governor of Washington Territory. In it occurs this passage:

> Col. Lyle, Capt. Ainsworth, Lawrence Coe, Vic. Trevett, and myself selected the location and named the place Lewiston, in the latter part of May or the first part of June, in 1861, in honor of Captain Lewis of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

I assume that this can be accepted as authoritative.

In very recent years the growing little city on the opposite shore of Lewis River in Washington has been named Clarkston after Captain Clark.

This section is now quite well settled by the whites. Lewiston, at the junction of the Clearwater and Snake rivers, is one of the wealthiest places of its size in the country, and a fine steel bridge across the Snake joins Lewiston and Clarkston. Oro Fino, Pierce City, and Weippe, not far from where Lewis and Clark made their canoes, are prosperous towns. South from Lewiston are Grangeville, Kamiah, Florence, Elk City, and other mining towns, and surrounding them are rich mining districts, of which Buffalo Hump is a prominent one. Out of this region, there have been taken more than $100,000,000 of gold since the early sixties.

The plateau agricultural lands are remarkably productive, averaging from forty to sixty bushels per acre for wheat.

To the north, in the Palouse country drained by Colter Creek, or the Potlatch River, one finds to-day vast areas of wheat fields and diversified fruit ranches. The towns lie thick there, and Spokane, one hundred and forty-four miles from Lewiston, is the seat of this inland empire. Yet in this now fertile region Lewis and Clark lived on dried kamas roots, stewed dog, and dried salmon.

The climate of this region is peculiarly favorable to fruit growing and the entire country, both valleys and plateaus, is developing into one of the finest and most varied fruit regions in the United States.

An authority from another part of the country says:

> To give an idea of the very large number of good varieties of fruit that may be grown here, it may be mentioned that fifty-four varieties of grapes are growing in one vineyard, and nineteen varieties of peaches. The adaptation of the region to a varied production of fruit products is very wide. Almonds, soft shelled and hard, flourish. The same is true of many kinds of nuts, including English walnuts. Peanuts may be grown with much success, and the production of sweet potatoes is almost fabulous. One specimen from Lewiston, exhibited at a fair in the West, is said to have been three feet long, and to have weighed six and one-half pounds. Chestnuts are a decided success.

The statement is made—whether true, I know not—that in 1838 a Nez Percé chief planted some apple seeds and that from the resultant trees crops of apples are still produced.

The method of harvesting wheat is peculiar to this hilly, plateau country, and is of universal interest. The machine used is a combined harvester and thresher. Some years since the writer, while at Lewiston, was privileged to witness the operation of one of these mammoth machines. To the right was the standing grain; at our left, the bags of threshed wheat were being automatically dumped in triplets on the ground, ready for shipment to elevator or mill. One

A Combined Harvester and Thresher, Used in Harvesting in the Clearwater and Walla Walla Regions, Idaho and Washington.

minute, probably, sufficed to complete the process. The machine was drawn by thirty-two horses hitched six abreast, with two of them in the lead. These two were the only horses driven, the others following them like well-trained animals.

There were large, iron brakes attached to the five or six wheels under the machine, and if the horses attempted to run, or if there was any clogging or an accident happened, an application of these brakes brought the machine instantly to a standstill. It required five men to handle the harvester. The machine is so constructed that it can accommodate itself to sloping ground even where the angle is of 45° inclination, the body of it, the thresher proper, being maintained in a horizontal position. The combined harvester and thresher can cut and thresh from thirty-five to forty acres of grain per day, and in doing this it will travel about sixteen miles. The straw is deposited on the ground behind the harvester in a continuous yellow wind row.

The journey of the explorers down the river from this point to the Columbia proper was without special incident beyond meeting Indians, running many and dangerous rapids, sometimes striking rocks and damaging canoes, and finding it difficult to kill game. From the Indians they continued to buy dogs and fish and roots. Gass succumbed to dog diet gracefully, and admits that dog meat, when well cooked, tastes very well.

With Indians the sweat house or vapor bath was an important domestic institution. The bath was used a great deal and it was a social relaxation as well as a bath proper. Below the junction of the Lewis and Kooskooskee rivers, the party encountered a new style of bath house.

> While this traffic was going on we observed a vapour bath or sweating house in a different form from that used on the frontiers of the United States or in the Rocky Mountains. It

was a hollow square of six or eight feet deep, formed in the river bank by damming up with mud the other three sides, and covering the whole completely except an aperture about two feet wide at the top. The bathers descend by this hole, taking with them a number of heated stones and jugs of water; and after being seated round the room, throw the water on the stones till the steam becomes of a temperature sufficiently high

An Old Indian Sweat-Bath House. The rocks seen have been heated and used to produce the vapor bath and then have been thrown away.

for their purposes. . . . Among both these nations it is very uncommon for a man to bathe alone; he is generally accompanied by one or sometimes several of his acquaintances; indeed, it is so essentially a social amusement that to decline going in to bathe when invited by a friend is one of the highest indignities which can be offered to him. . . . Almost universally these baths are in the neighborhood of running water, into which the Indians plunge immediately on coming out of the vapour bath, and sometimes return again and subject themselves to a second perspiration.

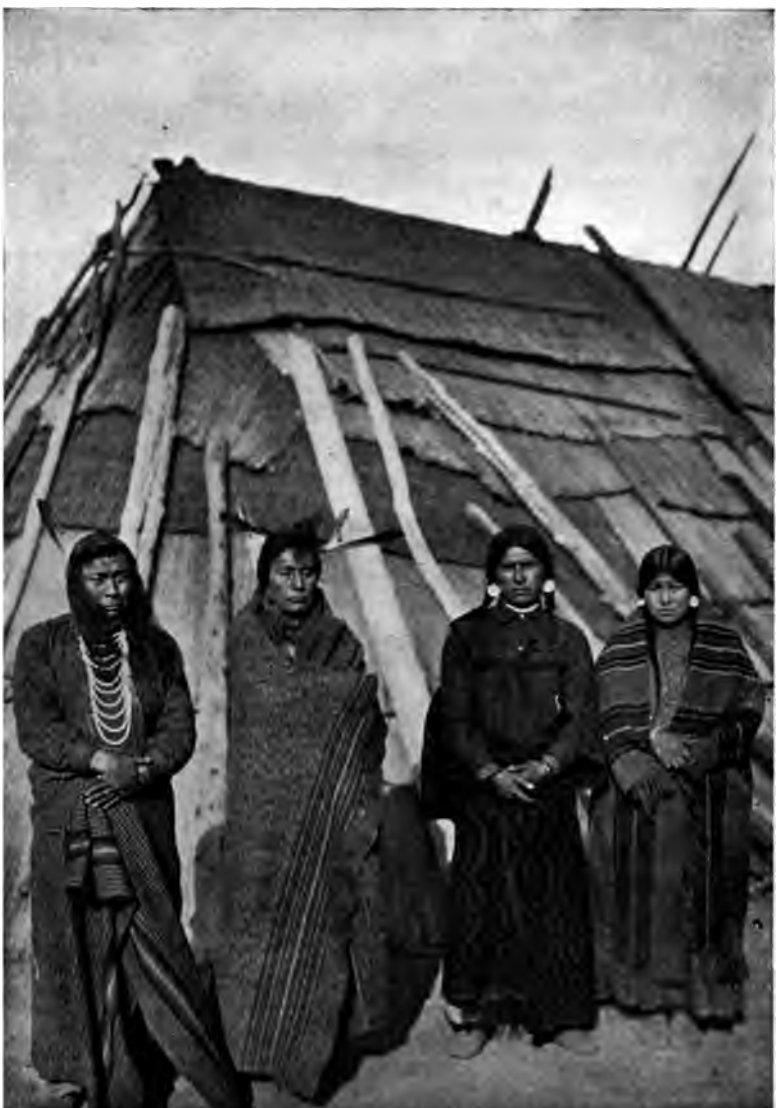
On Wednesday, October 16, 1805, after having passed a succession of bad rapids,—Fish Hook and Five Mile rapids—in the last case making a portage of three quarters of a mile, the expedition reached the main Columbia, and while no mention is made of it, if they did not give three rousing American cheers it was a wonder. There were troubles enough ahead, but—the great river itself was reached.

The explorers were received in royal Sokulkian style.

We halted above the point of junction on the Kimooenim to confer with the Indians, who had collected in great numbers to receive us. On landing we were met by our two chiefs, to whose good offices we were indebted for this reception, and also the two Indians who had passed us a few days since on horseback, one of whom appeared to be a man of influence and harangued the Indians on our arrival. After smoking with the Indians, we formed a camp at the point where the two rivers unite, near to which we found some driftwood, and were supplied by our two old chiefs with the stalks of willows and some small bushes for fuel. We had scarcely fixed the camp and got the fires prepared when a chief came from the Indian camp about a quarter of a mile up the Columbia, at the head of nearly two hundred men; they formed a regular procession, keeping time to the noise, rather the music of their drums, which they accompanied with their voices. As they advanced they formed a semicircle round us, and continued singing for some time. We then smoked with them all and communicated, as well as we could by signs, our friendly intentions toward all nations, and our joy at finding ourselves surrounded by our children.

Gass records that, "we encamped on the point between the two rivers. The country all round is level, rich and beautiful, but without timber." He then makes an important geographical notation:

The small river, which we called Flathead and afterwards Clarke's River, is a branch of the Great Columbia, and running a northwest course, falls into it a considerable distance above this place: we therefore never passed the mouth of that river,



Group of Indians Living at the Junction of the Snake—Lewis—and Columbia Rivers, and Showing the Rush Mats Used in the Construction of their Houses.

The explorers measured the widths of the Lewis and Columbia rivers; the former was 575 yards, the latter 960 yards wide.

The Indians met here were called Sokulks. They were of the Shahaptian family, as were the Chopunnish, and with them were a few families of the Chimnapum. They lived in a new style of house made of rush mats, oblong in shape and common, in a general way both then and now, throughout the lower Columbia basin. The Captains found these people very interesting, and they mention now, for the first time, seeing the flattened heads of the Indians which, by the rule of contraries, has given name to a tribe that claim never to have practised the habit:

> The language of both these nations, of each of which we obtained a vocabulary, differs but little from each other, or from that of the Chopunnish who inhabit the Kooskooskee and Lewis's rivers. . . . The most striking difference between them is among the females, the Sokulk women being more inclined to corpulency than any we have yet seen; their stature is low, their faces [are] broad, and their heads flattened in such a manner that the forehead is in a straight line from the nose to the crown of the head; their eyes are of a dirty sable; their hair, too, is coarse and black, and braided as above without ornament of any kind; . . . The houses of the Sokulks are made of large mats of rushes, and are generally of a square or oblong form, varying in length from fifteen to sixty feet, and supported in the inside by poles or forks about six feet high; the top is covered with mats, leaving a space of twelve or fifteen inches the whole length of the house, for the purpose of admitting the light and suffering the smoke to pass through; the roof is nearly flat, which seems to indicate that rains are not common in this open country, and the house is not divided into apartments, the fire being in the middle of the large room, and immediately under the hole in the roof; . . .
>
> The Sokulks seem to be of a mild and peaceable disposition, and live in a state of comparative happiness. The men, like those on the Kimooenim [Snake, or Lewis River], are said to content themselves with a single wife, with whom we observe the husband shares the labours of procuring subsistence much more than is usual among savages.

The teeth of these Indians were either much decayed or entirely worn down to the gums, caused, presumably, by eating uncooked roots covered with grit, and fish with "scales, rind and all," also uncooked.

While camped at the mouth of the Snake River, Captain Clark took a canoe and ascended the Columbia nearly to the mouth of the Tapteal, or Yakima River. Just above the point where the Northern Pacific Railway bridge spans the former river, between Pasco and Kennewick, he landed and made a friendly call upon some Indians.

> On entering one of the houses he found it crowded with men, women, and children, who immediately provided a mat for him to sit on, and one of the party undertook to prepare something to eat. He began by bringing in a piece of pine wood that had drifted down the river, which he split into small pieces with a wedge made of the elk's horn, by means of a mallet of stone curiously carved. The pieces were then laid on the fire, and several round stones placed upon them; one of the squaws now brought a bucket of water, in which was a large salmon about half dried, and as the stones became heated they were put into the bucket till the salmon was sufficiently boiled for use.

Referring to the great quantities of salmon in the Columbia, Clark says:

> The multitudes of this fish are almost inconceivable. The water is so clear that they can readily be seen at the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, but at this season they float in such quantities down the stream, and are drifted ashore, that the Indians have only to collect, split, and dry them on the scaffolds. . . . The Indians assured him by signs, that they often used dried fish as fuel for the common occasions of cooking.

The great value of the Columbia salmon fisheries is now well known and the unique fish wheels seen on the river are sights of interest to travellers.

On October 18th they turned the prows of their canoes down the Great River of the West, with their stock of

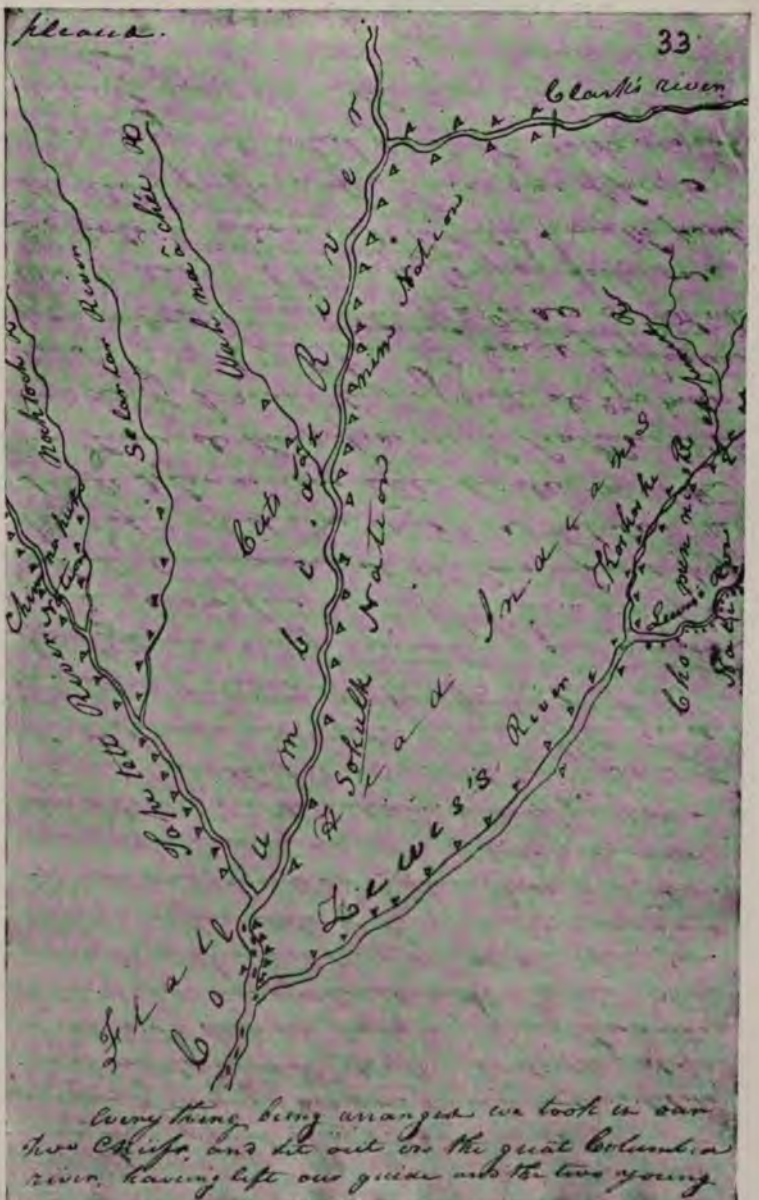
provisions increased by forty dogs purchased from the Sokulks. They passed the mouth of the Walla Walla River and "saw a mountain bearing S. W. conocal form covered with snow," which was their first view of Mt. Hood.

The banks of the Columbia above the mouth of the Snake River bear ample evidence of the former presence of large numbers of Indians in the remains of their ancient clam-bakes. Large numbers of arrow points have been found also, and I am reliably informed that Indians of recent time disclaimed any knowledge of the art of making arrow points and stated that when they wanted them they hunted along the shores of the streams for those made and left by former generations of Indians,

At their camp, early the next morning, they were visited by Yellipit, or Yellept, " a handsome, well-proportioned man, about five feet eight inches high, and thirty-five years of age, with a bold and dignified countenance," of whom we shall hear more when the Captains return to this point in 1806.

They now passed many Indian villages on both sides of the river, and found the inhabitants mostly engaged in drying fish, of which there were large quantities on the drying scaffolds. The Indians were generally terrified at sight of our adventurers and fled in wild dismay to their houses. As the party neared the Umatilla—Yu-matilla—River they came to a rapid, now known by the same name, around which they were compelled to portage.

As Captain Clark arrived at the lower end of the rapid before any, except one of the small canoes, he sat down on a rock to wait for them, and seeing a crane fly across the river, shot it, and it fell near him. . . . Captain Clark was afraid that these people had not yet heard that white men were coming, and therefore, in order to allay their uneasiness . . . he got into the small canoe with three men and rowed over toward the houses, and while crossing shot a duck, which fell into the



Facsimile of Page 33, Codex "H," Clark, being a Map of the Country at the Junction of the Columbia, Lewis, or Snake, and Tapetell—Tap-teal—or Yakima Rivers, Washington.

water. Landing near the houses, he went toward one of them . . . and pushing aside the mat entered the lodge, where he found thirty-two persons, chiefly men and women, with a few children, all in the greatest consternation. . . . He went up to them all and shook hands with them in the most friendly manner; but their apprehensions, which had for a moment subsided, revived on his taking out a burning-glass, as there was no roof to the house, and lighting his pipe. . . .

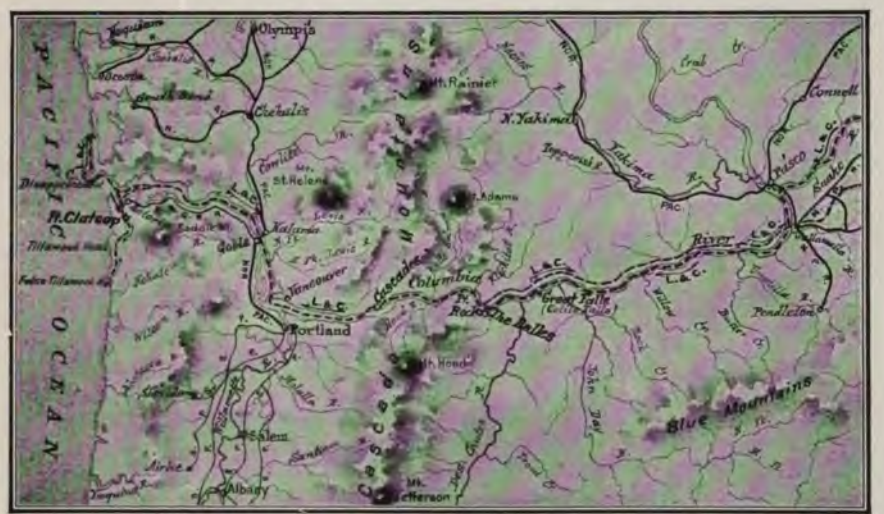
After leaving the houses he went out to sit on a rock, and beckoned to some of the men to come and smoke with him; but none of them ventured to join him till the canoes arrived with the two chiefs; who immediately explained our pacific intentions toward them. Soon after [ward] the interpreter's wife landed, and her presence dissipated all doubts of our being well disposed, since in this country no woman ever accompanies a war party. . . . They told the two chiefs that they knew we were not men, for they had seen us fall from the clouds; in fact, unperceived by them, Captain Clark had shot the white crane, which they had seen fall just before he appeared to their eyes; the duck which he had killed also fell close by him, and as there were a few clouds flying over at the moment, they connected the fall of the birds and [with] his sudden appearance, and believed that he had himself dropped from the clouds; the noise of the rifle, which they had never heard before, being considered merely as the sound to announce so extraordinary an event. This belief was strengthened when on entering the room he brought down fire from the heavens by means of his burning-glass.

No wonder these benighted heathen were sore afraid of beings who killed water-fowl by means of a loud noise and who brought down fire from the heavens. The mere presence of the little Bird-woman, as is now and again seen, was a guarantee of peaceful intentions, and just how many difficulties her appearance on the scene may have resolved, perhaps they never knew, but the taking of Sacágawea with them from Fort Mandan proved a rare exercise of good judgment.

In making the portage mentioned, Clark, the two chiefs, —who were as good as are endorsements on a note, for the

party, among strange tribes—Chaboneau, and Sacágawea walked together. On the way, from a high cliff, Clark saw to the west, at the distance of about one hundred and fifty miles,

> a very high mountain covered with snow, and from its direction and appearance he supposed it to be the mount St. Helens, laid down by Vancouver as visible from the mouth of



The Route of Lewis and Clark. Mouth of Snake River to Fort Clatsop.

the Columbia. There is also another mountain of a conical form, whose top is covered with snow, in a southwest direction.

The mountain to the southwest was Mt. Hood, which they had seen the day before, but the mountain to the west was not Mt. St. Helens, but Mt. Adams. The earlier explorers all mistook Mt. Adams for Mt. St. Helens; Frémont made this error from the identical locality in later years, and others made the same mistake.

From this Umatilla region the peaks are in the same

visual line, but Adams, 12,250 feet high, is east of the main Cascade range, and St. Helens, 9750 feet in elevation and therefore 2500 feet lower than the former, is west of the range, and except from some very elevated and exceptional spot, the latter peak is not visible from this locality. This conclusion, aside from my own observations, has been confirmed by correspondence with an old and intelligent resident in the country.

A Umatilla Indian Tepee of Rush Mats on the Columbia River in 1904.

What served to confuse the traveller, was the fact that Mt. St. Helens was well known, descriptively, while Mt. Adams was not known at that time by name, and being in the Cascade range and so near St. Helens, naturally became confused with it. This confusion was emphasized by reason of the fact that, in going both up and down the river in canoes, neither Adams nor St. Helens was to be seen, after once leaving either, until the voyager was abreast of or beyond

the other, when the angle of vision again was such that either peak was, not unnaturally, mistaken for the other.

In order to allay the apprehensions of the river Indians, the Captains sent the two Chopunnish chiefs in advance as heralds to announce their coming, with the result that Indian curiosity overcame all fear and the natives gathered in crowds to greet and view the strangers. On October 20th, the party inspected the first burial-ground of the Columbia River Indians.

These sepulchral spots are an interesting feature of this river and were as often found on islands in the river as on the mainland. These islands are known, generally, as Memaloose Islands, or Memaloose Alahee, or Illihee, the place of the departed. This first seen repository of the dead is thus described by the explorers:

> This place, in which the dead are deposited, is a building about sixty feet long and twelve feet wide, [and constructed] . . . so as to form a shed. It stands east and west, and neither of the extremities is closed. On entering the western end we observed a number of bodies wrapped carefully in leather robes, and arranged in rows on boards, which were then covered with a mat. . . . A little farther on, the bones, half decayed, were scattered about, and in the center of the building was a large pile of them heaped promiscuously on each other. At the eastern extremity was a mat on which twenty-one skulls were placed in a circular form, the mode of interment being first to wrap the body in robes, and as it decays the bones are thrown into the heap, and the skulls placed together. From the . . . vault were suspended on the inside, fishing nets, baskets, wooden bowls, robes, skins, trenchers, and trinkets of various kinds. . . On the outside of the vault were the skeletons of several horses, and great quantities of [their] bones [were] in the neighbourhood, which induced us to believe that these animals were most probably sacrificed at the funeral rites of their masters.

The expedition was now more or less delayed by rapids, some of them very bad ones, but it managed nevertheless to make from thirty to forty miles a day. They were now

approaching the mountains, leaving, gradually, the open country with its great scarcity of fuel and plenteousness of sand, piled high in smooth, rounded, billowy hillocks, a fascinating sight, but worthless for purposes of cooking.

On October 21st they passed Lepage's River, named after one of their men, but now known as the John Day River, in honor of John Day, the Kentuckian, who figured so conspicuously in Hunt's Astorian party; and on the 22d they passed the Towahnahiooks, or as it is now known, the Des Chutes River, and reached the Great—Celilo—Falls of the Columbia.

Here it was necessary to make a portage of one thousand two hundred yards, but this was a slight obstacle after their previous experiences. Owing, doubtless, to the good offices of the two chiefs, the Indians found here were inclined to render assistance, though this was not the case in after years.

The Columbia River from the falls to below the Dalles, as they are called, is a marvellous product of nature. The region is a volcanic one, and from the monster chimneys of a subterranean furnace vast floods of lava have poured forth in all directions. The Columbia, for miles, has forced its way through these lava beds, and its escarpments and walls are lava cliffs of magnificent proportions, at places 2000 or 3000 feet high, forming scenery of the superlative sort. The brown-black lava palisades rise in noble terraces, towers, and obelisks, farther down becoming merged in the over-towering range. The congealed product of the volcano runs athwart the stream and seemingly, also, with it, forming a series of gigantic obstructions, across and through which the river has eaten its way in a succession of rapids, swirls, falls, and cross-currents. Massive blocks of lava are found in the very bed of the stream, forcing the latter into narrow, boiling, deep, and dangerous channels. Of these great blocks

of lava were the "high black rock" and "this tremendous rock" and the "rocky islands," etc., in which the narrative abounds at this point, but down the river the party must go, and extensive portaging was out of the question over such great obstacles. The portage around the falls was not a very difficult one, assisted as they were by the natives; but the latter, being great pilferers, recouped themselves amply for their labor.

Photographic Reproduction of Map (Made by Lewis and Clark) of the Great, or Celilo, Falls of the Columbia River.

The canoes were taken down the stream on the morning of the 23d. The contents of the canoes were transported along the right bank of the stream in making the portage, but the latter were taken down by the route which the Indians themselves used, along the left bank.

This operation Captain Clark began this morning, and after crossing to the other side of the river, hauled the canoes over a point of land, so as to avoid a perpendicular fall of twenty feet. At the distance of four hundred and fifty-seven yards we reached

the water, and embarked at a place where a long rocky island compresses the channel of the river within the space of a hundred and fifty yards, so as to form nearly a semicircle. . . . Having descended in this way for a mile, we reached a pitch of the river, which . . . descends with great rapidity down a fall eight feet in height. . . . We were obliged to land and let them [the boats] down as slowly as possible by strong ropes of elk skin which we had prepared for the purpose. . . . From the marks everywhere perceivable at the falls, it is obvious that in high floods, which must be in the spring, the water below the falls rises nearly to a level with that above them. Of this rise, which is occasioned by some obstructions which we do not as yet know, the salmon must avail themselves to pass up the river in such multitudes that that fish is almost the only one caught in great abundance above the falls; but below that place we observe the salmon trout, and the heads of a species of trout smaller than the salmon trout, which is in great quantities, and which they are now burying to be used as their winter food. A hole of any size being dug, the sides and bottom are lined with straw, over which skins are laid; on these the fish, after being well dried, is laid, covered with other skins, and the hole closed with a layer of earth twelve or fifteen inches deep. . . . On reaching the upper point of the portage we found that the Indians had been encamped there not long since, and had left behind them multitudes of fleas, . . . and during the portage the men were obliged to strip to the skin in order to brush them from their bodies. They were not, however, so easily dislodged from our clothes, and accompanied us in great numbers to our camp.

Almost, if not quite, along the very ground over which Lewis and Clark dragged their canoes around the falls, the railway trains of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company now run, and travellers can, from the car windows, see at the distance of a stone's throw this particular fall of twenty feet, and they have also a good view of this entire series of widespread and interesting cascades. The scene here, at low water, is a very fine one. The falls are not very high, only from twenty to forty feet, but the power of the one thousand or more miles of mighty river above seems concentrated here in one supreme effort to do something that

will give it renown, and taken in connection with the long, ragged line of cascades, or rapids, the falls form a lively and most fascinating bit of scenery. Below the falls, the river divides into various channels, the lava is formed into islands, and among them the water seethes and boils as if stirred by the Furies.

The remarks of the explorers relative to high water apply, of course, at the present time. When the Columbia is at flood tide, the water is so backed up and raised by the restrictions mentioned a little later in the narrative, that the fine fall becomes merely a pronounced curve, or rapid, in the stream.

This spot was a favorite one with the Indians for fishing, and I have seen them thus engaged in recent years.

> Near our camp [the narrative runs] are five large huts of Indians engaged in drying fish and preparing it for the market. The manner of doing this is by first opening the fish and exposing it to the sun on their scaffolds. When it is sufficiently dried it is pounded fine between two stones till it is pulverized, and is then placed in a basket about two feet long and one in diameter, neatly made of grass and rushes, and lined with the skin of a salmon stretched and dried for the purpose. Here they are pressed down as hard as possible and the top is covered with skins of fish, which are secured by cords through the holes of the basket. . . . The whole is then wrapped up in mats, and made fast by cords, over which mats are again thrown. Twelve of these baskets, each of which contains from ninety to a hundred pounds, form a stack, which is now left exposed till it is sent to market; the fish thus preserved are kept sound and sweet for several years.

I have stood on the river bank where Lewis and Clark lugged their canoes across the portage and where they encountered the fleas, and have seen stacks of fish standing, waiting until the Indians were ready to use them. Just above, at the beginning of the portage, there is now a white man's fishery.

At their camp below the falls the explorers

observed two canoes of a different shape and size from any which we had hitherto seen; . . . These canoes are very beautifully made; they are wide in the middle and tapering toward each end, with curious figures carved on the bow. They are thin, but being strengthened by cross bars about an inch in diameter, which are tied with strong pieces of bark through holes in the

Great, or Celilo Falls, of the Columbia River, around which Lewis and Clark made a Portage on October 23, 1805.

sides, are able to bear very heavy burdens, and seem calculated to live in the roughest water.

. . . We were informed by one of the chiefs who had accompanied us that he had overheard that the Indians below intended to attack us as we went down the river. Being at all times ready for any attempt of that sort, . . . we therefore only reexamined our arms and increased the ammunition to one hundred rounds. Our chiefs, . . . were by no means so much at their ease. . . . The next morning,

[THURSDAY] October 24th, the Indians approached us with

apparent caution, and behaved with more than usual reserve. Our two chiefs, . . . now told us that they wished to return home; that they could be no longer of any service to us, and they could not understand the language of the people below the falls; . . . and as the Indians had expressed a resolution to attack us, they would certainly kill them. . . . We however insisted on their remaining with us, not only in hopes of bringing about an accommodation between them and their enemies, but because they might be able to detect any hostile designs against us, and also assist us in passing the next falls, which are not far off, and represented as very difficult; they at length agreed to stay with us two nights longer.

These two chiefs, who were our friend Twisted-hair, and Tetoh, were indeed friends in need, and such they showed themselves to be throughout.

The explorers were now about to navigate the Dalles of the Columbia, one of the most remarkable portions of this remarkable river. It was a hazardous thing to do, but a portage was almost out of the question as it involved enormous labor and much time.

The journal describes this stretch of river as well, perhaps, as any one can, but it must be seen at close range really to understand it and to appreciate what were the dangers of this passage.

About nine o'clock we proceeded, and . . . found the river about four hundred yards wide. . . . At the distance of two and one half miles the river widened into a large bend or basin on the right. . . . At the extremity of this basin stands a high black rock; . . . so totally indeed does it appear to stop the passage that we could not see where the water escaped, except that the current appeared to be drawn with more than usual velocity to the left of the rock, where was a great roaring. We were no longer at a loss to account for the rising of the river at the falls, for this tremendous rock stretches across the river . . . leaving a channel only forty-five yards wide, through which the whole body of the Columbia must press its way.

Clark's own description of this exploit reads as follows:

As the portage of our canoes over this high rock would be impossible with our Strength, and the only danger in passing thro those narrows was the whorls and swills [swells] arriseing from the Compression of the water, and which I thought (as also our principal waterman Peter Crusat) by good Stearing we could pass down Safe, accordingly I deturmined to pass through this place not with standing the horred appearance of this agitated gut swelling, boiling & whorling in every direction which from the top of the rock did not appear as bad as when I was in it; however we passed Safe to the astonishment of all the Inds [Indians] of the last Lodges who viewed us from the top of the rock.

After passing another rapid, in part by portage, the party camped, on the night of the 24th, near an Echeloot Indian village, just above the last dangerous part of the river at the Dalles.

This place, the journal says, is known as Timm among the Indians, "which [word] they pronounce so as to make it perfectly represent the sound of a distant cataract." According to Parker, the Indians call the Great Falls "tum tum, the same expression they use for the beating of the heart." This word "Timm" is not an uncommon one among the coast tribes. James G. Swan [1] gives "*Tum'tum*" as the Chinook word for heart and *Tumtsuck* as the word for waterfall. Tumwater is a familiar form of the word which is used for a town, cañon, etc.

Captain Clark found more than ten thousand pounds of dried and pounded salmon at this spot, and as the Echeloots received the white men "with great kindness," a peace was easily arranged between them and the Chopunnish through the agency of the two chiefs who were with the explorers.

These Indians lived in fairly good houses constructed of wood, which were radically different from the Mandan earth

[1] *The Northwest Coast*, New York, Harper & Bros., 1857.

153 *Mount Hood, 11,225 Feet High, and a Salmon Fish Wheel, from the Dalles, Oregon.*

lodges; while long and wide, they were somewhat on the order of the dugout; vaguely, perhaps, like the Navajo hogan, and "exhibit a very singular appearance." The explorers describe them at length:

A large hole, twenty feet wide and thirty in length, is dug to the depth of six feet. The sides are then lined with split pieces of timber, rising just above the surface of the ground, which are smoothed to the same width by burning, or shaved with small iron axes. These timbers are secured in their erect position by a pole stretched along the side of the building near the eaves, and supported on a strong post fixed at each corner. The timbers at the gable ends rise gradually higher, the middle pieces being the broadest. At the top of these is a sort of semi-circle, made to receive a ridge-pole the whole length of the house, propped by an additional post in the middle, and forming the top of the roof. From this ridge-pole to the eaves of the house are placed a number of small poles or rafters, secured at each end by fibres of the cedar. On these poles, which are connected by small transverse bars of wood, is laid a covering of the white cedar, or arbor vitæ, kept on by the strands of the cedar fibres; but a small distance along the whole length of the ridge-pole is left uncovered, for the purpose of light and permitting the smoke to pass through. The roof thus formed has a descent about equal to that common amongst us, and near the eaves is perforated with a number of small holes, made most probably to discharge their arrows in case of an attack. The only entrance is by a small door at the gable end, cut out of the middle piece of timber, twenty-nine and a half inches high and fourteen inches broad, and reaching only eighteen inches above the earth. Before this hole is hung a mat, and on pushing it aside and crawling through, the descent is by a small wooden ladder, made in the form of those used amongst us. One half of the inside is used as a place of deposit for their dried fish, of which there are large quantities stored away, and with a few baskets of berries form the only family provisions; the other half adjoining the door remains for the accommodation of the family. On each side are arranged near the walls small beds of mats placed on little scaffolds or bedsteads, raised from eighteen inches to three feet from the ground, and in the middle of the vacant space is the fire, or sometimes two or three fires, when, as is indeed usually the case, the house contains three families.

Gass says:

This village has better lodges than any on the river above; one story of which is sunk under ground and lined with flag mats. The upper part about 4 feet above ground is covered over with cedar bark, and they are tolerably comfortable houses.

And now for the trip through the Long Narrows, the last link in this chain of portage experiences! This dangerous ride was taken on Friday, October 25, 1805, after a careful inspection of the dangers involved.

After sending some of the party with our best stores to make a portage, and fixed others on the rock to assist with ropes the canoes that might meet with any difficulty, we began the descent, in the presence of great numbers of Indians who had collected to witness this exploit. The channel for three miles is worn through a hard, rough, black rock from fifty to one hundred yards wide, in which the water swells and boils in a tremendous manner. The three first [*sic*] canoes escaped very well; the fourth, however, had nearly filled with water; the fifth passed through with only a small quantity of water over her. At half a mile we had got through the worst part, and having reloaded our canoes went on very well for two and a half miles, except that one of the boats was nearly lost by running against a rock. At the end of this channel of three miles, . . . we reached a deep basin or bend of the river toward the right, near the entrance of which are two rocks. We crossed the basin, which has a quiet and gentle current, and at the distance of a mile from its commencement, and a little below where the river resumes its channel, reached a rock which divides it.

And here they "smoked a parting pipe" with the two chiefs, Twisted-hair and Tetoh, who had, from the Kooskooskee, been to them guides, philosophers, and friends. These fine fellows had each bought a horse and were to return home by land.

Within five miles after again setting out, the explorers reached the mouth of a (Quenett, or Mill) creek on the left and

halted below it under a high point of rocks on the left, and as it was necessary to make some celestial observations we formed a camp on the top of these rocks. This situation [Fort Rock] is perfectly well calculated for defence in case the Indians should incline to attack us, for the rocks form a sort of natural fortification with the aid of the river and the creek. . . .

Grant's Castle, on the Columbia River, Characteristic of Columbia River Bluffs.

Of all the reaches of the Columbia River none is, or ever will be, more observed than that between the Great Falls and the lower extremity of the Dalles, or, as modern names go, from Celilo to Dalles City. It is a most interesting bit of scenery and historically has played an important part in

the narrative of every adventurer or explorer who ever ascended or descended the river.

The French word *Dalles*, meaning slabs, or flagstones, has been applied, in a technical sense, to that part of the stream extending from the Great Falls to the end of the Narrows, or the obstructed portion of the river, a distance of between twelve and fifteen miles, but popularly, the name is used in a somewhat wider sense than this. The word refers to the enormous blocks or slabs of basalt which beset the stream and completely block further navigation, which latter now extends from Astoria and the mouth of the river entirely to the Narrows. Mrs. Victor gives *Winquat*, "surrounded by rocky cliffs," as the Indian name for the Dalles.

This piece of river between the Dalles and the Cascades may very appropriately have been called Robbers' Roost, Rogues' Cañon, Freebooters' Pass, or the Devil's Gorge. The Indians here seem to have been pretty generally possessed of the devil, and in very early days to have harried every exploring or trading party that passed down the stream. Numbers alone prevented or lessened wanton insult and injury, while even then stealing and pilfering were most ingeniously and successfully practised. The experiences of Lewis and Clark on their return journey, exasperating as they were, were mild and scarcely worth mentioning in comparison with the tribulations of some of those who came later. Many of the early writers who navigated the stream, particularly Ross Cox, in *Adventures on the Columbia River* in 1812 *et seq.*, and Irving, in *Astoria*, devote pages to describing the difficulties and dangers from the Indians which here beset them. Parker, however, in 1835 appears to have passed without annoyances, and was even assisted by the Indians.

The Indian village of Wishram, which occupies so prominent a part of Irving's narrative, was situated at the

head of the Long Narrows, or, probably, at the point where our Captains found the large Echeloot village. I have seen this part of the Columbia several times. I have driven among the rocks and over the trackless sand-dunes and clambered about the basaltic slabs, or flagstones, where I have picked up arrow points, in order to study and examine the locality. The places named by the explorers may easily be identified.

In 1902 I drove up to the Narrows, and, under the guidance of S. L. Brooks, of Dalles City, struggled across a part of the river bed which, at high water, is a rushing torrent, to the brink of the long narrow channel and chasm through which Lewis and Clark took their canoes, where I overlooked the swirling waters as they boiled and raged. The "deep bend or basin" towards the right with the two rocks at the entrance and its "quiet and gentle" waters beyond, were in plain view.

As we drove homeward along the high ground on the left or south bank, we had a wide, sweeping view both up and down the river for miles. In the distance, to the west, the Cascade Range closed in upon the stream; somewhat nearer at hand were the spires and chimneys and houses of Dalles City climbing the hillside; and behind us was the wide, basalt-strewn river channel, with here and there a bit of shining water. Dimly could we descry, at intervals, an Indian hut or two on the rocks or sands, a reminder of the ancient *régime*, while, as if to emphasize the great change which had overtaken the region aside from the unchangeableness of nature itself, a railway train with Pullman coaches filled with people came whirling along the track beneath us bound for Portland. And then, as if to complete the picture appropriately, from among the shadows cast by the waning day and out from the sombre rocks far over on the other side of the river, following one of the many

narrow, thread-like channels, crept an Indian canoe bound for the town below.

The narrative says that from the point where the parting pipe was smoked with the chiefs, "the river is gentle, but strewn with a great number of rocks for a few miles."

Fort Rock, at Mouth of Quenett, or Mill, Creek, the Dalles, Oregon, where Lewis and Clark Camped in October, 1805, and in April, 1806.

Down this rocky stretch this other, modern canoe wound its way, the dripping paddles flashing as they were raised from the water by the descendants of those whom Lewis and Clark had met here. We kept abreast of them, and both reached Dalles City at the same time.

Without doubt a series of locks will ere long be constructed around the Dalles, as has been done at the Cascades below, in which work the quiet and navigable stretches of

water noted by Lewis and Clark will be utilized. By so doing many miles of river now useless will be rendered available for navigation.

The spot at which the expedition camped is just below the steamboat landing at Dalles City, and across Mill Creek, or Quenett, or Quinett Creek, as the explorers understood the Indians to call it.

The place is a somewhat remarkable one. A great flow of lava extends from the hills to the river, and is bordered on the north by the great river and on the east by the creek. Following down the creek and around the river the face of this basalt plain is for the most part an absolutely vertical escarpment from twenty to sixty feet high, with here and there a break in the columnar face, forming a sort of stairway. Some distance up, and back from the mouth of the creek, this verticality gives way to a much less precipitous face, and when the party returned in 1806 they went up the creek and around the bend to encamp.

At the base of this basalt sheet, on the creek side, and jammed up against the cliff, the railroad round-house and shops now stand, a trestle leading to them across Quenett Creek.

One morning I made my way across this trestle and climbed to the top of the rocky plain. It is a curious spot, and the appropriateness of the name of Fort Rock, given to it by Lewis and Clark, flashed over me in an instant. Besides the vertical cliff faces mentioned, I found that the surface above was besprinkled with depressions from ten to thirty feet deep, some small in area, but many quite large, and having vertical sides, thus forming natural fort-like places for camp and defence. One spot in particular impressed me, from its situation, size, and adaptability, as being very likely the identical one where these adventurers unrolled their beds and kindled their camp-fires.

From this rock they saw Mt. Hood, "the falls mountain or timms mountain," as they then termed it, "toped with snow." Mt. Hood from this spot is a picture. Clean-cut, like a cameo, white, with everlasting snows and glaciers; monolithic in appearance and comparatively near at hand, it lives in one's memory like a strain of rapturous music from one of the masters.

At Fort Rock they made more "celestial observations," entertained the Indians, in doing which Cruzatte's fiddle was strong medicine, and incidentally studied ethnology.

The Echeloots they found to be, linguistically, quite different from the Eneeshurs above the falls, although but a few miles from them. The former were the first members of the Chinookan family the expedition had met; the latter were the last of the Shahaptian family, the dividing line between these families falling at the Dalles, and the Echeloot or Chinook jargon was not current linguistic coin above the Dalles.

Regarding some characteristics of these people the journal remarks:

> To all these tribes the strange clucking or guttural noise which first struck us is common. They also flatten the heads of their children in nearly the same manner; but we now begin to observe that the heads of males, as well as of the other sex, are subjected to this operation, whereas among the mountains the custom has confined it almost to the females.

Swan, in *The Northwest Coast*, discusses the language of these people at some length. "This jargon," he says, "is composed of Chenook, French, and English languages," and it was not, as was formerly supposed, formed by the Hudson's Bay Company for trade purposes. He thought it an old language on the coast, and as to sounds, it seemed to be "a compound of the gruntings of a pig and the clucking of a hen." His explanation of this sound is this:

The peculiar clucking sound is produced by the tongue pressing against the roof of the mouth, and pronouncing a word ending with *tl* as if there was the letter *k* at the end of the *tl;* but it is impossible, in any form or method of spelling that I know of, to convey the proper guttural clucking sound. Sometimes they will, as if for amusement, end all their words with *tl;* and the effect is ludicrous to hear three or four talking at the same time with this singular sound, like so many sitting hens.

Parker thus refers to the practice of piercing the noses and flattening the heads:

These Indians are the only real Flatheads and Nez Percés, or pierced noses, I have found. They both flatten their heads and pierce their noses. The flattening of their heads is not so great a deformity as is generally supposed. From a little above the eyes to the apex or crown of the head, there is a depression, but not generally in adult persons very noticeable. The piercing of the nose is a greater deformity, and is done by inserting two small tapering white shells [*dentalium*], about two inches long, through the lower part of the cartilaginous division of the nose.

It is stated that both these practices were discontinued many years ago.

In the very early days the Methodist Episcopal Church established a mission at the Dalles, which was afterward turned over to the Presbyterians; it was abandoned by them at the breaking out of the Cayuse Indian war in 1847.

On October 28th the explorers once more started down the river, not to be again bothered with rocks and portages until the Cascades were reached.

They now began to see evidences of the occasional presence of white men on the river. An Indian visited them having on a round hat and a sailer's pea jacket. At some of the Indian villages, of the Chilluckittequaw tribe—Chinookans—they saw a British musket, a cutlass, brass teakettles, a sword, blue and scarlet cloth, etc., obtained from the traders.

163 *Lower Columbia River Indians of the Present Time, and their Rush-Mat Houses.*

Having left the rocks behind, they meet another foe in the shape of head winds. Between the Dalles and the Cascades the river is apt to be swept by strong winds, particularly in the vicinity of Wind Mountain, which the party are now approaching. On one of my trips up the Columbia in a steamer the Storm King had his grip on mountain and river hereabout and we were regaled with a magnificent storm effect. The mountains rise high, are heavily timbered, and form gigantic headlands. As the rain swept in heavy sheets across the wide river or along the slopes, deluging everything it touched; with the white, more fleecy clouds, nestling about the higher peaks and the heavier masses hugging closely the lower slopes or depressions; and with a constant shifting and changing of the entire panorama, it formed a scene of grandeur not soon forgotten.

Not far below the Dalles and passed by the party on October 29th, is the real Sepulchre, or Memaloose Island, or rock, one of the many burial-places of the river Indians and the best known of them. This island lies in the middle of the river, is in plain view from passing trains and steamers, from which can be seen the remains of the old burial houses, or vaults, many of which have tumbled to ruin. Lewis and Clark counted "13 vaults" on this rock on their return in 1806, "some of them more than half filled with dead bodies." But its noteworthy feature now is, that on the most prominent elevation a white man, "Vic" Trevett, an old Oregon pioneer, already named in connection with the town of Lewiston, lies buried. Trevett died in San Francisco in 1883 and requested that his remains be interred on the island. This was done and a plain but substantial monument placed over his body. From the commanding point upon which the monument is placed it is naturally a very conspicuous object and attracts the attention of travellers, to the island. I recently visited this sepulchral spot and found myself in a

place of the dead, truly enough. Grinning skulls, bleached bones, beads, Indian utensils of all sorts, and decaying charnel houses are visible everywhere.

The stream now known as Hood River, Lewis and Clark called Labiche's River after one of the party, and at the mouth of the little river we now find the town of Hood River.

From this point, twenty-seven miles of stage-coach travel

Memaloose Alahee, or Sepulchre Island, Columbia River. Shows the Trevett Monument and the Remains of Old Indian Burial Huts and Indian Skeletons.

for a few miles alongside the brawling Hood River itself, and then through the Cascade forest, now take the traveller to Cloud Cap Inn, perched upon a jutting shoulder of Mt. Hood, 6500 feet above sea level.

The inn is a quaint tavern of logs, granite, and angles, one story in height. A platform on the roof affords a view

wonderful indeed, in its scope and character, and such as can be found only in this region. From the windows of dining-room, lounging-room, and bedroom, the eye roams o'er a wide, rolling, black and green, corrugated landscape, the great Cascade Forest, punctuated by white obelisks, Mts. Rainier, Adams, and St. Helens, while the gorge of the great Columbia is faintly seen. In distances from Hood, these peaks range from about sixty miles for St. Helens to more than one hundred for Mount Rainier.

Mount Hood is peculiar in that from whatever side I have yet seen it, it appears the same—one sharp, angular peak and only one, a mammoth, natural, alabaster-like pyramid. In the early days it was thought to be 19,000 feet high, but it is really only 11,225 feet in height.

The narrative, on October 29th, refers to the Rocky Mountain goat, which, having the skin only to refer to, the explorers unfortunately called a sheep, and thereby caused a great deal of confusion for naturalists. This remarkable animal, *Oreamnos montanus*, has been in the past, and is even now, in the popular mind, very generally confused with another equally remarkable animal, the Rocky Mountain sheep, or "big horn," *Ovis montana*, although there is not the slightest superficial resemblance between them. Had the explorers seen the goat itself, having already seen the sheep, they would have easily noted the difference.

The writer has a vivid recollection of a fall hunt some years since in the Bitter Root Mountains,—south from where Lewis and Clark crossed the range,—under the guidance of Mr. Wright, after these same white goats. Such a quest one cares for just once and no more. The experience is an interesting, fascinating, but very fatiguing one, as these animals usually frequent the highest, most inaccessible parts of the range. They are stupid brutes, not difficult to hunt if properly approached, and their heads make attractive

wall ornaments for a hunter's den, and their thick, white, long-haired skins make fine floor rugs.

The range of the goat is quite extensive, reaching from Montana and Idaho and the Cascade Range northward into British Columbia and Alaska. In hunting the "big horn," or sheep, the hunter has to contend with a quite different animal, one vigilant, wary, very active, and hard to approach.

On October 30th the travellers reached the now well-known and historical Cascades.

The Cascades comprise a stretch of several miles of river known as the Upper and Lower Cascades. Some writers have added a third division, the Middle Cascades. The Upper Cascades are the Cascades proper, and here are found the greatest fall and the finest scenery. This is the site of Lewis and Clark's "Great Shoot." At this point the river wheels suddenly at right angles, from west to south, and rushes down over a somewhat acute pitch for four hundred yards, as the explorers state, then, sharply turning again from south to west, it resumes its former general course.

The river at the Upper Cascades, at the first turn, the point of greatest velocity, narrows to less than half the average width of the stream above, and the channel is strewn with rocks and rocky islets. The fall of twenty feet, as given by Lewis and Clark, is not meant for the entire descent here, but for the "Great Shoot" alone, the total fall being some forty feet or even more. Dr. J. S. Newberry gives the descent as "sixty feet in three miles."

Most of the early writers devote considerable space to describing the Cascades. One of the best of these accounts which has come under my observation is that of Major Osborne Cross, who, in 1849, accompanied a regiment of United States riflemen across the country and down the Columbia. Cross describes the Cascades as they were before the Government improvements were begun.

Interior of Salmon Cannery on the Columbia River. 200,000 Cans of Salmon in Sight.

The Cascade of the Columbia River [he says] is not more than three-quarters of a mile in length, and there is no part where the water has a perpendicular fall. At the commencement of the rapid the rocks project from the left bank, and form a reef partly under water, until it nearly crosses to the upper island. This is the first ripple where the water receives an increased velocity, and glides swiftly down for about a quarter of a mile, when it passes a high rock, and, in a short distance, meets with some half dozen more, where it commences to boil and foam with all its fury. The river between the island and left bank contracts considerably, and the whole column of water of the Columbia River passes down over masses of rock, forming in its way whirlpools through the whole distance, which cause the water to roll up as if there were some immense pressure below. It makes a magnificent scene; the sublimity of it can hardly be described or surpassed.

Lewis and Clark camped on an island right at the head of the rapids just above the point of portage. While Lewis went up to an Indian village just above them, Clark, with Cruzatte, "the principal waterman," and Jos. Fields, went down stream for three miles to inspect the portage and rapids. On the following morning he continued his exploration, finding several abandoned villages and an old burial-ground.

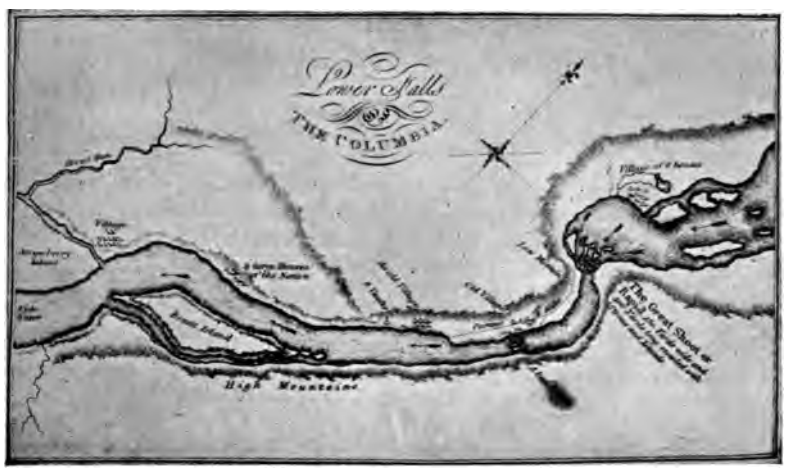
The explorers seem to have made no attempt at fine descriptive writing after Lewis's effort at the Great Falls of the Missouri. In regard to the Cascades they give only the bare facts, leaving the finer touches to later travellers. A part of their description reads as follows:

At the extremity of the basin in which is situated the island where we are encamped, several rocks and rocky islands are interspersed through the bed of the river. The rocks on each side have fallen down from the mountains; that on the left being high, and on the right the hill itself, which is lower, slipping into the river, so that the current is here compressed within a space of one hundred and fifty yards.

The appearance of the mountains here seems to the layman indicative of landslides, to which cause are also

attributed other phenomena seen above the Cascades, viz.: the so-called submerged forest, and the quiet, almost current-less, lake-like stretch of water between the Cascades and the Dalles, due to an obstruction at the Cascades.

These phenomena are referred to by Lewis and Clark on their return journey, which I will to this extent anticipate:



Photographic Reproduction of the Map Made by Lewis and Clark of the Lower Falls, or the Cascades, of the Columbia River. The Cascades are "The Great Shoot."

From the Rapids [the Cascades] to this place [the Fort Rock and the Dalles], and indeed as far as the commencement of the Narrows, the Columbia is from half a mile to three-quarters in width, and possesses scarcely any current. . . . During the whole course of the Columbia from the Rapids to the Chilluckit-tequaws are the trunks of many large pine trees standing erect in water, which is thirty feet deep at present, and never less than ten. These trees could never have grown in their present state, for they are all very much doated [*i. e.*, decayed], and none of them vegetate; so that the only reasonable account which can be given of this phenomenon is that at some period, which the appearance of the trees induces us to fix within twenty years, the rocks from the hillsides have obstructed the narrow

pass at the rapids and caused the river to spread through the woods.

Apparently, whole mountain-sides have been ripped, sliced, torn violently from the mother range, and slid boldly toward and into the stream. Above the Cascades, near Viento, the stumps of submerged trees may be seen in the water along the beach.

Dr. Newberry,[1] however, gives another explanation for the obstructive dam. He says:

> As I have mentioned, the vicinity of the falls [Cascades] has been the scene of recent volcanic action. A consequence of this action has been the precipitation of a portion of the wall bordering the stream into its bed. This impediment acting as a dam, has raised the level of the water above the Cascades, giving to the stream its lake-like appearance, and submerging a portion of the trees which lined its banks. Of these trees, killed by the water, the stumps of many are still standing, and by their degree of preservation attest the modern date of the catastrophe.

Latterly, scientific men have accounted for these phenomena by two other theories. Captain Dutton claims it to be due to "an uplift" of the mountain country, some five and one half miles wide, across the stream, which dammed and gradually raised the river above the obstruction. Mr. Emmons of the United States Geological Survey refers favorably to an Indian legend that a natural bridge once existed here, across which the Indians of distant generations crossed the river dry-shod. The lava stream spread across the river, resting on an unstable, friable conglomerate, which in time was eaten away by the water, leaving a natural lava bridge, and this eventually tumbled in and formed the dam. Writing to my friend, G. K. Gilbert, Chief Geologist of the United States Geological Survey, regarding these phenomena, he

[1] *Pacific Railway Reports*—Report of Lieut. Abbott, 1855, p. 55 of Newberry's Geological Report.

replied that, after considerable study of them, based upon his own independent observations in 1899, he "was satisfied that Newberry had given the true explanation."

The Indian tradition of the bridge has taken firm hold of many minds and one hears much of it in the Oregon country. It has been woven into a novel entitled *The Bridge of the Gods*.

Below the Cascades and the portage, Captain Clark, in his exploration,

> came to a house, the only remnant of a town which, from its appearance, must have been of great antiquity. . . .
>
> About half a mile below this house, in a very thick part of the woods, is an ancient burial place; it consists of eight vaults made of pine or cedar boards closely connected, about eight feet square and six in height; the top covered with wide boards sloping a little, so as to convey off the rain; the direction of all of them [*i. e.*, the vaults] is east and west, the door being on the eastern side, and partially stopped with wide boards decorated with rude pictures of men and other animals. On entering we found in some of them four dead bodies, carefully wrapped in skins, tied with cords of grass and bark, lying on a mat in a direction east and west. The other vaults contained only bones, which were in some of them piled to the height of four feet; on the tops of the vaults and on poles attached to them hung brass kettles and frying-pans with holes in their bottoms, baskets, bowls, sea-shells, skins, pieces of cloth, hair, bags of trinkets, and small bones, the offerings of friendship or affection. . . . The whole of the walls as well as the door were decorated with strange figures cut and painted on them; and besides these were several wooden images of men, some of them so old and decayed as to have almost lost their shape.

Ross Cox, in his *Adventures on the Columbia River*—in 1812–17—verifies Lewis and Clark's description of this cemetery "in the most gloomy part of the wood," and says that there were nine excavations.

> Several of the boards are carved and painted with rude representations of men, bears, wolves, and animals unknown.

Some in green, others in white and red, and all most hideously unlike nature.

Parker mentions seeing these "depositories" of the dead in 1835, and also the forsaken villages.

In 1849, Major Cross wrote of these graves that they were

in a large, dense grove of hemlock and fir trees, whose limbs spread a shade over the whole spot, almost excluding the light of heaven, . . . which seemed, in defiance of the foliage, to shed its rays, now and then, upon the tombs of the dead. . . . Heaps of bones of all sizes and ages were lying about, and . . . all shapes, as far as the head was considered; for these people have a singular fancy, peculiar to themselves, of flattening the forehead. . . . Many of these skulls had been removed and scattered through the woods by persons, whose curiosity being satisfied, had dropped them where the wagon wheels had pounded them into dust.

Time, the railroad, and excavation by the whites have about obliterated this old sepulchral spot. The writer was presented with a string of the blue and white beads so prized by the natives which were gathered at this place.

Before making the portage the explorers witnessed an exploit by an Indian that exhibited the audacity of these natives and the risks they would incur in what we consider trivial matters:

One of the men shot a goose, which fell into the river and was floating rapidly toward the great shoot, when an Indian observing it plunged in after it. The whole mass of the waters of the Columbia, just preparing to descend its narrow channel, carried the animal down with great rapidity. The Indian followed it fearlessly to within one hundred and fifty feet of the rocks, where he would inevitably have been dashed to pieces; but seizing his prey he turned round and swam ashore with great composure. We very willingly relinquished our right to the bird in favor of the Indian who had thus saved it at the imminent hazard of his life.

The Indians at the Cascades—Clahclellahs—did not impress the Captains favorably. They were dirty, uncouth, ugly looking, weak-eyed, and they pierced their noses and flattened their heads.

On November 1st, the party successfully passed the Cascades, carrying the contents of the canoes overland and

Bridal Veil Falls, Columbia River.

letting the canoes down the rocks and rapids as best they could. Three of the canoes were somewhat damaged in making the portage and had to be repaired before going farther. They made but seven miles "from the head of the shoot" and camped at the head of a rapid near a village on the north shore at the head of Strawberry Island.

Until recent years the Cascades blocked continuous navigation beyond them to the Dalles on the upper river, but after fifteen years or more of work and an expenditure of

between three and four millions of dollars, the Government has now in operation a splendid lock at the Cascades, through which steamers pass with scarcely any loss of time.

"The Cascades" was an important military point in the days of Oregon emigration and settlement. There was often more or less trouble with the Indians, consequently block-houses were built and garrisons and military supplies kept there. The Cayuse war in the forties and the Yakima war in the fifties were serious affairs.

One of the block-houses was located on a prominent knoll on the north shore not far from, and overlooking, the island on which Lewis and Clark camped in 1805. The other house was situated midway between the Upper and Lower Cascades and stood on level ground. The lower block-house—this spot was called the *Middle* Cascades by many—was erected in 1855 and withstood an attack by Indians. The one on the hill at the Upper Cascades was built in 1856, but was never attacked. Both have long since shared the fate of the Indian villages and burial houses and have crumbled to decay, but a loopholed log from the latter fortress is said to be preserved in the Museum at Portland, Oregon.

I do not find that Lewis and Clark ever used the term "cascade" in connection with this range, and seldom, indeed, did they use the word itself. "Rapids" and "shoots" were generally used when rapid water was referred to. At one place they say, "of that chain of mountains in which Mounts Hood and Jefferson are so conspicuous, . . ." as if the idea of giving it a name was farthest from their thoughts. Neither the edition of 1840 nor that of 1844, of Parker's *Journal of an Exploring Tour*, etc., contains the word "cascade" used in this connection, nor does his map, bearing date, 1838 show it. Frémont—in 1843–44—uses, at one point, the words, "The Cascade or California Range." Later, he says:

We were now approaching one of the marked features of the lower Columbia, where the river forms a great *cascade*, with a series of rapids. . . . The main branch of the *Sacramento* River and the *Tlamath* [Klamath] issue in cascades from this range, and the Columbia, breaking through it in a succession of cascades, gives the idea of cascades to the whole range, and hence the name of the CASCADE RANGE. . . .

John Lambert, one of Governor Stevens's topographers in 1854, had a quite different idea as to what suggested the name, as the following will indicate:

Going down the Columbia, the reason of the Cascade Mountains being so named becomes apparent on the steep sides of that tremendous chasm. . . . Foremost among the wonders that attract the admiring gaze of travelers are the numerous and beautiful little falls which pour from every crevice, at every height, and frequently from the very mountain top. . . . As many as twelve of these fairy cascades can be counted within view in a single reach of the river. Some, descending from hanging rocks, are dissolved in spray less than half way down the fall; others steal down the crooked crannies of the mountain, never actually leaving their steep channels in which they glisten like a snow-wreath; and not a few seem as though they were frozen on the mountain side, so regular and imperceptible is the motion of the water, and a telescope is necessary to prove that they really are what they barely seem to be. Most of them are but tiny threads of foam; but on turning a projecting and sheltering cliff, there is found another little beauty in a nook adorned by groups of evergreens, where the water pours over a broader ledge, and spreads into a veil such as Undine might have worn.

Whoever formally suggested the name, or whether, like Topsy, it just "growed" from either or both of the foregoing ideas, Lambert's description is a very truthful one of the many beautiful cascades that go tumbling down the sides of the cliffs.

An attempt was once made by Hall J. Kelley, an irrepressible Eastern enthusiast over the Oregon country, to rename the Cascade Range the Presidents Range, and this

attempt was seriously seconded by others. This patriotic nomenclature was inspired by the deep feeling engendered by the discussions over the Oregon question, and by the fact that the prominent peaks of the range, Baker, Rainier, St. Helens, Hood, etc., were named by Captain George Vancouver and his officers of the British Navy. In the readjustment of names growing out of this new[1] nomenclature, the important peaks were to be named after the Presidents, and Mt. Hood was to become Mt. Washington; Mt. St. Helens, Mt. John Adams; Mt. Rainier, Mt. Harrison; Mt. Shasta, Mt. Monroe; Mt. Pitt, Mt. Jackson; Mt. Baker, Mt. Polk; etc. The idea did not prevail, however, and the old names still remain.

Lieutenant Broughton, one of Vancouver's subordinates, named Mt. Hood, in 1792, after Lord Hood, of England; Mt. St. Helens was so called, also by Mr. Broughton, in honor of the British Ambassador to Madrid; Mt. Rainier was named by Vancouver for Rear-Admiral Rainier of the English Navy, and Mt. Baker was so called for Lieutenant Baker, a subordinate under Vancouver, who first of Vancouver's fleet saw it in 1792. The Indian names for some of these peaks were, for St. Helens, Lah-me-lát-cla or clough, meaning "fire mountain"; for Rainier, Ta-hó-ma, "nourishing breast" or "snow-covered mountain," both meanings being given for the word; for Mt. Hood, Páh-to, a "high, sloping mountain," which name seems also to have been applied by the natives to Mt. Adams.

Many interesting legends are told by the Indians concerning these glacial peaks. In one of these a terrible battle was fought between Rainier and St. Helens for the sovereignty of the region. Flames shot from their summits, smoke hid the sky, the earth trembled, great rocks were

[1] *Oregon and California in 1848*, J. Quinn Thornton, Harper & Bros., New York.

hurled at each other, and ashes and gravel were rained upon the waters of the sea which then flowed about them, and the interior plains and valleys were burned and strewn with the volcanic débris which was belched forth. The birds finally took the matter in hand and removed Ta-hó-ma far inland and matters then quieted down.

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Beacon Rock of Lewis and Clark—Columbia River. Now Known as Castle Rock.

The explorers, having now reached tide-water, saw many sea otters in the river; on November 2d, they resumed their journey. Taking no chances, they carried "the baggage by land" and then safely navigated a rapid, reloaded the canoes, and swept down the Columbia.

With what joy they must have penned "the rapid we have just passed is the last of all the descents of the Columbia"! As we read it, it is matter of fact enough, but what a relief the *fact* itself meant to them!

The narrative continues:

In the meadow to the right, and at some distance from the hills, stands a high, perpendicular rock, about eight hundred feet high and four hundred yards round the base; this we called the Beacon Rock.

On the return journey they say:

Beacon Rock, which we now observed more accurately than as we descended, stands on the north side of the river, insulated from the hills. The northern side has a partial growth of fir or pine. To the south it rises in an unbroken precipice to the height of seven hundred feet, where it terminates in a sharp point, and may be seen at the distance of twenty miles below.

This noble rock stands to-day just as it did when Lewis and Clark saw it. It is one of the unchangeable objects along the river; an isolated as well as an *insulated* landmark visible for many miles down the river, and, to the ungeological individual, appears to have slid bodily from the mountain back of it. It is a very precipitous rock, and is not known to have been climbed until the summer of 1891.

Parker called this Pillar Rock, and it is now generally known as Castle Rock, but the name given to it by Lewis and Clark should be restored.

The following extract means far more than it expresses in cold print, as I know from similar experiences:

The mountains on each side, are covered with pine, spruce-pine, cottonwood, a species of ash, and some alder. After being so long accustomed to the dreary nakedness of the country above, the change is as grateful to the eye as it is useful in supplying us with fuel.

The river now becomes wide, a great and mighty tidal stream, varying from one mile in width to ten or twelve miles wide down near the ocean. Ten miles below Beacon Rock "is a rock rising from the middle of the river to the height

of one hundred feet, and about eighty yards [in diameter] at its base." This is Lone Rock, near a landing-place for Columbia River steamers now.

The expedition swept on rapidly down the great river, meeting many Indians, who, although not Flatheads or Shoshones in character, yet knew how to navigate the Columbia in their large, serviceable canoes of peculiar construction and appearance, and they knew, too, how to pilfer deftly. Through these lower Columbia River Indians the party made acquaintance with the wappatoo, an edible root of great value to the Indians, "round in shape, and about the size of a small Irish potato." This became a common article of diet with the explorers.

The Indians on the lower river were not afraid of the adventurers, being familiar with whites through the traders who came up the stream, and on November 6th the party met an Indian who could speak some words of English.

In passing down, and again up the Columbia, the Captains noted most of the affluent streams, the islands, and many of the striking headlands, cliffs, and palisades that now so delight the traveller. In the mutations of time nearly all of the names of these places have been changed. Thus, Beacon Rock has, as we have seen, become Castle Rock; Diamond Island, is now Government Island; Wappatoo Island is Sauvie's Island; Point William is Tongue Point, etc. Lone Rock, rising from the middle of the river near Cape Horn, was noted, but Cape Horn itself, a high and mighty cliff, seems to have been passed without notice or comment. The party camped one night under the lea of "a high projecting rock, . . ." which from its description might be Rooster Rock, but the location as given in the narrative hardly fits the spot. Below the mouth of the Cowlitz River, which they call the Coweliske, "a very remarkable knob rises from the water's edge to the height of eighty feet, being

two hundred paces around the base; as it is in a low part of the island, at some distance from the high grounds, its appearance is very singular." This was Mt. Coffin of present maps, and was a Memaloose Alahee, or Ilahee, the place of the departed, whence the name. Referring to this rock, which he estimates is one hundred and fifty feet high, Irving says in *Astoria:*

> This was held in great reverence by the neighboring Indians, being one of their principal places of sepulture. The same provident care for the deceased that prevails among the hunting tribes of the prairies is observable among the piscatory tribes of the rivers and sea-coast. Among the former the favorite horse of the hunter is buried with him in the same funereal mound, and his bow and arrows are laid by his side, that he may be perfectly equipped for the "happy hunting grounds" of the land of spirits. Among the latter, the Indian is wrapped in his mantle of skins, laid in his canoe, with his paddle, his fishing spear, and other implements beside him, and placed aloft on some rock or other eminence overlooking the river, or bay, or lake, that he has frequented. . . .
>
> The isolated rock in question presented a spectacle of the kind, numerous dead bodies [with their funeral trappings] being deposited in canoes on its summit [from which came the name of the knob].

On November 7th they saw a fine mountain to the southwest. This was Saddle Mountain, so named, and very suitably by Wilkes in 1842, from its resemblance to a saddle.

This day was memorable in another way. Soon after leaving camp in the morning the fog, which is quite prevalent on the lower river, cleared away, and the ocean, supposedly, broke upon their view. Clark tells the story in his own way, and shows more sentiment and enthusiasm than usual for him. "Great joy in camp, we are in *view* of the *Ocian*, this great Pacific Octian which we have been so long anxious to see, and the roreing or noise made by the waves brakeing on the rockey shores (as I suppose) may be heard distictly."

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Lone Rock, Upper Columbia River, about 50 Miles above Portland, Oregon.

No wonder they felt joyful at the outlook. The goal was almost reached, after innumerable hardships, more of which were yet to come, but the great "object of all our labors, the reward of all our anxieties" was all but attained, and they could well rejoice.

Nevertheless, it is hardly possible that the party then really saw the ocean. During one of my trips on the river, with this very point in mind, I was particular to study the situation from the pilot-house of a steamer. Being extremely uncertain about it, I laid the case before the Captain, an intelligent and experienced river man, and he replied that the "octian" could *not* be seen from there, but that *during a storm* the breakers *could* be heard. No storm, however, is noted by Lewis and Clark at this point.

The width of the Columbia just above Astoria and Tongue Point is between twelve and fifteen miles, and at the bar, between Point Adams and Cape Disappointment, it is six or seven miles wide, so that, while a wide expanse of water was undoubtedly visible, it seems questionable whether the explorers really saw the ocean, or, perhaps, even heard its "roreing," at that time.

Immediately opposite the explorers' camp of November 7th there rose in mid-stream another black lava rock "20 feet in diameter and 50 in height." This was Pillar Rock, but quite different in appearance from Lone Rock above. Both these rocks are seen from all passing steamers.

A new and decidedly uncomfortable experience now began to afflict the party. This was fog and rain, which was and is such a feature of the lower Columbia and which was to become an every-day thing with them at Fort Clatsop. The tide also troubled them. Their camping places were on low, narrow, and rocky spots which the rising tide flooded, especially if the wind was blowing up the river.

November 8th they camped on the west side of Willow

"nitch," or bay, now Gray's Bay, on the north side of the river. Here they had a hard time of it. A part of the journal for the 9th reads:

> The immense waves now broke over the place where we were encamped; the large trees, some of them five or six feet thick, which had lodged at the point, were drifted over our camp, and the utmost vigilance of every man could scarcely save our canoes from being crushed to pieces. We remained in the water and drenched with rain during the rest of the day, our only food being some dried fish and some rain-water which we caught. Yet, though wet and cold, and some of them sick from using the salt water, the men are cheerful, and full of anxiety to see more of the ocean.

Gass tersely remarks on the 8th; "In crossing the bay when the tide was out, some of our men got seasick, the swells were so great" and many a one, in these latter days, when crossing the river between Astoria and Il Waco, for the space of a few minutes has felt a strange, uncomfortable sensation in the region of the stomach caused by these same "swells" which roll in from the Pacific.

On the 10th, the party were able to advance another ten miles, when the high waves compelled them to seek a camping spot, where they were forced to camp on drift logs to keep out of the water. This camp was on the lee side of Point Ellice, as it is now known. Point Distress is what Clark called it, while Gass thought that Blustry Point was about the proper name for it. This point is directly across from Astoria. The story of their stay of six days here is a tale of as miserable an existence as one cares to read. It was rain, rain, rain, until they were drenched through and through; they were cold, hungry, and unsheltered, and all because their canoes were unequal to riding the "swells" which rolled across the Columbia bar. "We have no tents, or covering to defend us, except our blankets [now worn and soaking wet] and some mats [of bark or rushes] we got from

the Indians, which we put on poles to keep off the rain," says Gass.

The rain . . . not only drenched us to the skin, but loosened the stones on the hillsides, which then came rolling down upon us. In this comfortless situation we remained all day, wet, cold, with nothing but dried fish to satisfy our hunger; the canoes in one place at the mercy of the waves, the baggage in another, and all the men scattered on floating logs, or sheltering themselves in the crevices of the rocks and hillsides,

Photographic Reproduction of the Map of the Mouth of the Columbia River, by Lewis and Clark.

the regular narrative recounts. Hardships and dangers were the common experience throughout the exploration of Lewis and Clark, yet so far as I know, there has never been any monument erected by a grateful State or Nation to commemorate this heroic band and their renowned achievements, except the one broken shaft in the centre of Lewis County, Tennessee, set up in honor of poor Lewis.

On November 15th the party managed in an interval of calm and clear weather to work around Point Distress to an

abandoned Chinook village at the mouth of a stream just beyond our Chinook Point. Here there was a good sand beach and, by using the boards found in the old village, they were now able to construct fairly comfortable lodges for themselves.

Here, says Gass, they "formed a comfortable camp, and remained in full view of the ocean, at this time more raging than pacific." Gass also has a name for this place—Point Open-slope—and no one who has ever seen the spot will for a moment question its appropriateness.

Fort Columbia, opposite Astoria, mounting the newest of heavy seacoast ordnance, is probably upon or near the site of the old camp of Lewis and Clark as well as of the ancient Chinook village of Comcomly, the one-eyed chief so often mentioned in Irving's *Astoria* and whose acquaintance we are soon to make.

The bay upon which they were now camped and where they remained until November 25th they called Haley's Bay, after a trader of whom they heard much from the Indians. It is now Baker's Bay, named by Vancouver, or Broughton, rather, for the Captain of the brig *Jenny*, whom Broughton found in the bay in 1792 when he, for the first time, entered it after Gray's discovery.

The important matter of a site for their winter's encampment now engrossed the Captains' attention. There were fuel and water everywhere, but the region the most frequented by wild game was the main thing to be determined upon. Besides good nourishing meat they must have skins suitable for clothing, for their raiment was in a most deplorable condition. One year and six months of such buffetings as they had experienced from rivers, mountains, and Fortune had played havoc with clothing and bedding.

While the hunters were scouring the hills, therefore, and bringing in a few deer, some brant, geese, ducks, and an

occasional crane or plover, both Lewis and Clark made explorations along the coast. They found little game, and the country was hilly and difficult to hunt over. Lewis had, by canoe and then afoot, examined the coast from Cape Disappointment northward for some miles, and Clark with eleven men, among whom were Ordway, Pryor, Shan-

North-head Lighthouse, Cape Disappointment, near Mouth of Columbia River.

non, the two Fields brothers, Bratton, Colter, Chaboneau, and York, virtually duplicated Lewis's trip even to cutting their names on the trees, as the sailors had done before them. These trees bordered that part of Baker's Bay between Fort Canby and Il Waco, where the trading vessels anchored. Clark climbed to the top of Cape Disappointment, where the old lighthouse stands, and then went north to the other extremity of the promontory to where the

North-head Lighthouse now is. He then followed for some miles the splendid beach found there—now known as Long Beach and a well-known North Pacific Coast summer resort—cut his name on another small pine tree, and then, striking across the hills, returned to camp.

On this trip the hunters killed a deer which Clark describes, and Coues states that it is the original description of the Columbian black-tailed deer, *Cariacus columbianus*.

From the extremities of the Cape Disappointment bluffs Clark noted two headlands, one to the south, which *Lewis* called Clark's Point of View, and which is now, apparently, known as False Tillamook Head, and one to the north about Shoalwater, or Willapa Bay, which *Clark* named Point Lewis.

While camped here they were visited by two Chinook Indian chiefs, "Comcomly and Chillahlawil." The first was he who may be said subsequently to have become the father-in-law of Astoria, and well did the wily one-eyed chief exercise his prerogatives. He figures, however, but slightly in the narrative of Lewis and Clark.

In the endeavor to procure an elegant sea-otter fur robe from an Indian, Sacágawea again came to the rescue. Nothing that the others possessed could tempt the owner, and Clark records that "we procured it for a belt of blue beeds which the squar-wife of our interpreter Shabono wore round her waste." What the "squar-wife" received in the arrangement doth not appear.

Here, too, the party made the acquaintance of the royal Chinookan *demi-monde*, "the wife of a Chinookan chief," with six of her protégées, daughters and nieces, deliberately establishing a camp near-by to tempt the not ironclad and invincible virtue of the party. But, if the Chinooks committed some breaches of propriety, they also supplied them with dried fish and wappatoo roots.

At length, after much consideration and various con-

sultations with their men and the Indians, the Captains decided to remove to the south side of the river for the winter. They left their Chinook camp on November 25th, and moved up the stream to Pillar Rock, there crossed the river and, on November 27th, camped on the south side of "a very remarkable knob of land projecting . . . toward Shallow bay, and about four miles round, while the neck of land which connects it to the main shore is not more than 50 yards wide." This point they called Point William after Captain William Clark, but it is now known as Tongue Point. At this place, "on a beautiful shore of pebbles of various colors," they were again storm-bound, until December 7th. This, however, did not deter Lewis from taking a canoe that they had bartered from the Indians, and which was adapted to rough water, and proceeding westward and down the left side of the river in search of a camping spot for the winter. While Lewis was absent, Clark, having an abundance of time on his hands, used some of it in establishing a record on a tree on the point on which they were camped. It read thus: "William Clark, December 3rd, 1805. By Land from the U. States in 1804 & 5."

On December 5th Lewis returned, having found a suitable place near which there seemed to be an abundance of elk, and to this ground they removed on December 8th. On the way they coasted round the site of the future Astoria, or Point George, as the English had christened it, and then, crossing a bay which they named Meriwether's—now Young's—Bay, after Lewis, ascended the Netul, now Lewis and Clark's River, for three miles, "to the first point of highland on its western bank, and formed our camp in a thick grove of lofty pines, about two hundred yards from the water and thirty feet above the level of the high tides."

One of the objects of the explorations made from the

camps on the north side of the river had been, as Gass tells us, "to see if any white people were to be found." Lewis, on his tramp, had seen "where white people had been in the course of the summer; but they had all sailed away."

In commenting earlier upon the letter of credit given by Jefferson to Captain Lewis, reference was made to the ap-

Fort George, or Astoria, in 1811. Tongue Point in the Distance. (*Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society.*)

pearance at the mouth of the Columbia of a ship from Boston, soon after Lewis and Clark arrived there.

On March 22, 1803, the American ship *Boston*, Captain Salter, from Boston, Mass., was captured by Indians at Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver's Island, and all the crew except two were massacred. One of the two was John R. Jewitt, an Englishman, born, curiously enough, in Boston, Lincolnshire, Great Britain. Jewitt's father was a blacksmith at Hull,

England, and John R. learned the trade, and, during a visit of the ship *Boston* to Hull, he shipped with Captain Salter as *armorer*. The chief of the tribe that killed Salter and his crew saved the life of Jewitt because of the value he might be to him as a worker of metals.

In July, 1805, Jewitt and a companion captive, Thompson, were rescued by the brig *Lydia*, Captain Hill, also from Boston, Mass. Jewitt, in due time, reached Boston, Mass., and published a journal of his adventures, entitled *A Narrative of the Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt, only survivor*, etc. I have seen two editions of this rare volume, one, a second edition printed in 1815 by Seth Richards of Middletown (State not given), and an edition of 1824 printed in Edinburgh

After the rescue of Jewitt—*in July*, 1805—the *Lydia* went north from Nootka and then sailed south and, in about four months, Jewitt says, they crossed the Columbia River bar.

> We proceeded [the narrative continues] about ten miles up the river, to a small Indian village, where we heard from the inhabitants, that Captains Clark and Lewis, from the United States of America, had been there *about a fortnight before* [italics mine], on their journey overland, and had left several medals with them, which they showed us.

The *Lydia* remained on the northwest coast until August 11, 1806, and then sailed for China and arrived at Boston sometime in May, 1807. The *Lydia* evidently again put in at the Columbia after Lewis and Clark had left Fort Clatsop, in 1806, for Captain Hill obtained one of the "papers" which the explorers left among the natives, relating to their stay there, and took it with him to the United States.

It seems incomprehensible, at first thought, that Lewis and Clark should not have known of the visit of the *Lydia* in 1805. Needing fresh supplies of all kinds as they did, one

would suppose that the natives would have been instructed to inform them at once if any ship appeared, but no record of it appears.

Jewitt states that, on the return from the Columbia, they reached Nootka in the latter part of November. If this be true, which I rather doubt, the *Lydia* must have been at her anchorage when the explorers were storm-bound near Point Ellice, November 8–15, and if so, they were within a short distance of each other. If, however, Jewitt is in error as to the month, and November should be December, the brig must have cast anchor soon after the site of Fort Clatsop was reached. From November 15th to 25th, at Chinook camp; and from November 27th to December 7th, at Point William, the party were camped in full view of the ocean,—as they were not at Point Ellice or Clatsop,—so that they would themselves have seen the vessel had it crossed the bar during that time. Jewitt's narrative, I think, allows sufficient latitude for this interpretation, particularly when coupled with his statement that the party had been among the Indians "about a fortnight before."

If Lewis and Clark really made no effort to be informed of the appearance of a ship, it was undoubtedly because they supposed that the season was too far advanced for one to venture to cross the Columbia bar, an undertaking which, in those days, was attended with more or less danger at all times.

As for the brig, either the Indians—Comcomly and his outfit, perhaps—may have deliberately misinformed Captain Hill, or the latter may have entirely misunderstood them, for he would hardly have gone away without making an effort to find the explorers had he known that they were there. Meeting Captain Hill would have meant so much to that band of adventurers, not only at Fort Clatsop, but afterwards; for a moderate replenishment, even of flour, pork,

salt, and clothing or bedding, would have been of immense benefit and comfort to them.

John R. Jewitt left descendants in this country, some of whom, living in northern Ohio, the writer personally knows, and one of whom, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church when living, bore the identical name of the captive-author himself.

CHAPTER IV

THE WINTER AT FORT CLATSOP, 1805–1806

THE contrast between the situation of the explorers at Fort Mandan and the winter quarters for 1805–06 was a wide one. Climate, locality, surroundings, Indian neighbors, food—all were nearly antithetical. Instead of cold there was rain and fog; instead of high, bare hills with a wide prairie stretching in all directions, there were low timbered hills with limited meadows, or valleys and marshy grounds between, and the outlook was circumscribed. At Fort Mandan they were 1800 feet above sea level; now they were at the level of the ocean itself, and the narrow sluggish river in front of their camp was subject to the ebb and flow of the tides. The Indians around them at Clatsop were root and fish eaters and had never seen or tasted buffalo meat. Instead of the juicy ribs and humps of the bison the party now lived on lean elk meat, fish, and wappatoo roots.

The site of their camp was really a good and pleasant one, but it bears little, if any, resemblance to-day to what it was in 1806.

This spot was named Fort Clatsop, after a tribe of Indians in whose territory it was situated and its identity and history have been satisfactorily preserved. The chief of the Clatsops was called Cómowool by Lewis and Clark, and he was a frequent and welcome visitor at the fort during the winter, and when Fort Clatsop was abandoned in 1806, the Captains presented the fort to Cómowool, who used it as a fall and winter residence for many years.

Site of Fort Clatsop, 1904.

In 1899, I visited the site of old Fort Clatsop. There were with me, among others, Silas B. Smith of Warrenton, George H. Himes, of the Oregon Historical Society, and George M. Weister, a landscape photographer, both of Portland. There is, evidently, no question as to the point we visited being the identical spot where the fort stood, although there is now nothing in particular to indicate it; but the opinion of those among the party who were old residents and familiar with the subject and with the locality, was unanimous upon this point.

Silas B. Smith was a grandson of the old Clatsop chief Cómowool. As a young man he was educated in New Hampshire, and at the time of my visit to the fort he had hardly reached middle age and was a practising attorney at Warrenton, Oregon, but has recently died. I quote here a portion of a memorandum relating to Lewis and Clark, Fort Clatsop, Chief Cómowool, etc., kindly prepared for me by Mr. Smith soon after our trip was made. I regret that I have had to curtail this document, as it is all interesting, and much of it of considerable value.

Concerning the arrival of the Lewis and Clark expedition at the mouth of the Columbia River in November, 1805, and their sojourn at Fort Clatsop the succeeding winter, as usual, more or less tradition was handed down by the Indians to their descendants, of the doings and characteristics of the people who had come among them.

At that time *Cóboway*—Kób-oh-way—was the principal chief of the Clatsop tribe of Indians, within whose territory Fort Clatsop was established. Lewis and Clark erroneously gave the name of the chief as *Cómowool*—that arose no doubt from the indistinct manner in which the Indians pronounced the name: according to their pronunciation the "b" in the name is but faintly sounded.

The chief had three daughters that arrived at womanhood, and all married white men for husbands. The eldest, Kilakotah, finally became Mrs. Louis Labontie, and the two were among the first settlers of the Willamette Valley, Labontie crossing the continent in 1811 with Wilson P. Hunt.

The second, Celiast, became Mrs. Solomon H. Smith. Her Christian name was Helen. With her husband they were among the earlier settlers in the Willamette, finally becoming the first agricultural settlers west of the Coast range of mountains, settling and opening up a farm on Clatsop Plains, Clatsop County, Ore., in August, 1840. Her husband crossed the continent in 1832 with Captain Nathaniel Wyeth, and taught the first schools on the northwest coast, teaching at Fort Vancouver and in the Willamette country in 1833 and 1834.

The third daughter, Yaimast, became Mrs. Joseph Gervais. Gervais also came with Hunt in 1811, and was, I think, the first settler on the French prairie in the Willamette.

Cóboway's descendants now live in four States—California, Oregon, Montana, and Canada—are too numerous to mention, and all are drifting away from his race.

My mother, Celiast Cóboway, the chief's second daughter, lived until June, 1891, and always maintained that she remembered the time of Lewis and Clark's arrival, and also seeing the men. Mother said that in one of the houses they used was the large stump of a tree, which had been cut smooth, and which was used as a table. The tree had been cut down and then the house built, enclosing the stump.

The Indians here used to tell of the remarkable marksmanship of Captains Lewis and Clark with firearms, and of the surprises they used to give the savages by the wonderful accuracy of their shots.

An Indian youth, Twiltch by name, used to assist at Fort Clatsop in the hunting of elk and other game, and was there taught the use of firearms, in the handling of which he became proficient. I knew him in his later years, and in my earlier acquaintance with him he stood at the head of the hunters of his tribe, and more particularly in the art of elk hunting. It was always his boast that he was taught the art by Lewis and Clark.

The Indians inhabiting the upper part of Young's River Valley and the upper Nehalem Valley were known as the Klatskanin people. It was claimed by Chief Cóboway that these people were disposed to attack the encampment at Fort Clatsop, and it was only through his influence and constant dissuasion that they were restrained, and no violence committed.

On December 14, 1813, Alexander Henry visited Fort Clatsop from Fort George (Astoria), and says:

We walked up [from some Clatsop Indian houses] to see the old American winter quarters of Captains Lewis and Clark in 1805–06, which are in total ruins, the wood having been cut down and destroyed by the Indians; but the remains are still visible. In the fort are already grown up shoots of willows 25 feet high. The situation is the most pleasant I have seen hereabouts, and by far the most eligible, both as to security from the natives, and for hunting.

From my knowledge of Silas B. Smith I am confident that his statements are entirely reliable. But to settle the question of identity of Fort Clatsop, the Oregon Historical Society, subsequent to our visit, carried the investigation further, and of several certifications I give a part of one, by Carlos W. Shane,[1] dated June 15, 1900.

I came to Oregon in 1846, and in 1850 I located a donation land claim on a tract of land which included the site of Fort Clatsop; I built a house on the land in 1851 and occupied it until 1853. A few feet from where I built my house there were at that time the remains of two of the Lewis and Clark cabins. They lay east and west, parallel with each other, and ten or fifteen feet apart. Each cabin was sixteen by thirty feet; three rounds of the south cabin and two rounds of the north cabin were then standing. In the south cabin stood the remains of a large stump. The location of the old stockade was indicated by second growth timber, while all around it was the original growth, or the stumps of trees which had been cut. In clearing away for my house I set fire to the remains of the old cabins and endeavored to burn them.

Two things demanded instant attention upon the arrival of the expedition at Fort Clatsop; first, the construction of their huts; second, an exploration to the seacoast to select a place where they could make salt.

The want of the latter was now seriously felt. On the very next day therefore after arriving at Fort Clatsop, "Captain Clark set out with five men" for the seacoast. The plan was to erect a furnace at the seashore, boil the sea water, and obtain by evaporation the needed amount of salt.

[1] In *Proceedings, Oregon Historical Society for 1900.*

Astoria, Oregon. Cape Disappointment in Left Distance; Chinook Point—Point Open-slope of Sergeant Gass—in Middle Distance.

Clark had a hard time in getting to the coast. Deep creeks, marshes, bogs into which the men sank hip deep, were athwart his trail, but happily they met three Clatsop Indians, who provided a canoe for them to cross the creeks and escorted the party to their village, where the explorers were received and made welcome.

After he [Clark] had eaten, the men of the other houses came and smoked with him. They all appeared much neater in their persons and diet than Indians generally are, and frequently wash their hands and faces, a ceremony by no means frequent elsewhere. While he was conversing with them a flock of brant alighted on the water, and with a small rifle he shot one of them at a great distance. They immediately jumped in and brought it on shore, very much astonished at the shot, which contributed to make them increase their attention. . . . When they thought his appetite had returned, an old woman presented him, in a bowl made of light-coloured horn, a kind of syrup, pleasant to the taste, made from a species of berry common in this country about the size of a cherry, called by the Indians shelwel; of these berries a bread is also prepared, which, being boiled with roots forms a soup, which was served in neat wooden trenchers; this, with some cockles, was his repast.

These berries were the salal berry, common to the coast.

When the Captain was ready to retire, Cuskalah, his host, "spread two new mats near the fire, ordered his wife to retire to her own bed," and dispersed the remainder of the company, and the Captain endeavored to sleep, but "was attacked most violently by the flees," and they kept up the attack "dureing the night" so that his sleep was not a very restful one.

Clark's ability as a shot, clipping off the heads of ducks and brant, was naturally a matter of great astonishment to the Clatsops, and while they then treated him with marked consideration because of it, it undoubtedly inclined them, also, to the friendly treatment subsequently and always accorded to the party.

Christmas

Wednesday 25th December 1805 76

at day light this morning we we awoke by the discharge of the fire arm of all our party a a salute, shoute and a song which the whole party joined in under our windows, after which they retired to their rooms were chearfull all the morning - after breakfast we devided our Tobacco which amounted to 12 carrots one half of which we gave to the men of the party who used Tobacco, ant to those who doe not use it we make a present of a handkerchief, the Indians leave us in the evening all the party snugly fixed in their hutts - I recved a present of Capt L. of a fleece horse shirt Draws and socks -, a pr. Mockersons of White horse a small Indian basket of Guthrich - two dozen white weasils tails of the Indian woman, & some black root of the Indians before their departure - Drewyer informs me that he saw a snake pass across the earth to day - The day proved showery wet and disagreeable.

we would have spent this day the nativity of Christ in feasting, had we any thing either to raise our spirits or even gratify our appetites, our Dener Consisted of Poor Elk, so much spoiled that we cate it thro' mear necessity, some spoiled pounded fish and a few roots.

Codex "I," Clark, p. 76, Christmas, 1805. Fort Clatsop.

On the 10th of December Clark returned to Fort Clatsop to find that good progress had been made in the construction of the huts, but many of the men were sick. Pryor had a "dislocation of his sholder," a common occurrence with him; Gibson had the "disintary"; Jos. Fields had "biles on his legs," and four of them had "very violent colds."

Gass kept quite a full record of the building of the huts. On Monday, December 9th, some of the men were engaged "in clearing a place for huts and a small fort"; on the 10th, "we laid the foundation of our huts"; on the 12th, "we finished three rooms of our cabins, all but the covering, which we expected would cause trouble because of the lack of good splitting timber for roof boards"; on the 14th, "we completed the building of our huts, 7 in number, all but the covering," which was now not going to be difficult to accomplish, for they had found a kind of timber—a species of fir —that "splits freely and makes the finest puncheons I have ever seen. They can be split 10 feet long and 2 broad, not more than an inch and a half thick." On the 15th they were "finishing the quarters of the Commanding Officers," and "on the evening of the 24th we got all our huts covered and daubed." On the 25th—Christmas—

> we left our camp and moved into our huts. At daybreak all the men paraded and fired a round of small arms, wishing the Commanding Officers a merry Christmas. In the course of the day Capt. Lewis and Capt. Clarke collected what tobacco remained and divided it among those who used tobacco as a Christmas-gift; to the others they gave handkerchiefs in lieu of it. We had no spirituous liquors to elevate our spirits this Christmas; but of this we had but little need, as we were all in very good health. . . . We have no kind of provisions but meat, and we are without salt to season that.

They were able, therefore, to spend Christmas in the fort, as they had done at Fort Mandan a year before. That the construction of Fort Clatsop was easier than that of Fort

Mandan is shown by the time occupied in the work. They laid the foundations of Fort Mandan on November 2, 1804, and finished the fortification on the evening of December 24th. The foundation of Fort Clatsop was laid on December 10, 1805, and "we completely finished our fortification" on the evening of December 30th, and on January 1, 1806, he completes the record with, "we gave our Fortification the name of Fort Clatsop." There appears, however, to be no description of the fort, but it was, presumably, fashioned more or less after Fort Mandan.

The party kept Christmas, after a fashion. Besides rehearsing the events of the day as already noted by Gass, the regular narrative continues:

> The remainder of the day was passed in good spirits, though there was nothing in our situation to excite much gayety. The rain confined us to the house, and our only luxuries in honour of the season were some poor elk, so much spoiled that we eat it through mere necessity, a few roots, and some spoiled pounded fish.

On December 28th, five men, Drewyer, Shannon, Collins, Labiche, and R. Fields, were sent out to hunt, and five more, J. Fields, Bratton, Willard, Gibson, and Wiser, departed "each with a large kettle," for the seaside "to begin the manufacture of salt."

The salt-makers, upon their arrival at the seaside, did not find a suitable spot for carrying on this work until five days had elapsed, so that they were delayed in their operations, but on the 5th of January, 1806, Willard and Wiser returned to the fort with a gallon of home-made salt, evaporated from the water of the ocean.

The salt was pronounced a success. The narrative says that it was

> white, fine, and very good, but not so strong as the rock salt common to the western parts of the United States. It proves

to be a most agreeable addition to our food, and as the salt-makers can manufacture three or four quarts a day, we have a prospect of a very plentiful supply.

It is a gratifying fact that the site of the salt works used by Lewis and Clark, as well as of Fort Clatsop, is known and protected at the present day. Through the Indians and early settlers, the tradition relating to this spot and its

Salmon Fishing on the Lower Columbia River.

identity has fortunately been preserved. In 1899, with several of the party heretofore mentioned, I visited the old rock cairn where this process was carried on. I quote Smith anent this also:

Mother often told of Lewis and Clark making salt near Tillamook Head, at the place now known as Seaside [a pleasant summer resort]; but she used to tell this long before the place was called Seaside. The name Seaside was given by Ben Holladay in 1872, when he built his hotel there and called it the

"Seaside House"; then the name Seaside was given to that section. Previous to that the Indian name of the place was Necotáht.

I remember also hearing some white men and Indians, in the fall of 1849, who went to Necotáht, say on their return that they saw the place where Lewis and Clark made salt near Tillamook Head. My mother used to tell of their salt-making when we did n't have any of the works of Lewis and Clark to consult, but simply tradition. It was generally understood among whites and Indians here as long ago as I can well remember that the place of salt-making by Lewis and Clark was near Tillamook Head.

Mr. A. J. Cloutrie, a resident at the Seaside since 1856, stated to me more than thirty years ago, that the stone arch where Lewis and Clark made salt was not far from his residence, and proposed to show it to me if I wished to see it; that was in my younger days, and I did not care much about seeing it, so we did n't go. From all these traditions and circumstances, I am well satisfied that the cairn which I visited near Tillamook Head, in company with Mr. O. D. Wheeler, of the Northern Pacific railway; George H. Himes, [Assistant] Secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, and others, on the 28th of August, 1899, was the identical structure where Lewis and Clark's men manufactured salt from sea water in the winter of 1805–06.

On this visit we had for guide one Mr. John Hall, a son-in-law of the above-mentioned Mr. Cloutrie, and to whom Mr. Cloutrie, before his death, had pointed out the stone structure as the salt-making pit of Lewis and Clark.

From the *Proceedings of the Oregon Historical Society*, I extract the following interesting paper bearing upon this matter:

I, Tsin-is-tum, otherwise known as Jennie Michel, say: I am a Clatsop Indian. My mother was named Wah-ne-ask. My father was killed in the bombardment of the Clatsop village by the ship sent by Dr. McLoughlin; I do not remember his name. . . .

I knew Chief Cóboway, also my uncle Ka-ta-ta, my relative Nah-satch-ka, and his brother Twa-le-up and Twilch. They all knew Lewis and Clark and their men, and Ka-ta-ta hunted elk with them. When Lewis and Clark first came and camped on Tongue Point, the Indians believed they came to make war on

them and they cut trees across the rivers near their town so the women and children could run to the woods and hide, and came down the Neahcoxie to the Necanicum and hid their canoes. . . .

A few days ago I went to the place where Lewis and Clark's men made salt with Silas B. Smith, George Noland, L. B. Cox, William Galloway and others. I had often been to this place with my mother when I was a girl and young woman picking esulth (kinnikinnick) and quin-quin (salal) berries. . . . My mother told me she had often seen Lewis and Clark's men making salt at this place. . . . All the Indians who had known Lewis and Clark and their men used to say they made salt at this place. They always called it Lewis and Clark's place. The Indians said the men who made salt lived in a big tent a little way towards the mouth of the Necanicum from this place. When I saw this place with my mother the rocks in the large pile were built up all around as high as the head of a small child. The end towards the ocean was open. . . .

Dated June . . , 1900.

her
TSIN-IS-TUM x
mark

Witness signature of Tsin-is-tum.

GEORGE NOLAND.

I see no reason to doubt that this cairn, visited by our party, was what it is claimed to be. It is certainly an ancient structure, now much overgrown by dwarf pines or similar trees, so that it was difficult for Weister to photograph it. Its size is commensurate with the five kettles that were used in the salt-making. It measured 33 feet in circumference; 2 feet 3 inches in height; was 6 feet long and 9 feet 4 inches across, and the interior measured 2 feet 6 inches.

The structure is placed on a widely extended bed of boulders bearing the appearance of having been the work of a glacier and its resultant stream. It was built from these round clean stones, and they seem to have been cemented together with a native clay near at hand. The cairn is doubtless greatly changed in appearance from what

it was when in use, and the fireplace or furnace was evidently long and narrow. On carefully making some excavations we found pieces of burned and flaked stone, ashes, and the rocks were burned and discolored by fire.

The spot is a protected one; it is but a few rods from the ocean, and is now under the care and protection of the Oregon Historical Society.

Remains of the Old Lewis and Clark Salt Cairn, or Furnace, near Seaside, Oregon, in 1899. The Late Silas B. Smith, a Descendant of the Chief Cómowool of Lewis and Clark, Seated thereon.

The winter at Clatsop was a wet one—a *very* wet one. Gass, under date of April 8, 1806, when on their return journey, epitomizes the situation exactly:

> Some of the men are complaining of rheumatick pains, which are to be expected from the wet and cold we suffered last winter, during which from the 4th of November 1805 to the 25th of March 1806, there were not more than twelve days in which it did not rain, and of these but six were clear.

No wonder they had "rheumatick pains"! It is surpris-

ing that Bratton was the only man who was used up by the hardships, and, perhaps, dissipations should be added, of that winter. I think the season may have been one of excessive rainfall, and yet, their location was one where rain and fog are prevalent.

The journal for Thursday, December 26th, is devoted to rain and *fleas* and is worth reprinting.

> December 26th, brought a continuation of rain, accompanied with thunder, and a high wind from the southeast. . . . The fleas which annoyed us near the portage of the Great Falls have taken such possession of our clothes that we are obliged to have a regular search every day through our blankets as a necessary preliminary to sleeping at night. These animals indeed are so numerous that they are almost a calamity to the Indians of this country. When they have once obtained the mastery of any house it is impossible to expel them, and the Indians have frequently different houses, to which they resort occasionally when the fleas have rendered their permanent residence intolerable; yet in spite of these precautions every Indian is constantly attended by numbers of them, and no one comes into our houses without leaving behind him swarms of these tormenting insects.

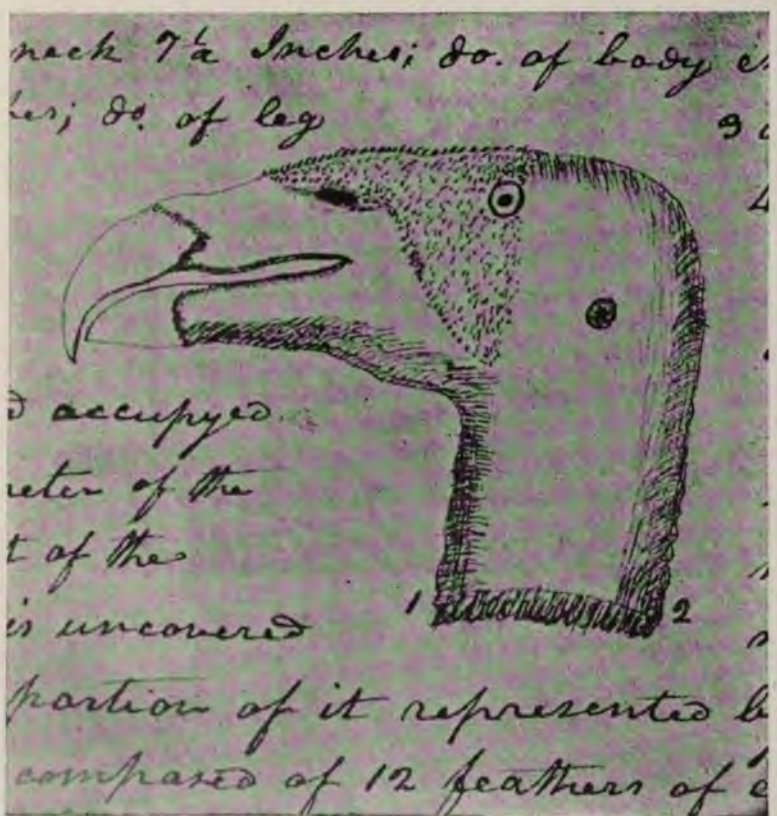
It was as wet at Clatsop in the winter of 1805–06 as it had been cold at Mandan in 1804–05. The time was passed in various useful diversions; stockading their fort, bartering with the Indians, studying natural history, ethnology, etc., and naturally there was much hunting, of elk principally, for food and skins. Toward spring the elk became shy and left the region, thus hastening the party's departure.

Gass kept an inventory which shows that between December 1, 1805, and March 20, 1806, they killed 131 elk and twenty deer, and that there were on hand at the latter date 338 pairs of "mockasons."

An episode of the winter was a visit of Captain Clark and a large party to the seacoast to see a stranded whale, and

if possible, to procure some of the blubber to add to the variety of their table.

As soon as this expedition was decided upon, Sacágawea made a strong plea to be allowed to go.



Facsimile of Pen-and-Ink Drawing by Captain Lewis of the California Condor, "Pseudogryphus californianus." From Codex "J," Lewis, p. 80, Fort Clatsop.

The poor woman stated very earnestly that she had travelled a great way with us to see the great water, yet she had never been down to the coast, and now that this monstrous fish was

also to be seen, it seemed hard that she should be permitted to see neither the ocean nor the whale. So reasonable a request could not be denied; they were therefore suffered to accompany Captain Clark.

The party first visited the salt-makers, and then, under guidance of an Indian climbed up and over Tillamook Head, a black, high, rounded, forest-covered point near-by, and finally reached the whale on the beach near Nehalem Bay. Between Tillamook Head and the bay they reached the high point seen from Cape Disappointment and called by Lewis, Clark's Point of View, from which they enjoyed a "romantic view."

The Indians had disposed of the whale, however, and all that Clark, Sacágawea, and the others saw was the skeleton. They were able to purchase some three hundred pounds of blubber and a little oil, but as the natives had a "corner" on the market, the Captain had to pay dear for his blubber. However, he felt repaid for the trip and was satisfied with the exchange of commodities, and thankful to "providence for directing the whale to us; and think him much more kind to us than he was to jonah having sent this monster to be *swallowed by us*, insted of *swallowing of us* as jonah's did."

On this trip M'Neal was saved from being murdered by the friendliness of a Chinook squaw.

On the return to Fort Clatsop they saw an instance of what great burdens Indian women bear. They were crossing the mountain and

as one of the women was descending a steep part of the mountain her load slipped from her back, and she stood holding it by a strap with one hand, and with the other supporting herself by a bush. Captain Clark, being near her, undertook to replace the load, and found it almost as much as he could lift, and above one hundred pounds in weight. Loaded as they were they kept pace with us till we reached the salt-makers' tents, where we passed the night, while they continued their route.

Hunting naturally occupied a great deal of the time of the hunters during the winter, and it was hard work. The elk were plentiful at first, but the country was so swampy that with the deep streams and heavy timber encountered, it proved an arduous task to supply the hungry horde with fresh meat. Had it not been for the fish and roots that the party were able to obtain from the Indians they would have gone hungry more than once. While, at first, the hunters kept the larder fairly well supplied, yet much of the game killed was at such distances from camp that more or less of it spoiled before it could be transported and, besides, the weather was not calculated to preserve it when it did reach there. The meat was most of it jerked or smoked as soon as possible, in order to preserve it, but even then the damp, soft weather caused much of it to become tainted and unfit for use. It was not an infrequent condition that their supply of food would be insufficient for more than two or three days. On February 26th, the journal says: "We have only sufficient for three days in store, and that consists only of inferior dried elk, somewhat tainted." Just before the start for home and after the elk had retreated to their summer range in the mountains, there occurs this passage:

> We were too poor to purchase other food from the Indians, so that we were sometimes reduced, notwithstanding all the exertions of our hunters, to a single day's provision in advance.

After a period of semi-fasting it is interesting to see with what pleasure they welcome a fresh supply of food. One entry runs:

> Drewyer arrived [from up the Columbia] with a most acceptable supply of fat sturgeon, fresh anchovies, and a bag of wappatoo holding about a bushel. We feasted on these fish and roots.

Their appetites were keen at all times even though the food was the same from day to day.

Our fare is lean elk boiled, with very little salt. The whale-blubber we have used sparingly, but that is now exhausted. On such food we do not feel strong, but enjoy fair health,—a keen appetite answers well instead of sauces and other luxuries, and meal-time is always interesting. Sometimes we find ourselves asking the cook when breakfast or dinner will be ready.

As has been suggested, the party were able to procure vegetables, edible roots, from the tribes about them, As we have our potato, turnip, radish, parsnip, onion, etc., so the Indians had their kamas, kowse, wild onion, shanatawhee, wappatoo, and other food roots, many of them as nutritious as our own. The most valuable of these plants found near Clatsop was the wappatoo, and it was an important article of barter among the tribes. It did not grow in the immediate neighborhood of Clatsop, and the Clatsops, Chinooks, and coast tribes traded for the wappatoo with the tribes farther up the river. Lewis and Clark obtained their supply from both the coast and river tribes, sending several expeditions up the river during the winter for that purpose.

The wappatoo was found in great quantity on a large island at the junction of the Willamette and Columbia rivers, named "Wappatoo" Island by Captain Clark, on the homeward journey, and now known as Sauvie's Island. Referring to the island and the plant, the journal records that

the chief wealth of this island consists of the numerous ponds in the interior, abounding with the common arrowhead (sagittaria sagittifolia) [*Sagittaria variabilis*—Coues], to the root of which is attached a bulb growing beneath it in the mud. This bulb, to which the Indians give the name of wappatoo, is the great article of food, and almost the staple article of commerce on the Columbia. It is never out of season, so that at all times of the year the valley is frequented by the neighbouring Indians who come to gather it. It is collected chiefly by the women, who employ for the purpose canoes from ten to fourteen feet in length, about two feet wide and nine inches deep, and tapering from the middle, where they are about twenty inches wide.

Pillars of Hercules, along the Columbia River, near Vancouver, but on the Oregon Shore. O. R. R. & N. Co. Railway in Foreground.

They are sufficient to contain a single person and several bushels of roots, yet so very light that a woman can carry them with ease; she takes one of these canoes into a pond where the water is as high as the breast, and by means of her toes separates from the root this bulb, which on being freed from the mud rises immediately to the surface of the water, and is thrown into the canoe. In this manner these patient females remain in the water for several hours, even in the depth of winter.

Among the berries to be found on the coast were the wild cranberry (solme), salal (shallun) berry, wild crab-apple, wild huckleberry, blackberry, etc.

While at Fort Clatsop the Captains paid particular attention to, and prepared elaborate memoranda of, the resources of the country, botanically and zoölogically, west of the Rockies, both as they observed them themselves and as they ascertained the facts from the Indians, and their statements relative thereto are not the least valuable of the voluminous records of the exploration.

The great and magnificent trees of the coast, the firs, pines, and spruces, were described as well as they could then scientifically describe them.

Silas Smith, in his letter already referred to, regarding the explorers' comments on the botany of the region wrote as follows:

Lewis and Clark speak of the Indians bringing "shanataque" and "culhoma." The first should be shanatawhee. It is the root of the edible thistle; the first year's growth of the thistle, that has one straight root something like a parsnip. They gather and cook them in a pit with hot rocks and grass, the whole being covered with dirt and left in that manner over night; when taken out the roots are of a dark purple color, the starch in the root has been converted into glucose, and it is tender, sweet, and palatable. "Culhoma" should be culwhayma. It is the root of what is popularly known as the wild blue *lupine*. The root grows two or three feet long and about one inch to an inch and a half in diameter. This is cooked generally in hot ashes, as we would roast a potato in ashes, and it tastes some-

thing like a sweet potato. They also speak of a berry something like the "Solomon's Seal," which the Indians call "Solme." In this they made a mistake, and made a wrong application of the name Solme. Solme is the wild cranberry and nothing else. It is not the "Solomon's Seal," nor any variety of it.

The remarks of the Captains regarding the horse and dog found among the natives, and those descriptive of the wild animals, appear to be sensible and to have been received in a creditable manner by the scientific world.

Dr. Coues said that the "most notable discovery made in zoölogy by Lewis and Clark" was that of the grizzly, or grisly, bear, both terms fitting the animal. Other notable discoveries were those of the true black-tailed deer (*Cariacus columbianus*) found west of the Rockies only, and the well-known mule-deer (*Cariacus macrotis*) found both east *and* west of the Rocky Mountains.

The chapter on this subject is quite an elaborate one and can hardly be epitomized here to advantage. Beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles were all embraced within its zoölogical and botanical category.

The ethnological studies and records of the Captains made at Fort Clatsop were very complete. The only knowledge that history records of some of these native people of the coast is that contained in the report of Lewis and Clark. Besides the running commentary in the narrative proper, they prepared an *Estimate of the Western Indians*, which was supplementary to the *Statistical View* prepared at Fort Mandan.

The Captains were industrious that winter, and evidently laid under contribution every Indian, of whatever nation, who appeared at the fort, in an endeavor to procure information regarding the various tribes that peopled the coast.

The Chinook tribe, with the one-eyed Comcomly at their head, impressed the leaders very unfavorably. On

account of their pilfering propensities there was "a general order excluding them from our encampment; so that whenever an Indian wished to visit us, he began by calling out 'No Chinook.'"

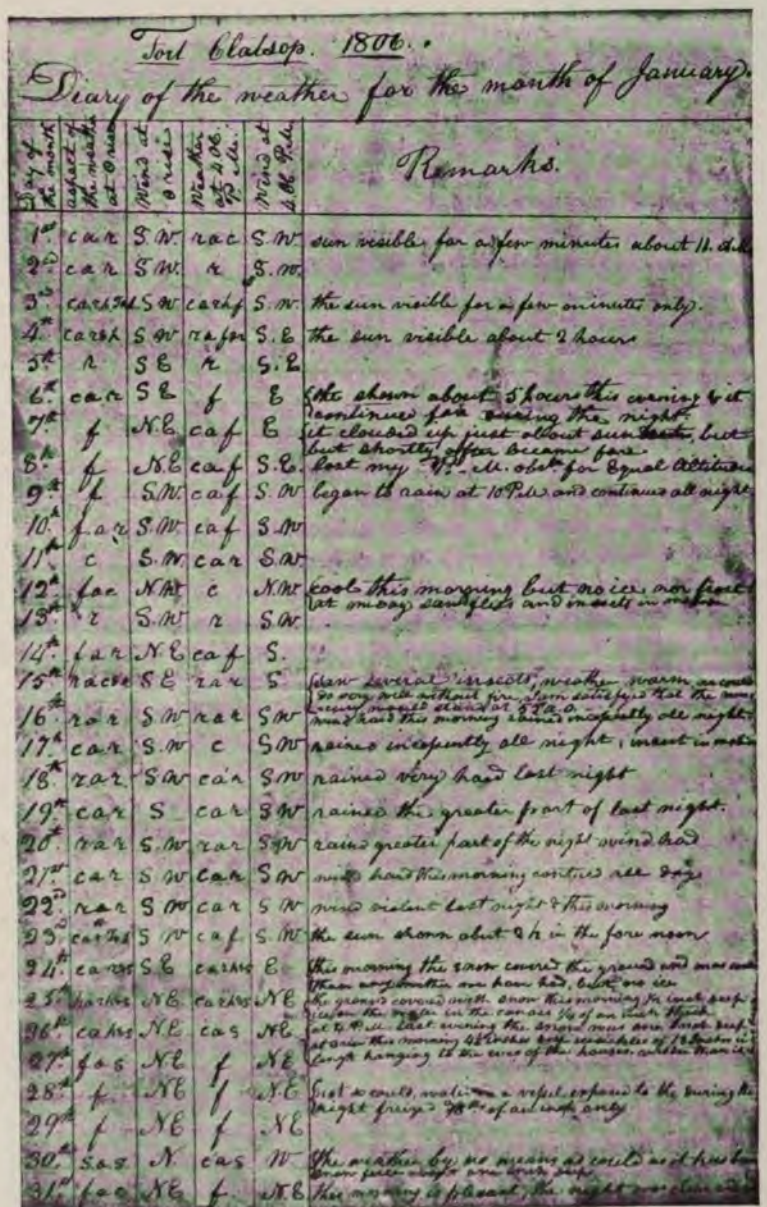
These people never resented an indignity, and while, in some respects, much like their neighbors the Clatsops, Wahkiacums, and Cathlamets, yet they seemed to be "inferior to their neighbors in honesty as well as spirit." There seemed to be a permanent peace among the tribes about the mouth of the Columbia, and no forays from extraneous tribes are reported, nor were constant fears of them indicated, as was the case the previous winter at Fort Mandan.

The Chinooks were, numerically, greater than their neighbors, "who owe their safety more to the timidity than the forbearance of the Chinooks."

The Clatsops, in whose territory the party were wintering appear to have ingratiated themselves into the favor of the explorers from the beginning. Of Cómowool, or Cóboway, the Clatsop Chief, the journal says that he is by "far the most friendly and decent savage we have seen in this neighborhood.'

These people dressed in skins, and also used garments made from native grasses, rushes, and from cedar bark. They obtained, besides, from the sea traders, articles for dress and for domestic uses. They were somewhat given to tattooing and, like most savages and rude and uncultivated races, decorated themselves with beads, ear and nose rings of wampum, or a species of tooth-shell, elks' tusks, bears' claws, and brass, copper, and iron ornaments.

The personal appearance of these people was not prepossessing, and the "four neighboring nations" hereabout were much alike in most respects. In build, they were squatty and ill-proportioned, and the universal practice of head-flattening which prevailed on the lower Columbia was



Fort Clatsop. 1806.

Diary of the weather for the month of January.

Day of the month	aspect of the weather at 8 oclock	wind at 8 oclock	weather at 2 oclock P.M.	wind at 4 oclock P.M.	Remarks.
1st	cdr	S.W.	rac	S.W.	sun visible for a few minutes about 11 oclock
2d	cdr	S.W.	r	S.W.	
3d	cdr & fd	S.W.	cdrh	S.W.	the sun visible for a few minutes only.
4th	cdrh	S.W.	rafor	S.E.	the sun visible about 2 hours
5th	r	S.E.	r	S.E.	
6th	cdr	S.E.	f	E.	the shown about 5 hours this morning & it continued fair during the night
7th	f	N.E.	caf	E.	it clouded up just about sunrise, but but shortly after became fair.
8th	f	N.E.	caf	S.E.	lost my Pt. Alt. obt for Equal Altitudes
9th	f	S.W.	caf	S.W.	began to rain at 10 P.M. and continues all night.
10th	fdr	S.W.	caf	S.W.	
11th	c	S.W.	cdr	S.W.	
12th	fdr	N.W.	c	N.W.	cool this morning but no ice nor frost at noon cloudy sunshine and moist in makes
13th	r	S.W.	r	S.W.	
14th	fdr	N.E.	caf	S.	
15th	racdr	S.E.	rar	S.	saw several musketoes, weather warm as could do any work without fire, from observations that the mercury moved stood at 57 D. A.M.
16th	rar	S.W.	rar	S.W.	rained this morning almost incessantly all night
17th	cdr	S.W.	c	S.W.	rains incessantly all night, moist in makes
18th	rar	S.W.	cdr	S.W.	rained very hard last night
19th	cdr	S.	cdr	S.W.	rained the greater part of last night.
20th	rar	S.W.	rar	S.W.	rained greater part of the night wind hard
21st	cdr	S.W.	cdr	S.W.	wind hard this morning cattles all dry
22d	rar	S.W.	cdr	S.W.	wind violent last night & this morning
23d	cdrh	S.W.	caf	S.W.	the sun shown about 2 h in the fore noon
24th	cdrh	S.E.	cdrh	E.	this morning the snow covered the ground one inch deep, another inch has fallen, but no ice the grass is covered with snow this morning for which reason the water in the canoes is 1/2 of an inch thick
25th	hdrh	N.E.	cdrh	N.E.	at 9 P.M. last evening the Stars were very bright at one this morning Mercury stood at 18 Degrees in the Shade hanging to the eves of the houses, which was
26th	cdrh	N.E.	cas	N.E.	
27th	fog	N.E.	f	N.E.	
28th	f.	N.E.	f	N.E.	first we could realize a repid expand to the during the night frost 28 Degrees of an inch only
29th	f	N.E.	f	N.E.	
30th	s.o.s	N.	cas	W.	the weather by no means as cold as it has been snow fallen except a few small drifts
31st	fog	N.E.	f.	N.E.	this morning is pleasant, the night was clear &

Page 152 from Codex "J," Lewis. Meteorological Record, January, 1806, Fort Clatsop.

of course utterly repugnant to our ideas of comeliness and beauty.

Swan has described this process of flattening the head very fully, and I give his account of it:

A cradle like a bread trough, is hollowed out from a piece of cedar, and, according to the taste of the parent, is either fancifully carved, or is as simple in its artistic appearance as a pig's trough. This cradle, or *canim*, or canoe, as they term it, is lined inside with the softest of cedar bark, well pounded and cleaned so as to be as soft as wool. On this the infant is placed as soon as it is born, and covered with the softest cloth or skins they can find. A little pillow at one end slightly elevates the head. The child is placed flat on its back, and a cushion of wool or feathers laid on its forehead. An oblong square piece of wood or bark, having one end fastened by strings to the head of the canoe, is now brought down on the cushion, and firmly secured by strings tied to the sides of the cradle, and causing the cushion to press upon the child's forehead. The infant is then so bound into the cradle that it cannot stir hand or foot, and in this position it remains a year or more, only being taken out to be washed and for exercise.

This pressure on the forehead causes the head to expand laterally, giving an expression of great broadness to the face; but I never perceived that it affected the mind at all, although it disfigures them very much in appearance. I have seen several whose heads had not been thus pressed, and they were smart, intelligent, and quite good-looking; but they were laughed at by the others, who asserted that their mothers were too lazy to shape their heads properly. This flattening of the head appears to be a sort of mark of royalty or badge of aristocracy, for their slaves are not permitted to treat their children thus; but, although I have seen persons with and others without this deformity, I never could discover any superiority of intellect of one over the other.

At Fort Clatsop on January 1st, the narrative refers to a man twenty-five years old, of light complexion, "his face was even freckled, and his hair was long and of a color inclining to red." Gass had seen him on the opposite side of the river, and Cox and Henry both mention him. Cox says

he was the son of an English sailor, a deserter from a trading vessel, his name, Jack Ramsey, and in the time of the Astorians he was a Columbia River pilot.

These Indians—not alone the Clatsops, but the "other nations at the mouth of the Columbia" as well—were loquacious and inquisitive, intelligent, cheerful without being gay, very keen in bargaining, more or less given to pilfering "when it can be done without danger of detection, but do not rob wantonly nor to any large amount." They were entirely ignorant of the use of spirituous liquors, but were great smokers and had "a natural vice for games of hazard." Polygamy was allowed among them, but was not much in vogue.

Regarding the position of women among these people, the narrative presents them as occupying a quite different position from that usually accorded them among the aborigines, owing to their equal ability with the men as bread-winners.

> . . . Thus, among the Clatsops and Chinooks, who live upon fish and roots, which the women are equally expert with the men in procuring, the former have a rank and influence very rarely found among Indians. The females are permitted to speak freely before the men, to whom indeed they sometimes address themselves in a tone of authority. . . .

As to the standard of morality among these tribes the narrative speaks plainly. "Among these people, as indeed among all Indians," referring to the solicitation of favors by the females, they say that it

> is so far from being considered criminal or improper that the females themselves solicit the favours of the other sex with the entire approbation of their friends and connexions. The person is in fact often the only property of a young female, and is therefore the medium of trade, the return for presents, and the reward for services.

As an illustration of the ideas of gratitude and obligation prevailing among these people the Captains recount that, after having rendered some medical service to a Clatsop Indian the latter, as a reward therefor, brought his sister to them.

> The young lady was quite anxious to join in this expression of her brother's gratitude, and mortified that we did not avail ourselves of it; she could not be prevailed on to leave the fort, but remained with Chaboneau's wife, in the next room to ours, for two or three days, declining all the solicitations of the men, till, finding at last that we did not relent, she went away, regretting that her brother's obligations were unpaid.

The Columbian tribes do not seem to have been particularly given over to diseases of any sort, and their immoralities, except among the Chinooks, left but slight traces among them.

Evidences of the ravages of the smallpox were observable, and this appears to have been the disease which, eventually, largely depopulated the valley of the Columbia of its native races.

The houses of the natives were constructed of wood, and were from twenty to sixty feet long and from fourteen to twenty feet in width. They were built partly above and partly below ground. The ridge-pole was from fourteen to eighteen feet above the surface of the earth, but the eaves were usually close to the ground. Instead of nails or dowels these Indians used "cords [made] of cedar bark." In the roof a hole two or three feet large was left for the smoke to escape, *à la* tepee. The door was usually just large enough to admit the body.

These people were great fishermen and also expert canoeists. They wrought many useful utensils, mats, baskets, etc., from rushes, grass, wood, and bark, and of these the basket, made from cedar bark and bear grass, was a waterproof vessel and so made, entirely, by close weaving.

But it was in the fabrication of their canoes and in their navigation that the Columbian Indians excelled, and the narrative pays a high tribute to them in this respect. The canoes found below the Great Falls were of "four forms"; The first was about fifteen feet long, for the use of but one or two persons; the second was from twenty to thirty-five feet

Columbia River Salmon.

in length, two and a half feet wide, with two feet depth of hold, and distinguished by a high bowsprit; the third, the canoe in most common use, was from thirty to thirty-five feet long, the bow high and "ornamented with a sort of comb an inch in thickness, cut out of the same log" from which the canoe was made. This canoe, while carrying from ten to twelve persons, was easily transported across portages.

The fourth and largest canoe was a tide-water bark, fifty feet in length and capable of carrying from twenty to thirty persons, or from eight thousand to ten thousand pounds weight. This boat was an elaborate affair, and the remarks of the Captains concerning it and the ease with which the natives managed it deserve to be partially reproduced here:

> Like all the canoes we have mentioned, they are cut out of a single trunk of a tree, which is generally white cedar, though the fir is sometimes used. . . . The bow and stern are about the same height, and each [is] provided with a comb reaching to the bottom of the boat. At each end, also, are pedestals formed of the same solid piece, on which are placed strange grotesque figures of men or animals, rising sometimes to the height of five feet, and composed of small pieces of wood, firmly united with great ingenuity by inlaying and mortising, without a spike of any kind. . . . When they embark, one Indian sits in the stern and steers with a paddle, the others kneel in pairs in the bottom of the canoe, and sitting on their heels paddle over the gunwale next to them. In this way they ride with perfect safety the highest waves, and venture without the least concern in seas where other boats or seamen could not live an instant. . . . In the management of these canoes the women are equally expert with the men, for in the smaller boats, which contain four oarsmen, the helm is generally given to the female. . . . These Indians possess very few axes, and the only tool employed in their building, from felling of the tree to the delicate workmanship of the images, is a chisel made of an old file, about an inch or an inch and a half in width. . . . But under all these disadvantages, these canoes, which one would suppose to be the work of years, are made in a few weeks. A canoe, however, is very highly prized; in traffic it is an article of the greatest value, except a wife, which is of equal consideration, so that a lover generally gives a canoe to the father in exchange for his daughter.

The canoe, with these tribes, was a substitute for the horse among other tribes and was an important affair at the death of an individual, as "the Chinooks, Clatsops, and most of the adjoining nations disposed of the dead in canoes."

Swan describes the burial of an old squaw which he witnessed in the fifties, and gives an interesting account of it.

> When the canoe was ready, the corpse, wrapped in blankets was brought out and laid in it on mats previously spread. All the wearing apparel was next put in beside the body, together with her trinkets, beads, little baskets, and various trifles she had prized. More blankets were then covered over the body, and mats smoothed over all. Next, a small canoe which fitted into the large one, was placed bottom up over the corpse, and the whole then covered with mats. The canoe was then raised up and placed on two parallel bars, elevated four or five feet from the ground, and supported by being inserted through holes mortised at the top of four stout posts previously firmly planted in the earth. Around these poles were then hung blankets and all the cooking utensils of the deceased, pots, kettles, and pans, each with a hole punched through it, and all her crockery ware, every piece of which was first cracked or broken to render it useless; and then when all was done, they left her to remain for one year, when the bones would be buried in a box in the earth directly under the canoe; but that, with all its appendages, would never be molested, but left to go to gradual decay.

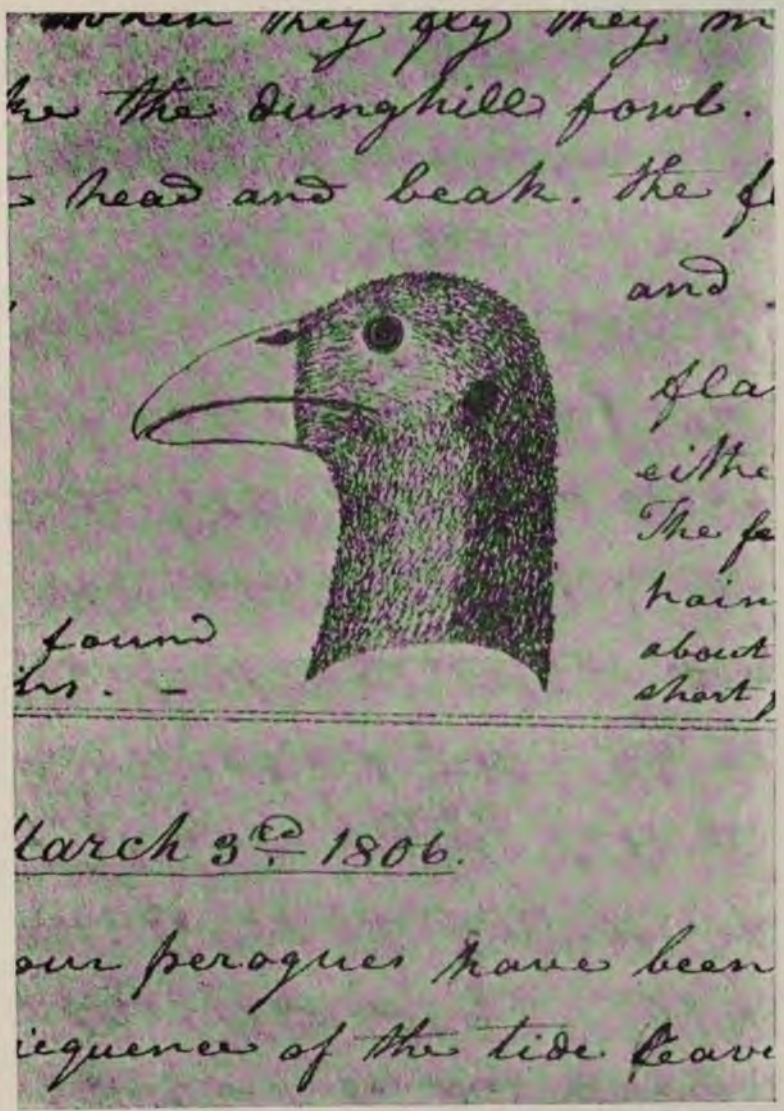
In hunting, the Clatsops and adjoining tribes used old and poor muskets obtained from the traders, but principally a neat bow made of white cedar and of "great elasticity." The arrow was made in two parts, the main shaft, of pine, and the other and shorter part, which carried the barb, of hardwood. The former, after the arrow was expelled, and the barb, of iron, copper, or stone, had entered the object shot at, was easily separated and withdrawn from the victim and could then be used again. Pits and snares were also in common use for larger game.

In fishing, nets of different kinds, depending upon the fish to be taken, were used, also gigs, or spears, and hooks and lines. The nets and the lines were made from the bark of the white cedar and from silk grass. The hooks were either made from bones or were obtained by barter from the traders.

I have already referred to the fact that Indians are not prone to give formal names to streams in the manner that we do. Lewis and Clark speak of Shocatilcum, or Chocalilum as the name of the Columbia River. Regarding this, I wish again to quote from Silas B. Smith, who, as the grandson of old chief Cómowool, or Cóboway, and a man of education and intelligence, should have been able to speak with authority in such a matter.

> They [Lewis and Clark] state that the Indians near Tillamook Head called the Columbia River "Shocatilcum"; that upon inquiry of them as to where they got the wappatoes, they gave this name, meaning the Columbia River. They entirely misunderstood the Indians' meaning. The wappatoes used here were obtained from Cathlamet Bay, above Tongue Point on the Columbia River. *Shocatilcum* was the chief of the Cathlamets; at that time his tribe was Shocatilcum's people, and when the Clatsops were asked where they got the wappatoes, they pointed over toward the Columbia and said "*Shocatilcum*," meaning only that they had got them from Shocatilcum's people. They had known of Shocatilcum for a long time and supposed everybody else knew of him, too.
>
> I wish to state this proposition, which cannot be overthrown, that the Indians in this Northwest country, extending as far back as the Rocky Mountains, never name a river *as* a river; they name localities. That locality may be of greater or less extent, and they may say this water leads to such a place, or it will carry you to such and such a place, but never name a stream.

During February and March the elk and deer were gradually becoming leaner and scarcer and more shy. Fortunately, however, as these animals began to desert the lowlands the sturgeon and anchovies began to appear in the streams "and afforded us a delightful variety of food." The salt-makers were busy in the meantime, "but though the kettles were kept boiling all day and night, the salt was made but slowly," and it was the middle of March before there had been twenty gallons of salt made, twelve of which were packed in kegs to be used on the trip across the



Facsimile of Pen-and Ink Drawing by Captain Lewis of the Cock of the Plains, "Centrocercus urophasianus." From Codex "J," Lewis, p. 107, Fort Clatsop.

mountains to the Missouri River *caches*, where they could replenish their supply.

This salt-boiling had been much more of an undertaking than they had bargained for, and nearly every man in the party, except the leaders and two or three of the best hunters perhaps, had assisted in the work.

A passage in the journal for March 22, 1806, reads:

> Many reasons had determined us to remain at Fort Clatsop till the first of April. . . . About the middle of March however, we became seriously alarmed for the want of food; the elk, our chief dependence, had at length deserted their usual haunts in our neighborhood and retreated to the mountains. . . . We therefore determined to leave Fort Clatsop, ascend the river slowly, consume the month of March in the woody country, where we hope to find subsistence, and in this way reach the plains about the first of April, before which time it will be impossible to attempt crossing them. For this purpose we began our preparations.

We now have what may very aptly be described as an inventory of their poverty:

> The whole stock of goods on which we are to depend, either for the purchase of horses or of food, during the long tour of nearly four thousand miles, is so much diminished that it might all be tied in two handkerchiefs. We have in fact nothing but six blue robes, one of scarlet, a coat and hat of the United States artillery uniform, five robes made of our large flag, and a few old clothes trimmed with riband. We therefore feel that our chief dependence must be on our guns, which fortunately for us, are all in good order, as we had taken the precaution of bringing a number of extra locks, and one of our men proved to be an excellent artist in that way. The powder had been secured in leaden canisters, and though on many occasions they had been under water, it remained perfectly dry, and we now found ourselves in possession of one hundred and forty pounds of powder and twice that quantity of lead, a stock quite sufficient for the route homeward.

Dr. Coues, in the Francis P. Harper edition of Lewis and Clark, gives us a much more elaborate and interesting diary

of the events at Fort Clatsop during the last days preceding the departure of the party than Biddle gave. I venture to transcribe one passage from this edition.

> Although we have not fared sumptuously the past winter and spring at Fort Clatsop, we have lived quite as comfortably as we had any reason to expect, and have accomplished every end we had in view in staying at this place, except that of meeting any of the traders who visit this coast and the mouth of the Columbia. . . . It would have been very fortunate for us if some trader had arrived before our departure; for in that case we should have been able to add to our stock of merchandise, and made a much more comfortable homeward-bound journey.

As already pointed out, an American brig had visited the locality, but apparently, the party never learned of this fact.

What a plight for the greatest expedition ever sent out by the American people to be in on the eve of starting for home, four thousand miles away!

Two handkerchiefs full of odds and ends for barter among many tribes, some of them keenly aware of the power which possession of indispensable articles of subsistence and transportation affords over starving and stumbling men!

Comment and criticism are superfluous, and yet it is not easy to see how this situation could have been prevented. Had it been attempted in the only way possible, by means of a supply ship sailing around Cape Horn, a grave politico-international dispute, or worse, might have been provoked, or incidentally, the vessel itself might have been wrecked. The North Pacific coast, at that time, was no man's land or every man's land, as one chooses to regard it; and for the Government itself to have attempted to do what Astor did a few years later might have been fraught with serious consequences.

Before commencing the return voyage it was absolutely necessary to procure another Indian canoe. But these

were costly articles, worth a handsome daughter apiece, and the expedition was short of daughters, so far as the records show, at least of marriageable ones, and failure succeeded failure in the efforts made among the surrounding tribes. But, finally, on March 17th, Drewyer, who had been up among the Cathlamets on a trading expedition, returned

Along the Columbia River.

with one which some vain Indian had been tempted to exchange for Captain Lewis's "laced uniform coat and half a carrot of tobacco." They also "took a canoe from the Clatsops as a reprisal for some elk" which the latter had stolen from them during the winter.

They were now ready to leave Fort Clatsop, but stormy weather prevented them from caulking their canoes, and

they delayed, hoping also that calm weather might come and thus enable them the more easily to double Point William—Tongue Point. During this time Shields put the firearms in good order.

The Indians came daily to bid them farewell. On the 22d of March Cómowool appeared to take leave of them. To this chief, the narrative records, they gave their houses and furniture. "He has been much more kind and hospitable to us than any other Indian in this vicinity. In the evening these Indians bade us farewell, and we never saw them again." Cóboway, to name him correctly, was also the recipient "of a certificate of the kindness and attention which we had received from him."

Before the fort was abandoned, not knowing what their fate might be on the return journey, and not having been able to apprise the President of their progress, they wrote a notice, and left several copies of it with Cómowool and others, posting one at their quarters also, hoping that one of them might fall into the hands of the master of some trading vessel and thus reach the United States, in order that the world might one day learn of them, and their movements be at least partially established should they be cut off or perish. One of these notices did thus eventually reach Philadelphia by way of China, as has been noted, but not until the expedition had itself reached the States in safety. This paper, taken literally from the Lewis codex containing it, reads as follows:

these lists of our names we have given to several of the natives and also paisted up a copy in our rooms. the object of these lists we stated in the preamble of the same as follows (viz) "The object of this list is, that through the medium of some civilized person who may see the same, it may be made known to the informed world, that the party consisting of the persons whose names are hereunto annexed, and who were sent out by the government of the U'States in May 1804. to explore the

interior of the Continent of North America, did penetrate the same by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, to the discharge of the latter into the Pacific Ocean, where they arrived on the 14th of November 1805, and from whence they departed the [23d] day of March 1806 on their return to the United States by the same rout they had come out." On the back of some of these lists we added a sketch of the connection of the upper branches of the Missouri with those of the Columbia, particularly of it's main S.E. branch, on which we also delienated the track we had come and that we meant to pursue on our return where the same happened to vary.

As the Columbia in 1805–06 was a great water-way for the savage, so to-day it is for the men of civilization. The villages of the Indians, filled with vermin, have vanished almost utterly, and the towns of the palefaces have succeeded them. The canoes of the red men are rotted and gone and the electric-lighted floating steam palaces of the whites now plough the waters of the great river. Upon the broad bosom of the stream and its affluent, the Willamette, there is now carried on a vast commerce, not alone provincial, but world wide in its scope, and the ships of all nations cast their anchors in their waters.

Along the banks of these streams the trains of four railways speed, and two cities, Portland and Astoria, adorn the heights where Lewis and Clark saw naught but gloomy forest.

The bar of the Columbia has been largely shorn of its early terrors, and lighthouses now throw their beams across its boiling waters to guide the mariner to port. But otherwise the great mountains and the river are much as they were a hundred years ago.

The putative discovery of the Columbia, Achilles of rivers, was on May 11, 1792,—only thirteen years before Lewis and Clark were there,—by Captain Robert Gray of Boston.

Gray, in his ship, the *Columbia*, had, in 1791, observed

Owl Rock, on the Columbia River.

the estuarian mouth of the river and concluded that it was such, and in 1792, returning to investigate, sailed across the bar and up the stream some fifteen or twenty miles, thus making supposition absolute certainty and—DISCOVERY. Others had seen this opening before Gray did, but concluded that it was simply an inlet of the sea. Heceta, a Spaniard, in 1775 saw the broad bay, and it was afterwards shown on Spanish maps as *Entrada de Heceta* and *Rio San Roque*. Heceta called the promontory now known as Cape Disappointment *Cape San Roque*, but made no effort to cross the bar and explore the river. Meares, an Englishman, in 1788 sailed over the bar, anchored in what is now Baker's Bay, to which he gave the name Deception Bay, satisfied himself that *no fresh water stream existed*, gave a new name, Cape Disappointment, to the bold northern headland, and sailed away. Gray seems to have intuitively felt that the river was there, so when *he* successfully navigated the breakers he sailed away up the broad estuary until he found that he was right, thereby became the real discoverer, and then gave to the mighty river the name COLUMBIA, after the ship which first fairly floated upon its tidal current, and upon this discovery and name hinged momentous results.

We are most of us familiar with those lofty, sonorous lines from Bryant's *Thanatopsis:*

> Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
> Save its own dashings,

in which the word Oregon is applied to the Columbia.

Captain Jonathan Carver of Connecticut, in 1766, explored the Northwest by way of the Great Lakes. In his account he frequently mentions the river *Oregon* and lays it down approximately correct, from a geographical standpoint, as applied to the Columbia. Maximilian also used the word in the same way. Carver gave no explanation of the

word, its derivation, meaning, etc., and the presumption that it was an Indian word cannot be substantiated. Greenhow maintains that it cannot have come from the Spanish *Oregano*, or *Orejon*, and that it was probably a pure invention of Carver's. Others have suggested that it was a corruption of the Spanish *Aragon*, and was the name given to both river and country by the Spaniards about the time Carver was engaged in exploration, from a fancied resemblance to Aragon in Spain. Be all this as it may, historians are ignorant as to the origin of the word beyond knowing that it was first used by Carver, and the name Columbia easily supplanted Oregon as the name of the river.

The river is some 1200 to 1400 miles long, and drains a basin or basins aggregating 400,000 or 500,000 square miles. Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada all contribute to swell its swirling flood. The river is easily navigable for ocean-going steamers and ships to beyond its junction with the Willamette, and ocean steamers go up the latte river as far as Portland, which is *on the Willamette*, not on the Columbia.

On the broad bay which Lewis and Clark faced when camped on the south side of Point William during those stormy days in 1805, Astoria, the historical city, and the child of John Jacob Astor's brain and purse, now stands. Five years, almost to a day, after our explorers left Fort Clatsop, Astor's ship, the *Tonquin*, crossed the Columbia River bar to found Astoria.

On Cape Disappointment, at Point Adams, and near Comcomly's old Chinook village, there are now modern Government defence batteries and fortifications. At Point Adams, also, the Government has constructed a jetty system, now in process of extension, to improve the navigation across the bar.

The tourist and traveller to Portland and the North Pa-

cific coast should visit Astoria, Fort Canby, and the Cape Disappointment lighthouses, and from the latter enjoy the ocean view. Standing beside the old lighthouse, in the south distance the Government jetties are faintly seen in outline; to the west, five miles out at sea, the lightship, more dimly still, is seen, while below us and stretching across to the

The Old Lighthouse at Cape Disappointment, Mouth of Columbia River. One hundred years ago vessels crossed the bar just to the left of the lighthouse.

jetties and to Point Adams, the Pacific surges come tumbling over the bar in boiling, whitening, maelstromic fashion, forming currents, cross-currents, eddies, and whirlpools, and the spray, as the surf thunders against the base of the rock on which we stand, is dashed high up over the lighthouse.

Long Beach, north of Cape Disappointment and on the Washington coast, and Flavel, Clatsop, and Seaside, across the river in Oregon, are summer seaside resorts, easily

reached by river steamers and railway trains, The ocean beaches are clean and hard, and there are few Atlantic coast resorts having finer beaches than are found here.

Captains Lewis and Clark both explored Long Beach in those reconnoissances of theirs from Chinook camp, and the salt cairn is found near Seaside, on the Oregon side.

The whale which Captain Clark and Sacágawea saw at Nehalem Bay was not the last of the species to appear here. They not infrequently attract much attention now by their clumsy, sportive antics and spoutings, and it is not an uncommon occurrence for a stranded whale to be found along these beaches.

CHAPTER V

HOMEWARD BOUND

FORT CLATSOP TO TRAVELLER'S-REST CREEK

On March 23, 1806, at 1 P.M., Fort Clatsop was abandoned, and the members of the expedition turned their faces homeward. The same party that on April 7, 1805, started west from Fort Mandan now began the return journey; not one was missing.

Several of the men were still sick, but once homeward bound, all of them save Bratton soon recovered. On the 22d, three hunters had been sent ahead in order to provide a supply of meat for the party previous to their arrival at camp on the 23d, which they were fortunately able to do.

According to Gass the party were embarked in six canoes. One of these the hunters had, and the other five, "three large and two small" ones, were not loaded at Fort Clatsop until the 23d, the day of departure.

Gass also states that:

> Among our other difficulties we now experience the want of tobacco, and out of 33 persons composing our party, there are but 7 who do not make use of it: we use crab-tree bark as a substitute.

The party steadily made their way up the river, keeping their hunters in advance. At Deer Island near Kalama, Washington, the latter the point where the Northern Pacific Railway ferries its trains, entire, across the river, the party stopped for a day to "pitch"—caulk—their canoes and to add to their food supply.

Because of the large number of deer found here the Indians called this Deer Island, and the whites continue the name. There were vultures there also, and out of seven deer killed by the men in the morning, the vultures had devoured four within a few hours.

The party saw many Indians and stopped at most of the villages for a friendly smoke, and usually they were kindly

Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society.

Old Fort Vancouver, Washington.
Established by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1824.

received. Some of the natives accompanied them for a time in their canoes. Gass remarks that

> the natives of this country ought to have the credit of making the finest canoes, perhaps in the world, both as to service and beauty; and are no less expert in working them when made,

which appears to have been also the opinion of Alexander McKenzie, who pronounced them far more expert than his Canadian *voyageurs*.

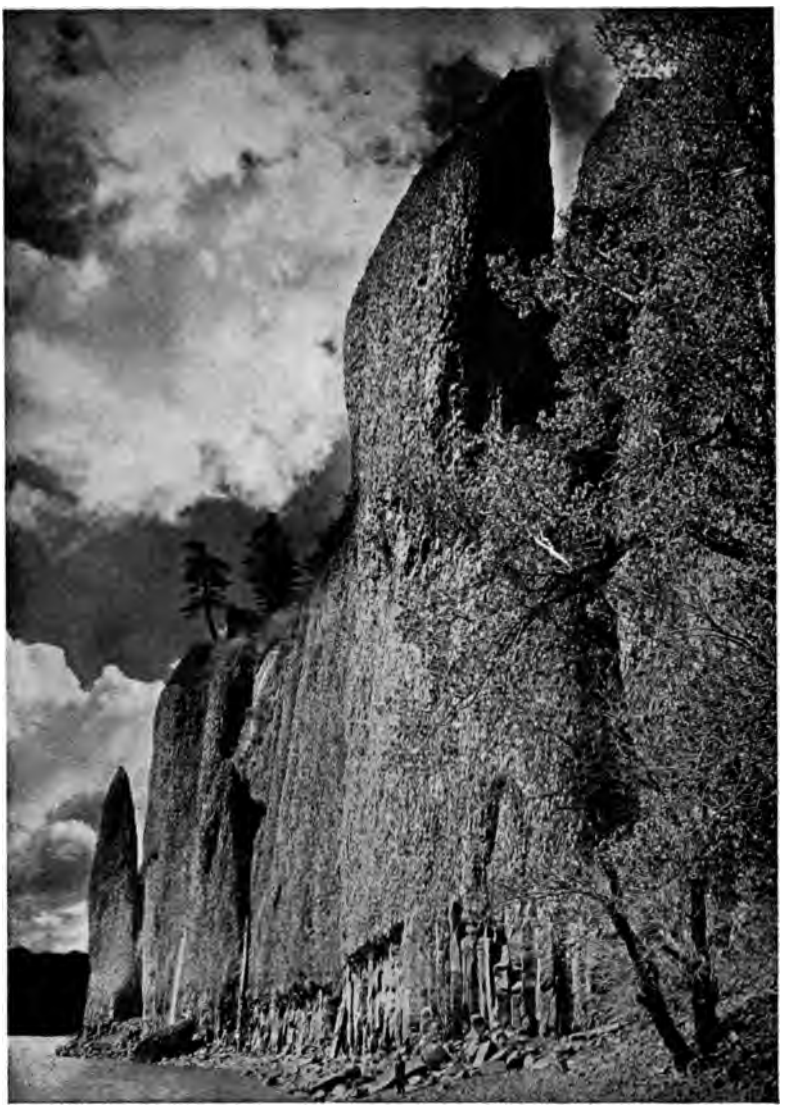
On the night of March 30th, the expedition camped at or near a point destined to become historic. This was Fort Vancouver, so long the seat of power of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains. Here on the banks of the mighty stream, Dr. McLoughlin dispensed a generous hospitality to friend and foe alike, and yet ruled over both the tribes of red men and his own minions with an autocracy that was absolute.

When, in the early twenties, the opposing fur companies of British extraction, rent and torn by the excesses of rivalry, formed a coalition under the name of the older, the Hudson's Bay Company, they abandoned Astoria, of which they had become possessed through the treachery of Astor's Canadian partners, and established the new post of Fort Vancouver, a few miles above the junction of the Multnomah, or Willamette, River with the Columbia, on the right bank of the latter stream.

Fort Vancouver and Dr. McLoughlin achieved international renown, and until the Oregon region became fairly well settled the place was the centre of power and influence over a wide extent of country.

Dr. McLoughlin, after his retirement from the Hudson's Bay Company, renounced his allegiance to Great Britain, settled at Oregon City, just above Portland, and died and was buried there.

After the region passed irrevocably under American dominion the post was transformed into a military one, purely, and as such it continues to the present time. It is one of the most attractive military establishments in the entire range of United States army posts, and it is particularly interesting to Americans from the fact that Grant, Sheridan, and other young army officers were once stationed here and some of them took their first lessons in Indian warfare in this region. Grant was stationed here in 1852–53,



Cape Horn, Columbia River, above Vancouver, Washington.

and writes interestingly of the country in his *Memoirs*. Sheridan was here in 1855–56, and took an important part in repelling two Indian uprisings, and he commanded a relief expedition from Fort Vancouver to succor those besieged at the historic block-house at the Middle Cascades, and for his success he was commended by General Scott in general orders. Sheridan describes it all in his *Memoirs*.

The night of March 31st, the party camped at the mouth of Seal, or Washougal River. Here they received information which caused them to remain until April 6th. They found many deer in the vicinity and the hunting was not difficult, and from the Indians returning from trading expeditions up the river they learned that the country between the Great Falls and the Lewis and Kooskooskee rivers could afford them no subsistence, there being no game on the plains, and that the Indians about and above the falls had already consumed their winter's supply of dried fish. They therefore remained at this camp and sent out the hunters daily in order to obtain a supply of meat to last them until they should reach the Chopunnish Indians.

And now our explorers are to make an important geographical discovery.

It has probably been noted that no mention has been made by them of any knowledge of the Multnomah, or Willamette River. The truth is that they failed to see the river either on the descent or ascent of the Columbia, and in some manner they failed too, in all their intercourse with the tribes while at Fort Clatsop, to ascertain that such a large stream existed so near them. But, on April 2d, while at the camp at Washougal River:

> About eight o'clock several canoes arrived to visit us, and among the rest were two young men who were pointed out as Cashooks. On inquiry they said that their nation resided at the falls of a large river which empties itself into the south side

of the Columbia a few miles below us, and they drew a map of the country with a [piece of] coal on a mat. In order to verify this information, Captain Clark persuaded one of the young men, by a present of a burning-glass, to accompany him to the river, in search of which he immediately set out with a canoe and seven of our men.

On the evening of April 3d, Clark returned with the news of the discovery of a new river. In going down the stream this time he followed the south side of the stream to the left of Diamond, now Government Island.

At three o'clock he reached a house of the Neerchokioo tribe, where he stopped, as was his custom with them, to say "How!" as we would express it to-day. But the Neerchokioo were not disposed to be neighborly.

Captain Clark offered several articles to the Indians, in exchange for wappatoo, but they appeared sullen and ill-humoured and refused to give him any. He therefore sat down by the fire, opposite to the men, and taking a port-fire match from his pocket threw a small piece of it into the flame; at the same time he took his pocket compass, and by means of a magnet which happened to be in his inkhorn made the needle turn round very briskly. The match now took fire and burned violently, on which the Indians, terrified at this strange exhibition, immediately brought a quantity of wappatoo and laid it at his feet, begging him to put out the bad fire. . . . Having received the roots Captain Clark put up the compass, and as the match went out of itself, tranquillity was restored, though the women and children still took refuge in their beds, and behind the men.

Captain Clark ascended the Multnomah twelve miles, which, if his distances were correct, would have carried him to where Portland now stands. But it is evident that he did not quite reach that point. A few miles of additional travel and he would have discovered the Willamette Falls at Oregon City, and time was not so pressing but that he might have done so.

The explanation given in the narrative for not discover-

ing the Multnomah was, that when he reached the mouth of the river he found

> what we had called Image-canoe Island to consist of three islands, the one in the middle concealing the opening between the other two in such a way as to present to us on the opposite side of the river the appearance of a single island. At the lower point of the third, and thirteen miles below the last village, he entered the mouth of a large river, which was concealed by three small islands in its mouth from those who descend or go up the Columbia. This river, which the Indians call Multnomah from a nation of the same name residing near it on Wappatoo Island, enters the Columbia one hundred and forty miles from the mouth of the latter river. . . . From its entrance Mount Regnier [Rainier, or Tacoma] bears nearly north, Mount St. Helen's, north, with a very high humped mountain [Mount Adams] a little to the east of it which seems to lie in the same chain with the conic-pointed mountains before mentioned. Mt. Hood bore due east, and Captain Clark now discovered to the southeast a mountain which we had not yet seen, and to which he gave the name of Mount Jefferson. Like Mount St. Helen's its figure is a regular cone, covered with snow, and is probably of equal height with that mountain.

Clark's explanation of the failure to discover the mouth of the Willamette hardly strikes one who sees this spot at the present time as a possible and reasonable one. But from trustworthy information from those residing at Portland, Oregon, who have known the locality for more than fifty years, I am satisfied of its entire reasonableness. The mouth of the Willamette changes its location occasionally, and it is doubtful if it is now where it was in 1805–06. The three islands mentioned are not now to be seen, but islands have come and gone since Lewis and Clark coasted along there.

The sketch that Clark made from the old Nechecolee's map—referred to later—shows the situation as it was then. There is now a lighthouse at the junction of the streams.

The view of the five snow-white mountains referred to

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Mt. St. Helens, from the Columbia River.

forms one of the grandest pictures of the kind to be found on earth; there is nothing like it to be seen elsewhere in this country. The peaks are so different in everything except their glacial, snowy covering, that the contrasts make the study of them extremely interesting aside from the mere pleasure of looking upon them.

These peaks are collectively visible from several points of view near Portland, and the passenger on either the Astoria and Columbia River or the Northern Pacific railway trains enjoys a fine view of them from near the junction of the Multnomah and Columbia rivers. Travellers on the many steamers, which go up and down the river of course enjoy the same privilege. It is evident from the narrative that Clark had no suspicion that Mount Adams, the "very high humped mountain," was the one that they had supposed to be Mt. St. Helens from the Umati la River region, even though he now had both peaks in sight at the same moment.

Clark ascertained that the Multnomah, or Willamette, was deep and navigable for ocean-going ships. One conclusion, however, that he naturally enough drew at that time of scant geographical knowledge proved to be erroneous. He said:

> Its regular, gentle current, the depth and smoothness and uniformity with which it rolls its vast body of water, prove that its supplies are at once distant and regular; nor, judging from its appearance and courses, is it rash to believe that the Multnomah and its tributary streams water the vast extent of country between the western mountains and those of the seacoast as far perhaps as the waters of the gulf of California.

As is now well known, the Multnomah, or Willamette does not reach within five hundred miles of the Gulf of California.

Although it is frequently said that there is nothing new under the sun, we are inclined to ignore the saying and

Facsimile of pp. 28–29, Codex "K," Lewis. Map of Junction of Columbia and Multnomah—Willamette—Rivers, from Indian Information.

to congratulate ourselves on the improvements and inventions which we originate. One of the present-day fads, conveniences, improvements, or what not, is the apartment house in its many variations, for the form of all of them is practically the same. And yet, in the year 1806, Captain Clark found, on the banks of the Columbia among the unlettered natives of the Nechecolee tribe, an apartment house based practically on the same ideas which are dominant in the present-day structure and which was of essentially the same form of arrangement. At this house resided the guide who had conducted Clark up the Multnomah, and here the Captain stopped for a time. Read what he writes about the house and the people.

This large building is two hundred and twenty-six feet in front, entirely above ground, and may be considered as a single house, because the whole is under one roof; otherwise it would seem more like a range of buildings, as it is divided into seven distinct apartments, each thirty feet square, by means of broad boards set on end from the floor to the roof. The apartments are separated from each other by a passage or alley four feet wide, extending through the whole depth of the house, and the only entrance is from this alley through a small hole about twenty-two inches wide and not more than three feet high. . . . In the house were several old people of both sexes, who were treated with much respect, and still seemed healthy, though most of them were perfectly blind. On inquiring the cause of the decline of their village, an old man, the father of the guide, and a person of some distinction, brought forward a woman very much marked with the small-pox, and said that when a girl she was very near dying with the disorder which had left those marks, and that all the inhabitants of the houses now in ruins had fallen victims to the same disease. . . .

He then entered into a long conversation with regard to all the adjacent country and its inhabitants, which the old man explained with great intelligence, and then drew with his finger, in the dust, a sketch of the Multnomah [River] and Wappatoo Island. This Captain Clark copied and preserved. He now purchased five dogs, and taking leave of the Nechecolee village, returned to camp.

At this point in the diary of the expedition there is introduced a brief description of the Columbian Valley, which, as the explorers understood it, extended from the Cascade Range to the Coast Range of mountains and was of unknown width. They concluded that it would "if properly cultivated, afford subsistence for 40,000 or 50,000 souls." Portland alone is a city of more than 100,000 inhabitants—but just how much of its subsistence is drawn from this valley it would, perhaps, be hard to say

On April 6th the expedition again started, but at that night's camp, they were wind bound until the 9th. In the narrative for this day occurs the following passage:

> During the whole of the route from our camp we passed along under high, steep, and rocky sides of the mountains, which now close on each side of the river, forming stupendous precipices, covered with fir and white cedar. Down these heights frequently descend the most beautiful cascades, one of which, a large creek, throws itself over a perpendicular rock three hundred feet above the water, while other smaller streams precipitate themselves from a still greater elevation, and evaporating in a mist, again collect and form a second cascade before they reach the bottom of the rocks.

This is indeed a brief, tame, and decidedly unsatisfactory description of those cascades on the Oregon side of the river which form a series of most lovely and extraordinary waterfalls dropping daintily from the cliffs, hundreds of feet to the level of the Columbia. These falls are of a decidedly unusual character. They are narrow, somewhat hidden in the clefts of the rocks as if affected by extreme modesty, and seem to float or flutter down more like long streamers of lace than in the conventional manner of waterfalls. They are, as seen from the steamers, swaying threads of spray, each, however, having its own individuality.

The most striking and best known of these is Multnomah Fall, reliably stated to be more than eight hundred feet

high, although it seems impossible to believe it. It descends in two graceful flights, its first being much the higher, but the effect is not lessened by this breaking of unity. Of course there is a Bridal Veil Fall, and Latourelle, and Horse Tail falls are others.

On April 11th the Cascades were reached and the portage occupied two days owing to the river being very high, and also because of the unfriendly disposition of the Indians, the Clahclellahs, who were discovered to be arrant rogues and thieves. They now felt the absence of their Chopunnish guides of the previous year, "our two chiefs," Twisted-hair and Tetoh, whose good offices had smoothed over many difficulties of this sort. The men had to leave armed guards at each temporary camp and carry their arms along the portage, which handicapped and delayed them greatly. Their numbers alone saved them from attack. They stole Captain Lewis's Assiniboin dog, which, however, was recovered, and Shields was compelled to attack two of them with a long knife, upon which they fled into the forest. The chief, however, seemed kindly disposed and to some extent acted as an escort.

In dragging their canoes up the angry flood one of them was wrenched from them and "irrecoverably lost." This loss they found it necessary to replace and they were able to exchange "two robes and four elk skins" with the Yehuh's—*not* "Yahoos," happily—for two small canoes. Between this point and their old Fort Rock, just below the Dalles, the most noteworthy event was the meeting with a tribe who rejoiced in the name of Weocksockwillacum, and very civil and decent folk they proved to be notwithstanding that their hearts might well have been bowed down by weight of name.

Fort Rock was reached on April 15th. Here it was necessary to change from water to land transportation, from

Multnomah Fall, Columbia River. More than 800 Feet in Height.

canoes to horses. They had much difficulty in bartering for horses, but finally they obtained eleven from among the different villages, by paying exorbitant prices for them. They found here, too, a Chopunnish Indian who agreed to guide them to his nation. This fellow was a decent Indian, quite in contrast to the Skilloots and Eneeshurs, and had two horses "one of which he politely offered to carry our baggage."

These river Indians they found to be most expert and persistent thieves, and, despite the utmost care, several tomahawks and other articles were pilfered and hostilities were narrowly averted. Gass says:

> While we were making preparations to start, an Indian stole some iron articles from among the men's hands; which so irritated Captain Lewis, that he struck him; which was the first act of the kind, that had happened during the expedition. The Indians however did not resent it, otherwise it is probable we would have had a skirmish with them.

The man was kicked out of camp and Lewis recited the Riot Act, or its equivalent, to the Indians.

The portage around the Dalles was laborious and slow, but it was made much easier than it otherwise would have been by the use of four horses which Captain Clark had succeeded in procuring. The journal states that it would, at this time, have been impossible to go either up or down the Narrows, or Dalles, with boats.

When both the Narrows and the Great Falls were finally passed and they were ready to set out in earnest, they had only ten horses of their own and one borrowed one. It was necessary, in addition, to use two canoes to transport their luggage, and these seem to have been in charge of Gass: Bratton, who was utterly unable to walk, had to ride a horse, and the others walked.

Their horses were stallions and vicious, restless, and

Fish Wheels on the Columbia River.

difficult to control. They were constantly breaking away, both day and night, and had to be continually guarded. One incident shows the troubles experienced from both Indians and horses.

Chaboneau's horse became frightened at his pack turning, and ran away. This happened near an Indian village, toward which the horse ran. Just as he reached the village, a robe which had hung to the pack and been dragged, loosened and fell off and an Indian quickly grabbed it and hid it. Two men went for the horse and robe, but could not find the latter, and the Indians denied having it. Lewis thus recounts the rest of the incident.

> Being now confident that the Indians had taken it I sent the Indian woman [Sacágawea] on to request Capt. C. to halt the party and send back some of the men to my assistance, being deturmined either to make the indians deliver the robe or birn their houses. they have vexed me in such a manner by such repeated acts of villany that I am quite disposed to treat them with every severyty, their defenseless state pleads forgivness so far as rispects their lives.

Labiche, however, found the robe in a hut before discipline was administered.

The narrative here states that "we were obliged to buy wood to cook our meat"; cooking fires only could be afforded because of the great scarcity of fuel and timber. They were again among the sand-dunes and had to do without campfires at night. One who has not practically experienced the hardship of this condition can hardly appreciate it. In Arizona I have paid the Indians seventy-five cents for a very small armful of piñon pine sticks, each about two feet long and as thick as one's wrist.

On the 24th of April they were able to buy three more horses from the Wahhowpum tribe which, with three more that they hired from another Chopunnish whom they over-

took, and who returned with them to his nation, enabled them now to proceed entirely by land, on the north side of the river.

The Indians tried a bit of sharp practice on the explorers here, but got badly beaten in the end. In trading for horses the former had agreed to accept the two canoes in part payment, but finally refused to do so, thinking to get them for nothing through their abandonment. But, the narrative runs:

> Disgusted at this conduct, we determined rather to cut them to pieces than suffer these people to enjoy them, and actually began to split them, on which they gave us several strands of beads for each canoe.

On April 27th, still on the north bank, the party passed the mouth of the Youmalolam, or Umatilla, River and some miles beyond

> were joined by seven Wollawollahs, among whom we recognised a chief by the name of Yellept, who had visited us on the 19th of October [1805], when we gave him a medal with the promise of a larger one on our return. He appeared very much pleased at seeing us again, and invited us to remain at his village three or four days, during which he would supply us with the only food they had and furnish us with horses for our journey. After the cold, inhospitable treatment we have lately received this kind offer was peculiarly acceptable, and after a hasty meal we accompanied him to his village, . . . about twelve miles below the mouth of Lewis's River.
>
> Immediately on our arrival, Yellept, who proved to be a man of much influence, not only in his own but in the neighbouring nations, collected the inhabitants, and after having made a harangue, the purport of which was to induce the nations to treat us hospitably, set them an example by bringing himself an armful of wood and a platter containing three roasted mullets. . . . They now informed us that . . . there was a [good] route which led to the mouth of the Kooskooskee, on the south side of Lewis's River; . . . and as the report of our guide was confirmed by Yellept and other Indians, we did not hesitate to adopt that course.

APRIL 28th. . . . Yellept brought a fine white horse and presented him to Captain Clark, expressing at the same time a wish to have a kettle; but on being informed that we had already disposed of the last kettle we could spare, he said he would be content with any present we should make in return. Captain Clark therefore gave his sword, for which the chief had before expressed a desire, adding one hundred balls, some powder, and other small articles, with which he appeared perfectly satisfied. . . . Fortunately, there was among these Wollawollahs a prisoner belonging to a tribe of Shoshonee or Snake Indians residing to the south of the Multnomah, and visiting occasionally the heads of the Wollawollah Creek. Our Shoshonee woman, Sacájaweah, though she belonged to a tribe near the Missouri, spoke the same language as this prisoner, and by their means we were able to explain ourselves to the Indians, and answer all their inquiries with respect to ourselves and the object of our journey.

Our conversation inspired them with much confidence, and they soon brought several sick persons, for whom they requested our assistance. We splintered the broken arm of one, *gave some relief to another whose knee was contracted by rheumatism* [italics mine], and administered what we thought beneficial for ulcers and eruptions of the skin on various parts of the body, which are very common disorders among them [and distributed much eye-water].

Dr. Coues,[1] in his work on Lewis and Clark, referred to a suggestion by the late Alfred J. Hill of St. Paul, who, on his part, referred to the narrative of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition as establishing the fact that Lewis and Clark met the Cayuse Indians, a tribe that the explorers do not mention. The fact is, that Lewis and Clark did meet some of the Cayuse, possibly without knowing it, but Dr. Coues's inference that Yellept was a Cayuse was, apparently, not a correct one.

In 1900, after *Wonderland 1900*, with its leading chapter on Lewis and Clark, had appeared, Mrs. Eva Emery Dye called my attention to the fact that an old squaw who had seen Lewis and Clark was still living on the Umatilla Indian

[1] P. 1038, vol. iii.

Latourelle Fall, on the Oregon Side of the Columbia River.

Reservation in Oregon. I at once opened a correspondence with Mr. Lee Moorhouse of Pendleton, Oregon, who knew this woman well and who had previously been for several years the United States Indian Agent for the Umatilla Indians, and I found that there was, apparently, no doubt that old Pe-tów-ya, the squaw in question, really did remember Lewis and Clark. Mr. Moorhouse had carefully and patiently tested the old woman's story and memory and was convinced of the reliability of both. In 1901, I visited Pendleton, and in company with Mr. Moorhouse drove out to see Pe-tów-ya.

The old squaw was then one hundred and ten years old, rheumatic, bent, quite blind I think, but so far as facial expression went, looked no older than many squaws of seventy or eighty years of age whom I have seen. Her mind seemed perfectly clear except that it was naturally a little sluggish in recalling events. The old dame, Mr. Moorhouse said, was sometimes a little capricious and disinclined to talk when interviewed on old-time subjects, but on this occasion she was in a complaisant mood and as soon as we were able to carry her back, mentally, to the period desired, she talked on easily, naturally, and in a reasonably connected way, prompted by a question, through an interpreter of course, now and then.

Mr. Moorhouse had heard her story several times, but at this time she added an item of information to which she had never before made the slightest allusion, and that was, that among the party with Lewis and Clark *there was a black man.*

Gass, in his narrative, makes several references to the "mat houses" of the Indians who lived along the Walla Walla River, and of those living, also, on the banks of the Columbia near the mouth of the former stream. In such a tepee I found Pe-tów-ya, and in such houses many of the Indians on the Umatilla Reservation live to-day. These

Pe-tów-ya, a Cayuse Indian, who, as a Girl, Saw Lewis and Clark in 1806. She Died in 1902, Aged 111 Years.

rush-mat houses, in their structure, are entirely unlike the ordinary skin or cloth tepee, the Mandan earth lodge, or the adobe structure of the Pueblo Indians, and from the large number of them seen are, presumably, a conveniently made lodge and a comfortable one for that region.

Pe-tów-ya's lodge was not one of the better class, but she seemed to live comfortably and to be well cared for. After my visit and interview, Mr. Moorhouse kindly continued to question the old squaw, from time to time as he could, in order to obtain any additional items confirmatory of her story, if possible, and also further to test her reliability.

Pe-tów-ya died in 1902, aged one hundred and eleven years, and shortly before her death Mr. Moorhouse wrote to me giving in his own words the general result of his investigations, which I reproduce here:

I am just in receipt of your letter and note what you request in the matter of old Pe-tów-ya.

I have talked with her several times since you were here.

She says that she remembers Lewis and Clark perfectly well, that she was then a young girl about 15 years old, and that her father was a *Cayuse chief* and when Lewis and Clark passed up the Columbia River in 1806 on their return, they camped with a Wallawalla chief by the name of Yellept, on the north bank of the Columbia opposite the mouth of the Wallawalla River, and while encamped there they treated a number of Indians for various complaints, among them *her father whose knee was contracted by rheumatism*, and after this the Indians gave her father a new name and called him Tom-o-top-po.

She also remembers Capt. Clark's negro servant York and says they thought at first he was a white man painted black.

She says that a few years after the first white men (Lewis and Clark) left, the chief Yellept, who entertained them, lost all of his sons by death and that when the last one was buried he insisted on being buried alive with him.

I do not think there is any doubt whatever as to the truth of the old squaw's statement, because I have talked with her dozens of times and she always tells the same story.

She says that she can remember things that happened when she was young much better than later events.

The italics in the letter are my own. At my interview with Pe-tów-ya she spoke again and again of the large number of horses which her father had owned, and stated that he had, also, several wives.

Pe-tów-ya's story seems to fit the facts in every particular. "The Cayuse," of Waiilatpuan family, Powell says, "lived chiefly near the mouth of the Walla Walla River, extending a short distance above and below on the Columbia, between the Umatilla and Snake rivers"; Lewis and Clark practised medicine extensively while camping with Yellept, and one of their patients was, as previously mentioned, a man with a rheumatically crippled knee.

The extreme longevity of this woman is by no means unusual among Indians, and in the case of Pe-tów-ya it is well authenticated by the Government records, I understand.

Ross Cox mentions a *Walla Walla* chief, very friendly to the whites, whom he calls *Tamtappam* and who lived near the mouth of the Walla Walla River. I do not find that Cox mentions the Cayuse, and it is probable that *Tamtappam* and *Tom-o-top-po* are one and the same chief, no distinction being made by Cox between the tribes.

While sorrowing for the old chief, at the bereavements which overwhelmed him, one can but admire the Spartan spirit of Yellept, the friend of Lewis and Clark, and therefore the friend of all of us. If his grave were now identifiable, the State whose soil it honors might well emulate the State of Tennessee, and erect a monument to his name and deeds, with the simple inscription, "Yellept, a Walla Walla Chief, the friend of Lewis and Clark."

Lewis and Clark gave Yellept a medal, which it has been stated was found in 1892 on an island near the mouth of the Walla Walla River.

In a work by Rev. Gustavus Hines, entitled *Exploring Expedition to Oregon*, published in 1851 and treating of life

in Oregon in the forties, I find referred to at length what must beyond doubt be the incident of Yellept's death and burial. Yellept is not mentioned by name, but as "the most successful warrior, and renowned chieftain of which the Walla Wallas could ever boast," and the tale is, substantially a repetition of what Pe-tów-ya told.

The junction of the Walla Walla and Columbia rivers was, subsequent to the visit of Lewis and Clark, the site of a Hudson's Bay Company post—Fort Walla Walla, now Wallula—which exerted a wide influence throughout the region. Subsequently still, the United States Government erected a military post of the same name east of the old fort, which is still thus occupied. Here the town of Walla Walla now stands.

The explorers formed a very high opinion of the Walla Walla Indians, and justly so from their experience with them. Lost knives found by the Indians were returned to them, and a steel trap, inadvertently left behind by the party when leaving, was found by an Indian, who rode a day's journey to restore it to them. No wonder that they recorded that "we may, indeed, justly affirm that of all the Indians whom we have met since leaving the United States, the Wollawollahs were the most hospitable, honest, and sincere."

In going from the mouth of the Walla Walla to the Kooskooskee River the expedition followed first, the Touchet (Tooshay) River to Waitsburg and Dayton, now railway points on branch lines of both the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company's lines; thence slightly northeast, from Dayton to a point a few miles below the junction of the Kooskooskee and Lewis, or Snake, rivers. They crossed the latter stream between four and five miles below the junction. When about half-way between Dayton and Lewiston they met their old friend Weahkoonut, who, having heard that they were approaching, hastened out to meet them.

Mouth of Walla Walla River, near Hunt's Junction, Washington, where Lewis and Clark Camped with Yellept, April 27–29, 1806.

The party had strange luck with their guides. On the morning of the day that they met Weahkoonut, their guide and also some Walla Walla Indians who were escorting them suddenly left them "and never returned," and it was not far from here that Toby and his son had run away the year before.

At the point where the party crossed the Snake River they found the chief Tetoh and their old river guide, both of whom, with Twisted-hair, had accompanied them to the Great Falls the previous year.

On May 5th the expedition camped at the mouth of Colter Creek, now Potlatch Junction. Here they struck a new lead, as a miner would say, in trade. Their medical practice of the preceding year was remembered and patients were brought from near and from far for treatment. They say regarding this:

> We are by no means displeased at this new resource for obtaining subsistence, as they [the Indians] will give us no provisions without merchandise, and our stock is now very much reduced; we cautiously abstain from giving them any but harmless medicines, and as we cannot possibly do harm, our prescriptions, though unsanctioned by the faculty, may be useful and are entitled to some remuneration.

At this point Neeshnepáhkeeook, or Cut-nose, lived and it may have been his medal that was found here in 1899.

Here the Captains saw three men of the Skeetsomish, or Cœur d'Alêne tribe of the Salishan family, and here too they or Biddle tried to incorporate in the narrative a geographical instruction. This was in reference to the river that Captain Lewis called Clark's River. But the Captain was badly mixed regarding his rivers, which is not surprising, considering that he knew personally little or nothing about them. The Indian information which he received seems to have embraced the Spokane and the Clark fork of the

Columbia, and possibly also, the Colville and the Kootenai rivers, and Lewis failed, utterly, to differentiate between them. The stream to which he really applied the name Clark was the Spokane River, but he supposed this to be the continuation, or trunk stream of Clark's, or the Bitter Root, upon whose headwaters they had camped. The stream to which Clark's name is attached is now the Clark fork of the Columbia, and this *is* the continuation of the Bitter Root. This stream, in its entirety, might well be dubbed "The River of Many Names," for Clark's is but one of them. The stream really rises just south and east of Butte, Montana, where the creek is known as Silverbow. Then in succession follow the names, Deer Lodge, Hellgate, Missoula, and Clark fork. The Big Blackfoot, which we shall know later, flows into the Hellgate, and it is at the junction of the Hellgate and Bitter Root rivers that the name Missoula supersedes the name Hellgate.

The river is a beautiful one, and Clark's name should apply to the whole stream, or at least, to that part of it from the junction of the Bitter Root and Hellgate to the Columbia. At Lake Pend d'Orielle the river expands into a very large lake, one of the finest in the West, and surrounded by high, timbered mountains.

The Northern Pacific Railway follows this stream, except for a short distance through the mountains, from the Silverbow River to and around the north side of Lake Pend d'Oreille.

On the night of May 6th, the party went to bed "supperless in the rain." A nice fat horse, received as a medical fee, was being led along by Drewyer and Colter, when a quarrel of some sort ensued and the horse made his escape.

On May 7th, at a distance of thirteen miles east from Colter's Creek, they crossed the Kooskooskee River to the south side, and on the 8th, while on the march, they met

Twisted-hair, in whose charge they had left their horses. Neeshnepáhkeeook, who had now joined them, and Twisted-hair had a serious quarrel, which, it turned out, was about these same horses. Lewis and Clark finally reconciled the chiefs, and, Twisted-hair having caught and turned over most of their horses, the party proceeded southeasterly and

Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, River, near Colter's Creek, or Potlatch River, Idaho. Lewis and Clark Forded the Stream near Here on the Homeward Journey, in 1806.

parallel to the Kooskooskee River and, perhaps, not far from it, to the village, or camp of Tunnachémootoolt, the principal Chief of the Chopunnish nation, who dwelt on the banks of Commearp, now Lawyer's Cañon Creek.

The village of Tunnachémootoolt was but three and a half miles from the Kooskooskee, and here the party re-

mained from May 10th to May 13th. The Chopunnish overwhelmed the party with hospitality. They bartered readily for roots and at reasonable prices, refused pay for all horses that the party needed for food, put up a large tent for them to lodge in, presented them with several fine horses, and so lavish were they in their favors that the narrative records of Tunnachémootoolt that

> the hospitality of the chief was offended at the idea of an exchange; he observed that his people had an abundance of young horses, and that if we were disposed to use that food we might have as many as we wanted. Accordingly they soon gave us two fat young horses, without asking anything in return, an act of liberal hospitality much greater than any we have witnessed since crossing the Rocky Mountains, if it be not in fact the only really hospitable treatment we have received in this part of the world.

Have the Shoshoni and Yellept and his Walla Wallas been "so soon forgot"?

Among the roots mentioned by Lewis and Clark as used for food by the Indians, particularly the Chopunnish, are the quamash, or pasheco, and the "cows."

The first is the root now generally known as the kamas, camas, or camus. Hon. Granville Stuart[1] of Montana gives the Shoshone, or Snake word for kamas as *páh-sée-go*, meaning "water, or swamp seego," because it is found in low, swampy lands. He says: "It is a bulbous root about the size of a plum. It has a sweet gummy taste, and is very nutritious. It forms an important item of food among the Indians from here [Montana] to the Pacific Ocean. They dig it, cook it in kettles, and dry it, when it becomes very hard, and will keep for years if kept dry. It is also very good boiled when freshly dug. White men, Indians, and hogs are very fond of it."

[1] *Montana as It Is*, C. S. Westcott & Co., New York, 1865.

Clark writes of the "cows," or kowse as "a knobbed root of an irregular form, rounded, not unlike the gensang." The natives rubbed off the thin black rind, pounded the root, and exposed it to the sun to dry. According to Lewis the kowse was made into cakes one and one quarter inches thick and "six by eighteen inches in width," and when dried was eaten thus as bread, or boiled to a thick, mucilaginous consistency and then eaten. Lewis thought it more agreeable to the taste in the latter form.

The kowse was gathered early in the spring, and was succeeded by the kamas and both roots were important items of food in the domestic economy of the Indians.

Granville Stuart also states that the Shoshoni called the Chopunnish, or Nez Percés "*thóig-a-rik-kah*, or cowse-eaters," from this root, called by the Nez Percé, cowse, and "by the Snakes 'thoig.'" He says: "It has a pungent disagreeable taste, yet many of the mountaineers are fond of it."

At this village the explorer-physicians practised medicine to some purpose, for their eye-water was in great demand, it aided them to procure food supplies, and was of benefit to the Indians. Dr. Clark was "the favorite physician."

They held a council with the four principal chiefs of the tribe, who rejoiced in the names of Tunnachémootoolt, Neeshnepáhkeeook, Yoompáhkatim, and Hohástilpilp. Their council was a peculiar one. The Captains spoke in English to one of the men (Drewyer, undoubtedly); he repeated it in French to Chaboneau, who in turn transferred the message in Hidatsa to Sacágawea; it was then given in Shoshone to a Shoshone prisoner, who finally repeated it in Chopunnish to the chiefs. French, Hidatsa, Shoshone, Chopunnish—four foreign tongues, four chiefs, four wonderful names, four interpreters! No wonder that after they had "at last succeeded

in communicating the impressions we wished," they "then adjourned the council," for nature had some rights and demanded rest.

In discussing the names of these chiefs with James Stuart, I was again impressed with the difficulty of two persons catching the pronunciation of Indian names alike.

Commearp, or Kam-i-yáhp, or Kámiah, or Lawyer's Cañon Creek, Idaho, on which Lewis and Clark Camped from May 10 to May 13, 1806.

Neeshnepáhkeeook, or Cut-nose, my friend gives as Noosh-nu-apáh-ken-kin; Hohástilpilp becomes Hoht-hóhs-il-pilp, and it means red flute; Yoompáhkatim is Hay-yóom-pah-kah-tím-na, five big hearts.

The word which Lewis and Clark render Commearp should be Kam-i-yáhp, or, as we give it in English, Kámiah, the name of the town at the mouth of the Commearp, or Lawyer's Cañon, Creek. What it means is uncertain, but

it seems probable that it is "pretty valley," which expresses but faintly the scenic beauty at this point.

On May 13th, the party proceeded down the Commearp, or Kam-i yáhp, Creek to the Kooskooskee, crossed the river, which was very high, on the following day and, at a suitable spot kindly chosen for them by the Indians, established Camp Chopunnish. Here they remained until June 10th, as it was useless to attempt to recross the Bitter Root Range before the snow had had time to melt, the streams to pass the flood stage, or the trails to become dry.

After Forts Mandan and Clatsop, Camp Chopunnish and vicinity was the place at which the expedition remained the longest, after leaving Wood River, and here they were, perhaps, more happily circumstanced, all things considered, than at any other point. They were in a beautiful valley, the hunting was fairly good, there were plenty of fat horses and nutritious roots to be had and at reasonable prices, and they were among the finest lot of Indians, the most intelligent and manly, that they met in all their journeyings. The latter had all the hospitality of the Shoshoni, with a much higher order of intelligence and nobility. If they had, originally, intended to kill the explorers, as the old tradition relates, they made ample amends for it in their subsequent treatment of them.

As soon as the party reached the Chopunnish people, in the neighborhood of Colter's Creek, the Indians informed them that the mountains would be impassable until some time in June. They had, therefore, but to wait patiently for that time and in the meantime make themselves as comfortable as possible.

Their camp was on the east, or right, bank of the Kooskooskee River between two and three miles below Commearp (Kam-i-yáhp), or Lawyer's Cañon Creek.

It was about forty paces from the river, and formerly an

Indian habitation; but nothing remained but a circle thirty yards in diameter, sunk in the ground about four feet, with a wall around it of nearly three and a half feet in height. In this place we deposited our baggage, and around its edges formed our tents of sticks and grass. This situation is in many respects advantageous. It is an extensive level bottom, thinly covered with long-leaved pine, with a rich soil affording excellent pasture, and supplied, as well as the high and broken hills on the east and northeast, with the best game in the neighborhood, while its vicinity to the river makes it convenient for the salmon, which are now expected daily. As soon as we encamped, Tunnachémootoolt and Hohástilpilp, with about twelve of their nation, came to the opposite side and began to sing, this being the usual token of friendship on such occasions. . . . Hohástilpilp presented to Captain Lewis an elegant gray gelding, which he had brought for the purpose, and was perfectly satisfied at receiving in return a handkerchief, two hundred balls, and four pounds of powder.

Gass says, on the 15th:

This was a fine morning, and some hunters went out early. The rest of the party were engaged in making places of shelter, to defend them from the stormy weather. Some had small sails to cover their little hovels, and others had to make frames and cover them with grass. Around our camp the plains have the appearance of a meadow before it is mowed, and affords abundance of food for our horses.

The spot where Lewis and Clark camped in May, 1806, is easily identifiable to-day, and in company with Mr. Wright and Mr. De Camp, I tramped all over it in the summer of 1902. It is in a fine bottom less than two miles below Kamiah, Idaho, and on the opposite side of the Kooskooskee River. The remains of the old Indian village, or, as may be likely, more recent ones also, are still visible. The "circles" which indicate where the old Indian houses stood are widely scattered over the bottom and in some of them trees of considerable size are now to be found. The railway, I was surprised to find, cuts right across the old village flat and the railway bridge spans the Kooskooskee at the same point.

The mountains rise immediately back of the plain and the old trails are plainly to be seen on the mountain sides, and they are still in use.

This vallev, one of the most attractive I have ever seen,

Site of Camp Chopunnish of Lewis and Clark, in 1902, on the Kooskooskee River. The circle, from which the snow was removed to show the outline, marks the location of an old Indian brush house such as Lewis and Clark describe as in existence in 1806.

is rather circular and oblong in shape, and is surrounded by high, grassy mountain slopes. Above these slopes to the south stretch the wide, fertile plains of Kamas Prairie. Here live the Nez Percé, or Chopunnish, Indians of to-day and, sandwiched among them, are many white settlers.

The Indians have fine farms along the Clearwater and even high up among the hills, and both reds and whites ap-

pear to thrive with little or no friction. Grain and vegetables grow to perfection here, and grapes, cherries, peaches, and other fruits find a natural soil and a most congenial climate.

While the party were at Camp Chopunnish there was a great deal of rainy weather and they were but ill protected from it. Their tents were flimsy affairs of grass and brush reinforced in some cases by a piece of an old sail.

The narrative of the 17th says:

> It rained during the greater part of the night, and our flimsy covering being insufficient for our protection, we lay in the water most of the time. What was more unlucky, our chronometer became wet, and in consequence somewhat rusty; but by care we hope to restore it.

On the 21st Gass notes that:

> To-day we made a small lodge of poles and covered it with grass, for Captain Lewis and Captain Clarke, as their tent is not sufficient to defend them from the rain.

The hunters covered a wide range of country in their operations, and from personal knowledge of it, I know that all the game they obtained was at the expenditure of much time and labor. The mountains are steep and heavily timbered, the streams rapid and rocky, and hunting is hard work. Deer and bear were the game found here. Bears were extremely plentiful, "but as they are now ferocious," the journal states, "the hunters never go except in pairs."

The Chopunnish manner of cooking the bear is interesting.

> They immediately prepared a large fire of dried wood, on which was thrown a number of smooth stones from the river. As soon as the fire went down and the stones were heated, they were laid next to each other in a level position, and covered

with a quantity of branches of pine, on which were placed flitches of the bear, and thus placing the boughs and flesh alternately for several courses, leaving a thick layer of pine on the top. On this heap was then poured a small quantity of water, and the whole [was] covered with earth to the depth of four inches. After remaining in this state about three hours the

A Nez Percé, or Chopunnish, Brush Wickiup, in 1902, at the Ford of Collins, or Lolo Creek, Idaho, such as were Used by Lewis and Clark at Camp Chopunnish, in 1806.

meat was taken off, and it was really more tender than that which we had boiled or roasted, though the strong flavor of the pine rendered it disagreeable to our palates.

The Indians were constant and welcome visitors; there were no thieveries; on the contrary, they shared with the white men their store of roots. Here is an instance of their generosity:

Observing that we were in want of food, Hohástilpilp informed us that most of the horses which we saw running at large belonged to him or his people, and requested that whenever we wished any meat we would make use of them without restraint.

Of this nation came Chief Joseph.

At one time when rations were low Sergeant Ordway, with Frazier and Wiser, went across Kamas Prairie to the Salmon and Snake rivers to obtain some salmon. They got the salmon, but most of them were spoiled before they reached camp on their return. These men were probably the first white men to explore the lower Salmon River.

One day the party took an inventory of merchantable property at command.

On parceling out the stores, the stock of each man was found to consist of only one awl and one knitting-pin, half an ounce of vermilion, two needles, a few skeins of thread, and about a yard of ribbon—a slender means of bartering for our subsistence; but the men have been so much accustomed to privations that now neither the want of meat nor the scanty funds of the party excites the least anxiety among them.

Some of even this small stock was lost a few days later by a horse falling into the river when,

we therefore created a new fund, by cutting off the buttons from our clothes [and] preparing some eye-water and basilicon, to which were added some phials and small tin boxes in which we had once kept phosphorus.

With this merchandise M'Neal and York went out on a trading expedition and returned to camp loaded with roots, etc. Their experience recalls a similar one of my own. Late in the fall of 1876, J. H. Renshawe of the present United States Geological Survey, and myself with a topographic party, were slowly making our way down Meadow Valley Wash, in southeastern Nevada. Misfortune had been our

constant companion, and as we reached the banks of Muddy Creek, a beautiful, clear, and cold stream, one noon, we were rather a gloomy set of men. We were a month behind time, our horses were almost exhausted, all of our horse feed was gone, the grazing was worthless, we were out of money and

A Nez Percé—Chopunuish—Indian Woman of the Present Day.

there was no way to get more, and we felt that we were in rather a serious plight.

Soon after we camped a Pai Ute Indian appeared and within a few minutes several more came into camp. We soon found that they had a store of barley and corn and an exchange was quickly effected for certain surplus provisions that we had, and the poor horses were given a full

meal. When the beans and sugar were exhausted the Indians intimated that an old hat or coat would be acceptable for barter. This suggested a new line entirely, and to make a long story short, we bargained off all of our old hats, coats, socks, undergarments, handkerchiefs, pantaloons, etc., for nearly all of which we would soon have no use, for shelled corn and barley, until we finally had six hundred or eight hundred pounds of splendid grain on our wagon. Two revolvers were sold outright for precious silver dollars and a mouth organ, or cheap harmonica, was "great medicine" and brought splendid returns. When we were done, the Indians quietly withdrew, leaving us rich and cheerful, and our grain and money lasted until we reached the Mormon settlements, where we could replenish our supplies.

Indian nature was about the same in 1876 that it was in 1806, and many times when reading of Lewis and Clark's experiences in bartering with the red men, that day on the Muddy has recurred to mind. At first thought, such bartering seems one-sided and inequitable, but it is not necessarily so. What was of value or interest to the Indian may have been worthless to its white owner and *vice versa*. To the child, a jumping-jack or a new-fangled rattle-box is a precious possession, and the Indian was, and is yet in many respects, an overgrown child. So the home-made eye-water and the awls, knitting-pins, and tin boxes of Lewis and Clark, and the cast-off garments and mouth organ of our little party may have had a value to the Indian that is not quite apprehended by us.

The medical services rendered to the Indians by the Captains were constant and of real value. It was at Camp Chopunnish that Bratton, of their own party, had the rheumatism sweated out of him, and the same experiment was successfully performed upon a chief. Several of the party were quite sick while at Chopunnish, among them the

papoose of Sacágawea. In treating their patients these unlicensed doctors used laudanum, cathartics, and harmless eye-water, and they rubbed the rheumatic "with volatile liniment."

In summing up the character of these people, they are described in the narrative, as being

among the most amiable men we have seen. Their character is placid and gentle, rarely moved to passion, yet not often enlivened by gayety. Their amusements consist in running races, and shooting with arrows at a target, and they partake of the great and prevailing vice of gambling. They are, however, by no means attached to baubles as the generality of Indians, but are anxious to obtain articles of utility, such as knives, tomahawks, kettles, blankets, and awls for [making] moccasins.

Their ornaments were

beads, shells, and pieces of brass attached to different parts of the dress, or tied around the arms, neck, wrists, and over the shoulders; to these are added pearls and beads suspended from the ears, and a single shell of wampum through the nose. . . . Collars of bears' claws are also common. But the personal ornament most esteemed is a sort of breastplate, formed of a strip of otter skin six inches wide, cut out of the whole length of the back of the animal, including the head. . . . Tippets also are occasionally worn. That of Hohastilpilp was formed of human scalps and adorned with the thumbs and fingers of several men slain by him in battle.

Regarding the Chopunnish method of sepulture, they say:

The Chopunnish bury their dead in sepulchers formed of boards, constructed like the roof of a house. The body is rolled in skins and laid one over another, separated by a board only, both above and below. We have sometimes seen their dead buried in wooden boxes, and rolled in skins in the manner above mentioned. They sacrifice their horses, canoes, and every other species of property to their dead; the bones of many horses are seen lying round their sepulchers.

In natural history the explorers continued to gather specimens and describe them. Dr. Coues states that "the earliest description of the Louisiana tanager (*Piranga ludoviciana*) ever penned" was by Clark, from a specimen obtained at Camp Chopunnish.

While the explorers were waiting at Chopunnish for the

Northern Pacific Railway Bridge across Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, River, at Lewis and Clark's Old Camp Chopunnish, which was at Farther End of the Bridge.

snow to melt, they watched the river as a mariner watches the barometer. Its varying stages were carefully noted as being indicative of the rapidity with which the snow was melting on the mountains.

After the month of June had come the party became impatient to set out. The Indians warned them against being precipitate, but they were anxious to start. They, therefore,

endeavored to obtain the services of guides, but as a great council was to assemble "in the plain on Lewis's River at the head of Commearp Creek," near where Grangeville is now, nothing definite could be arranged in this way, although Neeshnepáhkeeook promised that some of the young men should go with them. Had the Captains been a little less anxious to start homeward they might just as well as not have attended that meeting of all the bands of the Chopunnish, and no time would have been lost thereby, as will appear.

On June 9th the river "is now six feet lower than it has been, a strong proof that the great body of snow has left the mountains." On June 10th, therefore, they collected their horses and "at eleven o'clock set out for Quamash flats," otherwise Weippe Prairie. Ascending "the river hills," they crossed the divide, descended to Collins Creek, which was swollen, "deep and difficult to cross," again climbed the mountain and, going northward, reached the prairie and "camped on the bank of a small stream, in a point of woods bordering the extensive level and beautiful prairie" near where they had met the Chopunnish the preceding autumn.

It was with great interest that, with Messrs. De Camp and Wright, I followed this old trail in the summer of 1902. After reaching the divide we travelled for a mile across a pine and tamarack tree country, which is being gradually cleared by settlers, and then began the descent to the crossing of Lolo —Collins—Creek. The old trail and a modern wagon road had been more or less commingled, but now the road disappeared and we followed the fine old Indian trail,wide, plain, and deep, three feet or more at places, winding down through the forest and along the mountain side in the usual sharp, zigzag fashion. At last we reached the creek, a clear, rushing stream thirty feet wide and knee-deep, in a wild, secluded pocket in the mountains and forming a beautiful camping

spot. Other visitors had just arrived. A fine-looking Nez Percé Indian; his comely squaw and her mother, perhaps; a black-headed, black-eyed youngster, five or six years old and stark naked, and a tiny miss clad in a very dirty calico shift, were there. About a little fire the women were preparing a noon-day meal. To the young squaw's credit be it told, she carefully washed her hands and face at the border of the stream before beginning her culinary duties.

After some bantering conversation back and forth, we climbed slowly out of the cañon, over a hard, tiresome trail, and then, down a gentle grade through the deep, cool forest, made our way to the eastern side of Weippe Prairie, where we bivouacked for the night under a pine tree in a forty-acre pasture.

Like the Three Forks of the Missouri, Weippe Prairie was a converging point for trails from all directions. Here at the western extremity of the big trail across the mountains the Indian roads centred, and here to-day traces of them may yet be seen.

The Weippe Prairie is a wide, level stretch of country watered by the Jim Ford Creek, a very sluggish one, which flows to the north and into the main Kooskooskee River. Grain, including winter wheat, and the hardier vegetables, grow luxuriantly, but melons, cucumbers, etc., have not yet been successfully cultivated.

The settling up and fencing in of the prairie have resulted in the obliteration, to a great extent, of the old trails. Two of them I learned upon inquiry came together near our camp and continued eastward along the edge of the timber. One of these was the trail followed by Lewis and Clark and by us also.

Upon the succeeding day, early in the morning, as we were proceeding mountainward, we saw "a point of woods" that exactly fitted the description of the place where Lewis

and Clark had camped, and which I doubt not was the spot.

Lewis and Clark remained at their Weippe camp from June 10th to 15th. In the meantime they sent one of the Fields brothers and Willard forward "eight miles to a prairie on this side of Collins Creek, with orders to hunt till

The Old Ford at Collins, or Lolo, Creek, between Camp Chopunnish, or Kâmiah, and Weippe Prairie.

our arrival." Dr. Coues mistakenly supposed that this was Weippe Prairie. It may have been a prairie on either Brown Creek or Musselshell Creek. These streams are not far apart and there is a beautiful clearing on each stream, either of which meets the meagre description given by the explorers.

On June 15, 1806, at ten o'clock A.M., the party started

to recross the Bitter Root Range, and Gass states that when they left Weippe they had sixty-six horses.

Following their old trail to Musselshell Creek, they seem there to have diverged from it and to have reached Collins Creek, at a point south from the forks, where they overtook Fields and Willard. Then, crossing the stream, and the mountains which lie *south* of the eastern branch of Collins Creek, they reached this eastern branch at a point about ten miles above the main forks, where they camped in a little bottom.

On the 16th and 17th they virtually retraced their old trail, crossing Hungry Creek twice, as they state. In climbing the spur of the mountains leading from Hungry Creek northeast to the main divide between the North, or Chopunnish, Fork and the Lochsa Fork of the Kooskooskee, they found themselves

> enveloped in snow from twelve to fifteen feet in depth, even on the south side of the mountain, with the fullest exposure to the sun. Winter now presented itself in all its rigors, the air was keen and cold, no vestige of vegetation was to be seen, and our hands and feet benumbed. . . .
>
> To proceed, therefore, under such circumstances, would be to hazard our being bewildered in the mountains, and to insure the loss of our horses, and even should we be so fortunate as to escape with our lives, we might be obliged to abandon all our papers and collections. It was therefore decided not to venture any farther. . . . Our baggage was placed on scaffolds and carefully covered, as were also the instruments and papers, which we thought it safer to leave than to risk them over the roads and creeks by which we came.
>
> Having completed this operation we set out at one o'clock, and treading back our steps reached Hungry Creek, which we ascended for two miles till, finding some scanty grass, we encamped. The rain fell during the greater part of the evening, and as this was the first time that we have ever been compelled to make any retrograde movement, we feared that it might depress the spirits of the men; but though [they were] somewhat dejected at the circumstance, the obvious necessity precluded all repining.

It was a serious and gloomy time, but they bore themselves nobly in their disappointment. Again they learned by hard, bitter experience that the Indians knew prevailing conditions better than they, and had spoken the truth to them.

There was now but one thing to do, to return to the low ground, and if possible obtain guides. They retraced their steps, on the 18th, to the meadows on Collins Creek, just above their camp of June 15th, the Fields brothers remaining at Hungry Creek to hunt. On the way Potts cut his leg seriously, and Colter's horse rolled down the rocks of Hungry Creek and injured its rider.

Drewyer and Shannon (note how often young Shannon was one of two or three sent out on important missions) were at once sent back to the Chopunnish council on Kamas Prairie to engage guides. It was determined to remain at Collins Creek, where the pasturage was ample, until Drewyer and Shannon returned, if the hunters could supply the party with game. This was soon ascertained to be impossible, and accordingly, collecting their horses, on June 21st they returned to the old camp at Quamash flats, or Weippe Prairie.

On June 23d Drewyer and Shannon returned with

> three Indians, who promised to go with us to the Falls of the Missouri, for the compensation of two guns. One of them is the brother of the Cutnose, and the other two had each given us a horse at the house of the Brokenarm; and as they are men of good character, and respected in the nation, we have the best prospect of being well served.

On June 24th the party again set out to pass the mountains. At Collins Creek they picked up Frazier, who, with Wiser, had been sent ahead to hold two Indians, who were also waiting there, a day or two longer, and on a branch of Collins Creek, not Fish Creek as the narrative states, they

found Gass, Wiser, and the two Indians, and there they camped. That night the Indians set the woods afire "in order as they said to bring fair weather for our journey."

The next day one of the three Indians complained of being sick; this at first appeared to be a pretence and ominous of desertion, but the party proceeded, and the sick

The "Point of Woods," where Lewis and Clark probably Camped on Weippe Prairie, Idaho, June 10, 1806.

Indian and his two comrades overtook them on a branch of Hungry Creek. The fellow was indeed sick, and the Captains now endeavored to alleviate his suffering. They camped again on Hungry Creek just below their camp of June 16th.

On June 26th, they reached their *cache* on the mountain and found everything in good condition; the snow had melted nearly four feet since June 17th, and there was now about

seven feet of snow remaining on the mountains, along the trail. After a hasty meal they started on, now confident and sure, with good guides to lead them, and also urged on by the latter, for it was a long ride to where there was grass for the horses. "We mounted," therefore, the narrative reads,

> and following their steps, sometimes crossed abruptly steep hills, and then wound along their sides near tremendous precipices, where, had our horses slipped, we should have been lost irrecoverably. Our route lay on the ridgy mountains which separate the waters of the Kooskooskee and Chopunnish [Ahsáhka and Lochsa forks], above the heads of all the streams, so that we met no running water.

They passed their camp of September 18th, 1805, near the point where they had first sighted Kamas Prairie, and late in the evening stopped at a "good spring of water . . . on the steep side of a mountain, with no wood and a fair southern aspect."

The following day, June 27th, they resumed their route

> over the heights and steep hills of the same great ridge. At eight miles' distance we reached an eminence where the Indians have raised a conic mound of stone, six or eight feet high, on which is fixed a pole made of pine, about fifteen feet long.

Here they halted and smoked for some time at the request of the Indians. This mound, similar to those at the Indian Post-offices, is at or near what is now known as Castle Butte, and it is "one mile short [east] of their camp of September 17 [1805]," Lewis says. The point is a very commanding one and the journal has an interesting passage penned at that spot, as follows:

> From this elevated spot we have a commanding view of the surrounding mountains, which so completely inclose us that, although we have once [in Sept., 1805] passed them, we almost

despair of ever escaping from them without the assistance of the Indians. . . . Our guides traverse this trackless region with a kind of instinctive sagacity; they never hesitate, they are never embarrassed; and so undeviating is their step, that wherever the snow has disappeared, for even a hundred paces, we find the summer road.

Gass has some interesting comments, on this day.

The snow is so deep that we cannot wind along the sides of these steeps, but must slide straight down. The horses generally do not sink more than three inches in the snow; but sometimes they break through to their bellies. . . . The day was pleasant throughout; but it appeared to me somewhat extraordinary, to be traveling over snow six or eight feet deep in the latter end of June.

Ten miles from the stone mound they passed their camp of September 16, 1805,—the camp nearest the Indian Post-offices—and after making twenty-eight miles camped on the ridge.

On the morning of the 28th, the horses "exhibited rather a gaunt appearance," having had nothing to eat. Starting early, at six miles' distance they passed their camp of September 15, 1805, and one mile and a half farther along, they passed "the road from the right, immediately on the dividing ridge, leading by the fishery" by which they had climbed the mountain in 1805 after leaving Colt-killed Creek, and which the Chopunnish guides now rejected.

June 29th was a red-letter day.

We continued along the ridge which we have been following for several days, till at the end of five miles it terminated; and now bidding adieu to the snows in which we have been imprisoned, we descended to the main branch of the Kooskooskee.

There they found a deer hung up for them by the hunters who had "been dispatched at an early hour."

Crossing the river, they climbed "for two miles the steep

acclivities of a mountain, on the summit of which we found coming in from the right the old road [to Colt-killed Creek] which we had passed on our route last autumn."

At twelve miles' distance from their camp of the morning, they reached the Glade Creek flats, where they dined on the deer found at the river and let their horses graze.

If, upon reaching this point, they did n't break forth into the long-metre Doxology, they should have done so. That afternoon they reached the Hot Springs, "and most of us bathed in its water," Gass says.

The night of June 30th, 1806, the party were again at Traveller's-rest Creek, their old camp of September 9 and 10, 1805, not a man missing, and with six deer killed on the way down from the Hot Springs.

CHAPTER VI

ROUTE OF CAPTAIN LEWIS TO THE MOUTH OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER

WHILE the return of the expedition to Traveller's-rest Creek without the loss or maiming of any of the party must have been a matter for profound thankfulness to each and all of them, it was, likely enough, tempered somewhat with a tinge of regret, for here the party was to be divided. Hitherto, the segregations had been but temporary, and the detached party could easily, in case of necessity, fall back upon the main body. Besides, every day or two there were evidences of their proximity in the shape of the carcass of a deer hung up along the trail, a note attached to a pole, or a messenger sent in, so that, although lost to sight and some miles distant, their presence was really felt. Now, however, the division was to be of a different character, and while they were eventually to come together again, if their plans failed not, yet there would be time and occasion for all sorts of happenings.

We now formed the following plan of operations: Captain Lewis, with nine men, is to pursue the most direct route to the Falls of the Missouri, where three of his party are to be left to prepare carriages for transporting the baggage and canoes across the portage. With the remaining six he will ascend Maria's River to explore the country and ascertain whether any branch of it reaches as far north as the latitude of 50°, after which he will descend that river to its mouth. The rest of the men will accompany Captain Clark to the head of Jefferson River, which Sergeant Ordway and a party of nine men will descend with the canoes and other articles deposited there. Captain Clark's party, which will then be reduced to ten [men

besides himself and Sacágawea], will proceed to the Yellowstone at its nearest approach to the Three Forks of the Missouri. There he will build canoes and go down that river with seven of his party, and wait at its mouth till the rest of the party join him. Sergeant Pryor, with two others, will then take the horses by land to the Mandans.

Gass puts the matter in much the same form, but this plan was considerably modified in its execution by circumstances.

The party remained at Traveller's-rest until July 3d, during which time the arms were put in complete repair, the hunters brought in many deer, the flesh of which they "jerked" and thus rendered it easily transportable, and all things were put in readiness for the forthcoming departure.

A statement of the narrative, at this camp, runs as follows:

The Indians assert that there are great numbers of the white buffaloe or mountain sheep [*Haplocerus montanus*], on the snowy heights of the mountains west of Clark's River. They generally inhabit the rocky and most inaccessible parts of the mountains, but as they are not fleet are easily killed by hunters.

This is eminently true to-day. The white goat [*Ovis montanus*], for such it was—not the Rocky Mountain sheep—is found upon the heights of this range in fairly large numbers, and this locality is one of the best in the country for goat hunting.

The Indians who had so ably guided them across the mountains were prevailed upon to remain and assist Captain Lewis in getting well started on his route.

To the chief Captain Lewis gave a small medal and a gun, as a reward for having guided us across the mountains; in return the customary civility of exchanging names passed between them, by which the former acquired the title of Yomekollick. . . . The Chopunnish, who had overtaken us on

the 26th, made us a present of an excellent horse for the good advice we gave him.

As to Lewis's new name he says: "I was called Yo-me-kol-lick which interpreted is *the White bearskin foalded.*" This sort of "kollick" was not one, evidently, that required medicinal treatment.

And now for their departure upon divergent trails!

For convenience we will follow Captain Lewis's party in its adventures during this separation, to the time of reunion, and then return and accompany Captain Clark on his journey.

JULY 3d [1806]. All our preparations being completed, we saddled our horses, and the two parties who had been so long companions, now separated with an anxious hope of soon meeting, after each had accomplished the purpose of his destination.

Captain Lewis's party consisted of himself, Gass, Drewyer the two Fields brothers, Werner, Frazier, M'Neal, Thompson, and Goodrich, and the last three were to attend to the portage at the Great Falls.

Captain Lewis followed down the left bank of Clark's River to its junction with the "eastern branch," now known as the Hellgate River. Two miles below the junction they constructed "three small rafts," upon which they finally crossed to the north side, the horses, of course, swimming the river. The raft upon which Lewis and two others crossed was carried down the stream a mile and a half, and as they reached the farther shore the raft sank and Lewis was thrown into the water and compelled to swim ashore. After all were safely landed, they moved up the river three miles and camped on a creek flowing down from the mountains to the north, undoubtedly Grant Creek, which lies about right to meet the conditions of the narrative.

The Indians felt that they could now be of no further use

to the Captain, and after giving him all the information they possessed regarding the trail, which was well beaten and defined, they were released from further service. They remained together during a part of the Fourth of July, 1806, which does not seem to have been celebrated in any manner.

The parting of these faithful friends was with mutual esteem and regret.

> We could not insist on their remaining longer with us; and as they had so kindly conducted us across the mountains, we were desirous of giving them a supply of provisions, and therefore distributed to them half of three deer, and the hunters were ordered to go out early in the morning in hope of adding to the stock.
>
> We now smoked a farewell pipe with our estimable companions, who expressed every emotion of regret at parting with us, which they felt the more, because they did not conceal their fears of our being cut off by the Pahkees. . . .
>
> Having taken leave of the Indians, we mounted our horses and proceeded up the eastern [Hellgate River] branch of Clark's River through the level plain in which we were camped. At the distance of five miles we crossed a small creek fifteen yards wide, and entered the mountains.

Gass, too, speaks appreciatively of the Chopunnish. After recounting the events of the passage of the river a little differently from what Lewis does, he records:

> We then gave them some presents and took a friendly leave of them: and it is but justice to say, that the whole nation to which they belong, are the most friendly, honest and ingenious people that we have seen in the course of our voyage and travels. After taking our farewell of these good hearted, hospitable and obliging sons of the west, we proceeded on.

In the plain mentioned by Lewis, Missoula is now situated and the "creek fifteen yards wide" is Rattlesnake Creek. This plain at the junction of the two streams is a glorious, wide, mountain-walled valley extending on both sides of the Hellgate River. Near the junction of the rivers Fort Missoula, a

A View from the Car Windows on the Route of Captain Lewis along the Hellgate River, Montana, near Missoula. Hellgate Cañon in the Distance.

most delightful military post, is located. At the point where they "entered the mountains"—the mouth of Hellgate Cañon—stands, on the north, Mt. Jumbo, a remarkable likeness of a recumbent elephant, in head, trunk, body, shape, and even in the tawny color of the mountain itself. On the opposite side of the Hellgate River and at the base of the mountain the buildings of the Montana State University are conspicuously placed.

The mouth of the Hellgate Cañon is a point of some historical interest as relates to both the name of the cañon and the city of Missoula, and I will quote from Father Palladino's interesting work, heretofore mentioned:

> The name Missoula, seems to have been formed from some derivative of the Flat-head radical "i-sul," which means "cold," "chilly," either through a want of natural heat or from surprise, fear, etc., as, chilled with fright; and conveys therefore, the idea of a place of surprise, of threatened, impending, or apprehended danger, arising, for instance, from a foe in ambush.
>
> Thus the Indians called the mouth of the cañon and its approaches. . . . This cañon, about one-eighth of a mile wide at its mouth, was the natural gate through which the Indians west of the range, the Flat-heads, Pend d'Oreilles, Kalispels and Nez Percés had to pass on their annual trips eastward to hunt the buffalo, and here in these fastnesses and narrow passes always lurked war parties of Blackfeet or Piegans to give them battle and steal their horses. Hence the ominous Indian name, which some French speaking Iroquois and trappers who had wandered into the country, rendered very significant by *Porte d'Enfer*, or *Hell's Gate*. The appellation, in both its French and English renderings, passed to the river and to the first white settlement on its banks, a short distance below, while the Indian name, as frequently pronounced by the natives and half breeds, and further euphonized by the whites into Missoula, was given to the town built upon the original spot and later on also to the County.

I have heard it stated that in the early years when the Blackfeet were given to their forays through the cañon, bones and skulls were freely scattered about there, giving

rise to the expression, "*Isul!*—horror and surprise—*Ce ressemble à la porte d'Enfer.* This looks like the gates of hell."

Lewis proceeded up the Hellgate River to the mouth of the Cokalahishkit (Big Blackfoot) River, which, being interpreted, meant "the river of the road to buffalo"; and this it was, for the Nez Percé and Salish used this route to the buffalo grounds. He camped on the night of July 4th eight miles up that stream.

From his camp of the morning to the junction of Hellgate and Cokalahishkit rivers, the Captain followed a trail along which the engineers of the Northern Pacific Railway, seventy odd years later, laid out the line of that railway. The last spike driven on the completion of the through line in 1883 was only fifty-eight miles east from where Lewis left the main stream, and it was also the point where the first discovery of gold in Montana was made, in 1852.

The junction of the Hellgate and Cokalahishkit rivers was the site of the Cantonment Wright of Captain Mullan during the winter of 1861–62, while he was engaged in exploration and construction of the Mullan wagon road, which extended from Fort Benton to Fort Walla Walla.

On the succeeding days, Lewis proceeded along the Indian trail, which at places carried him away from the stream. There were no incidents of particular importance, but he noted the streams and characteristics of the country as usual, and the Cokalahishkit, or Blackfoot, country is one possessing some fine bursts of scenery.

That Lewis was faithful in his record, Governor Stevens attested in his report, as follows:

> As I moved up the valley I began to realize the fidelity of the description of Lewis and Clark, who speak of the whole prairie of the Blackfoot, over which our day's journey led to-day, as the Prairie of the Knobs. On a map of the usual scale, these

knobs or little ridges are too small to be represented, as the slightest mark on the map would exaggerate them.

Stevens Prairie is another name given to the Prairie of the Knobs, or Blackfoot Prairie.

On July 7th, Captain Lewis, following the injunction of the Indians to take *the left-hand trail* when he reached the forks of both trail and stream as he neared the divide, left the main branch—which leads up to Cadotte's Pass—and ascended the one known as Lander's Fork. This stream was explored by F. W. Lander, afterwards General, who was one of Governor Stevens's engineers on his Pacific Railroad survey in 1853, and it was named after him.

Gass's record for the 7th reads thus:

> Having gone about five miles, we crossed the main branch of the river, which comes in from the north; and up which the road goes about five miles further and then takes over a hill towards the east. On the top of this hill there are two beautiful ponds, of about three acres in size. We passed over the ridge and struck a small stream, which we at first thought was of the head waters of the Missouri, but found it was not. Here we halted for dinner, and after staying three hours, proceeded on four miles up the branch, when we came to the dividing ridge between the waters of the Missouri and Columbia; passed over the ridge and came to a fine spring the waters of which run into the Missouri. We then kept down this stream or branch about a mile; then turned a north course along the side of the dividing ridge for eight miles, passing a number of small streams or branches, and at 9 o'clock at night encamped after coming 32 miles.

Governor Stevens had this pass and route surveyed by two of his parties in 1853 and 1854; he himself passed through here in 1855, and his report has much to say of the locality.

This pass is known as LEWIS AND CLARK'S PASS, and it is the only one of the six crossed by the explorers that evidences the fact that such men as Lewis and Clark were ever

within the precincts of the Rocky Mountains; and yet, as previously pointed out, it is misnamed. It should be called Lewis's Pass, for Clark never even saw it.

Captain Lewis camped on one of the head streams of Dearborn's River, and the party may well have felt "delighted" and rejoiced to have reached the waters of the Missouri once more.

The worst was, presumably, over when they had recrossed the Bitter Root Range and were again at Traveller's-rest, but they were even then still on Columbian waters, and the route over which they have now come was then an unknown one and, until the wide plains about the Great Falls with their bears and buffaloes were again in sight, "home, sweet home" may have seemed, naturally enough, much farther away than it actually was.

Captain Lewis now abandoned the trail and struck directly north to Medicine, or Sun, River down which they hunted, when the rain allowed them, to the mouth of that stream, which they reached on July 11th.

The buffalo were in the neighborhood in large numbers. There were at least ten thousand of them "within a circuit of two miles," so that upon arriving at their camp-ground early in the afternoon, and the hunters at once beginning their work, they procured before night a stock of food and hides sufficient for their purposes.

From the buffalo hides they made one bull-boat, and a skin canoe after their own designs;—and "toward night" of July 12th crossed over the river to their old camp at Whitebear Islands.

The morning of the 12th, their horses were discovered to be missing and at dark seven of them were unrecovered, "while Drewyer was still in quest of them."

On the 13th, when they opened their *cache* they found that high water from the river had penetrated it and played

havoc. A vial of laudanum had also become uncorked and "run into a drawer of medicines, which it spoiled beyond recovery." Those articles which were in good condition were hidden on a scaffold in the thick brush of one of the islands, as a precaution against Indians until the party from Captain Clark's detachment should arrive with the canoes. The iron frame of the Harper's Ferry boat and the old cottonwood carriage wheels—the latter very precious to them—were in good order.

On the 15th, Drewyer returned without the missing horses. He had followed their trail beyond Dearborn's River and ascertained that a party of Indians—Tushepaws—had stolen them. He continued the pursuit until his own horse was completely exhausted, when, compelled to abandon the trail and the horses, he returned to camp.

One thing to be noted in all the operations of the expedition was the fearlessness and absolute independence of action of these men when sent out on such errands as this. Singly and in pairs they penetrated into unknown wilds, hunting, following lost horses, seeking trails, etc., apparently not knowing hesitation or fear, and risking ambushment, attack, and death.

Their old foes the bears were still seeking whom or what they might devour, about the falls, and M'Neal, who had been sent to examine the *cache* at the lower end of the portage, was the victim of a singular adventure.

Just as he arrived near Willow run, he approached a thicket of brush in which was a white bear, which he did not discover till he was within ten feet of him; his horse started, and wheeling suddenly round, threw M'Neal almost immediately under the bear, which started up instantly, and finding the bear raising himself on his hind feet to attack him, struck him on the head with the butt end of his musket; the blow was so violent that it broke the breech of the musket and knocked the bear to the ground, and before he recovered, M'Neal, seeing a willow tree close by,

sprang up, and there remained while the bear closely guarded the foot of the tree until late in the afternoon. He then went off, and M'Neal being released came down, and having found his horse, which had strayed off to the distance of two miles, returned to camp. These animals are, indeed, of a most extraordinary ferocity, and it is matter of wonder that in all our encounters we have had the good fortune to escape. We are now troubled with another enemy . . . the musquetoes, who now infest us in such myriads that we frequently get them into our throats when breathing, and the dog even howls with the torture they occasion.

It is worthy of passing note that the route by which Lewis had just crossed the mountains and which was so important a link in the *short route* from the Atlantic to the Pacific, of Lewis and Clark, has never been brought into use as a transcontinental railway pass. As we have seen, Governor Stevens explored and mapped it with this object in view, and it has never been forgotten in this connection, but thus far, it has never been found feasible and economical to make use of either Lewis and Clark's or Cadotte's Pass for this purpose.

Captain Lewis was now ready to depart on his exploration to the headwaters of Maria's River. He changed his original plan and, besides leaving M'Neal, Goodrich, and Thompson at this place, left also Gass, Frazier, and Werner, making six in all. He took with him Drewyer and the Fields brothers, without much doubt the three best men of the entire expedition for such a journey. The Captain started on this trip on July 16th. Gass states that Lewis took six horses with him and left four horses behind to assist in making the portage across the plains.

When Captain Lewis left us, he gave orders that we should wait at the mouth of Maria's River to the 1st of September at which time, should he not arrive, we were to proceed on and join Capt. Clarke at the mouth of the Yellow-stone River, and then to return home: but [he] informed us, that should his life

and health be preserved he would meet us at the mouth of Maria's river on the 5th of August.

On the 19th of July, Sergeant Ordway and his nine men arrived with the canoes from the Three Forks, where they had left Captain Clark. Strayed horses then delayed the beginning of the portage for a day, but on July 22d a start was effected.

Broken axle-trees, stormy weather, sickness, and an accident opposed their progress, but on the 26th the portage was completed, and on July 27th, while Gass and a companion swam the horses across to the north, or left, bank of the river and went on overland, Ordway and the rest navigated the canoes down to the mouth of Maria's River, which was reached on July 28th. Gass, in his journal, describes an antelope hunt by wolves that he saw, en route, which is of interest.

> In our way we killed a buffaloe and a goat [antelope]. The wolves in packs occasionally hunt these goats, which are too swift to be run down and taken by a single wolf. The wolves having fixed upon their intended prey and taken their stations, a part of the pack commence the chase, and running it in a circle, are at certain intervals relieved by others. In this manner they are able to run a goat down.

Captain Lewis when leaving Whitebear Camp "descended in a skin canoe to the lower side of the Medicine River, where the horses had previously been sent." He first visited the Rainbow Fall, where he made a sketch and dined, and then "proceeded" to the Great Fall, where the party remained during the night of July 16th. Starting from the fall on the succeeding morning, their course was a little west of north, until upon reaching the Tansy, or Rose River, as they also called the present Teton, after a ride of twenty miles they went into camp, as good water and fuel were there abundant.

The beginning of their trip was uneventful, but at this

point an incident occurred that caused them some anxiety. As they reached this river they noticed the fresh tracks of a bleeding buffalo, which was presumptive evidence of the presence of Indians. Those whom they would now meet were

> the Minnetarees of Fort de Prairie and the Blackfoot Indians, both of whom are vicious and profligate rovers; and we have therefore everything to fear, . . . if they are sufficiently strong. In order therefore, to avoid if possible an interview with them, we hurried across the [Teton] River to a thick wood, and having turned out the horses to graze, Drewyer went in quest of the buffaloe to kill it, and ascertain whether the wound was given by the Indians, while the rest reconnoitered the whole country. In about three hours they all returned without having seen the buffaloe or any Indians in the plains.

It was really a great risk that Lewis took when he started upon this trip with but three men, and it was the only time that there seems to have been any apparent premonition of trouble to come.

The Tansy River scare, luckily, proved a false alarm, and on the 18th they continued northward, feeling a trifle farther to the west, and passing immense herds of buffalo, until they reached and forded Maria's River, six miles above the point to which Lewis had ascended the previous autumn on that well-remembered reconnaissance.

On July 20th they continued along the north side of the stream, with no incidents of moment, and at the end of twenty-eight miles they camped, again on the north side, and a few miles, apparently, above the mouth of the Dry Fork of Maria's River. At the mouth of this stream the Great Northern Railway branch line from Great Falls to Shelby junction and northward crosses Maria's River.

It was a freak of fortune that Lewis's entire trip into the country of the Blackfeet, barring the scare at Tansy River, was a most eventless, commonplace one until the supreme

moment arrived, when there was crowded into a brief hour, or even less, an experience that made a real adventure of the trip.

July 21st, after a ride of fifteen miles, they reached the forks of Maria's River, the southern branch of which is now known as Two Medicine Creek, or River, and the northern one as Cutbank Creek. Both rise in the main range of the Rockies to the west in about latitude 48° 30′, flow parallel to each other not many miles apart, after the first sheering of the Cutbank to the north, and traverse the entire width of the present Blackfeet Indian Reservation.

As the Captain was searching out the most northern sources of the river, his route manifestly led him to follow the Cutbank branch, which he did, striking out across the plains and reaching the stream again at a distance of eight miles, or near where the main line of the Great Northern Railway crosses the Cutbank at Cutbank station. At this point they forded the stream to the west, or south, side, went on five miles farther and camped "under a cliff, where, not seeing any timber, we made a fire of buffaloe-dung ['chips'] and passed the night."

This was the extreme northern point reached by Lewis on this journey and it was the most northern point reached by any portion of the expedition. The reason for proceeding no farther, Lewis states in these words:

> As we have ceased to hope that any branches of Maria's River extend as far north as the 50th degree of latitude, we deem it useless to proceed farther. . . . We therefore determined to remain here two days, for the purpose of making the necessary observations and resting our horses.

During their rest here Drewyer—it was generally Drewyer who was selected when a very important mission requiring intelligence and plains- or woodcraft or both was necessary—was sent toward the mountains to examine the further

Trapper Chased by the Blackfeet Indians. (*From drawing by Paxson.*)

course of the river. On this jaunt he discovered unmistakable evidences of the recent proximity of Indians. This impression was confirmed by the fact that the hunters found no game, although they went as far south as the Two Medicine Fork of the Maria's, a distance of ten miles.

The lack of game was a serious thing in two ways. First, they were almost out of rations.

> We had nothing to eat except the grease which we pressed from our tainted meat and [with which we] formed a mush of cows [kowse], reserving one meal more of the same kind for to-morrow.

Lack of game might necessitate the killing of a horse, which, just then, was not desirable. Again, it meant that the hunters must wander a good many miles away in their fruitless search, which, in a region infested by Blackfeet, was certainly most undesirable and dangerous for all of them, but there was no help for it; luck was with them, however, for they encountered no Indians, although, on July 25th, the hunters saw a great number of "evacuated lodges" and finally, on that same day, they brought home "a fine buck, on which we fared sumptuously."

They were compelled to remain here three days owing to bad weather, and because of his failure to obtain a "celestial observation" Lewis called this place "Camp Disappointment."

A statement of the narrative while at this point is of interest.

> The river itself has nearly doubled the volume of water which it possessed when we first saw it below, a circumstance to be ascribed, no doubt, to the great evaporation and absorption of the water in its passage through these open plains.

On July 26th, the weather still being cloudy, Lewis concluded that it was useless to wait longer for an observation,

so they mounted their horses and departed "in a direction nearly southeast."

Camp Disappointment was located on the Cutbank Fork of Maria's River, very close to the 113th meridian. It was in the heart of the present Blackfeet Reservation and eight or ten miles northwest from Blackfoot station on the Great Northern Railway.

Captain Lewis in his southeastern course evidently passed between the present railway stations of Blackfoot and Carlow, and he reached and forded the Two Medicine branch, two miles above its junction with Badger Creek. He now purposed descending the confluent stream to its junction with the Cutbank, and then, crossing diagonally to the southeast, to the Tansy, or Teton River, following that stream to Maria's River. They accordingly advanced one mile down the stream and, "in a fertile bottom, in which were some Indian lodges that appeared to have been inhabited the last winter," they halted to let the horses graze and to eat a little venison themselves. This spot was, therefore, one mile below the junction of Two Medicine River and Badger Creek.

Continuing the journey:

> At the distance of three miles we ascended the hills close to the river side, while Drewyer pursued the valley of the river on the opposite side. But scarcely had Captain Lewis reached the high plain when he saw, about a mile on his left a collection of about thirty horses. He immediately halted, and by the aid of his spy-glass discovered that one-half of the horses were saddled, and that on the eminence above the horses several Indians were looking down toward the river, probably at Drewyer. This was a most unwelcome sight. Their probable numbers rendered any contest with them of doubtful issue; to attempt to escape would only invite pursuit, and our horses were so bad that we must certainly be overtaken; besides which, Drewyer could not yet be aware that the Indians were near, and if we ran he would most probably be sacrificed. We therefore determined to make the best of our situation, and advanced toward them in a friendly manner. The flag which we had brought in case of any such

accident was therefore displayed, and we continued slowly our march toward them. Their whole attention was so engaged by Drewyer that they did not immediately discover us. As soon as they did see us, they appeared to be much alarmed and ran about in confusion, and some of them came down the hill and drove their horses within gunshot of the eminence, to which they then returned as if to await our arrival. When we came within a quarter of a mile, one of the Indians mounted and rode at full speed to receive us; but when within a hundred paces of us he halted, and Captain Lewis, who had alighted to receive him, held out his hand and beckoned to him to approach; he only looked at us for some time, and then, without saying a word, returned to his companions with as much haste as he had advanced. The whole party now descended the hill and rode toward us. As yet we saw only eight, but presumed that there must be more behind us as there were several horses saddled. We however advanced, and Captain Lewis now told his two men that he believed these were the Minnetarees of Fort de Prairie, who, from their infamous character, would in all probability attempt to rob us; but being determined to die rather than lose his papers and instruments, he intended to resist to the last extremity, and advised them to do the same, and to be on the alert should there be any disposition to attack us. When the two parties came within a hundred yards of each other all the Indians except one halted. Captain Lewis therefore ordered his two men to halt while he advanced, and after shaking hands with the Indian, went on and did the same with the others in the rear, while the Indian himself shook hands with the two men. They all now came up, and after alighting, the Indians asked to smoke with us. Captain Lewis, who was very anxious for Drewyer's safety, told them that the man who had gone down the river had the pipe, and requested that as they had seen him, one of them would accompany R. Fields, to bring him back. To this they assented, and Fields went with a young man in search of Drewyer.

Captain Lewis now asked them by signs if they were the Minnetarees of the North, and was sorry to learn by their answer that his suspicion was too true. He then inquired if there was any chief among them. They pointed out three; but though he did not believe them, yet it was thought best to please them, and he therefore gave to one a flag, to another a medal, and to a third a handkerchief. They appeared to be well satisfied with these presents, and now recovered from the agitation into which our first interview had thrown them, for they were

really more alarmed than ourselves at the meeting. In our turn, however, we became equally satisfied on finding that they were not joined by any more of their companions, for we consider ourselves quite a match for eight Indians, particularly as these have but two guns, the rest being armed with only eye-dogs [a sort of hatchet] and bows and arrows. As it was growing late Captain Lewis proposed that they should camp together near the river; for he was glad to see them and had a great deal to say to them. They assented; and being soon joined by Drewyer, we proceeded toward the river, and after descending a very steep bluff, two hundred and fifty feet high, encamped in a small bottom.

Here the Indians erected a large tent in which they slept with Lewis and Drewyer, while "the Fieldses lay near the fire in front."

During the evening Lewis and the Minnetarees held a council, with Drewyer as interpreter, in which the Indians informed the Captain that a large band of their people were camped about one and a half days' journey west of where Lewis was, at the base of the mountains, and that there was a white man with them. Another band was also in the neighborhood.

Lewis, in turn, gave the Indians an account of his own party and their exploration, placed before them the advantages of peace with the other tribes, as usual, proposed trade relations for the future, and wished some of them to go with him to the mouth of Maria's River. The Indians appeared gentle enough and willingly assented to all these propositions except the last, of which they seemed to fight shy. They were great smokers and as night drew on the Captain kept the pipe going and while the other men went to sleep he "took the first watch to-night and set up untill half after eleven," when, the Indians appearing to have gone to sleep, he awakened R. Fields and he himself laid down and "fell into a profound sleep," first cautioning Fields that as the Indians would probably attempt to steal

their horses to "rouse us all in case any Indians left the camp."

If the Minnetarees thought to lull Lewis and his men into a false security and a watchless sleep, when they could, without danger to themselves, murder them and make off with their scalps and plunder, they were completely foiled.

Captain Lewis Shooting an Indian. (*From an old print from "A Journal of Voyages," etc., by Patrick Gass.*)

In the morning the Indians arose at dawn before Lewis and his men were awake, and crowded around J. Fields who was on guard, but who, unaccountably enough, had negligently left his rifle near his brother, where the Indians could get it. The opportunity was one not to be lost, and the Indians seized the rifles of the four men, Lewis still being sound asleep, and made off. Fields, however, at once discovered the theft and seeing the thieves running away, he called out, while he and his brother pursued the fellow that

had their own rifles. They overtook him and, in the scuffle which followed, R. Fields stabbed the Indian to the heart; the fellow fell dead almost at once, and the Fieldses hastened back to camp. Drewyer was awake when the Indian attempted to grab his rifle, and in the words of Captain Lewis he

instantly jumped up and sized her and rested her from him but the indian still retained his pouch, his jumping up and crying damn you let go my gun awakened me I jumped up and asked what was the matter which I quickly learned when I saw drewyer in a scuffle with the indian for his gun, I reached to seize my gun but found her gone, I then drew a pistol from my holster and terning myself about saw the indian making off with my gun I ran at him with my pistol and bid him lay down my gun which he was in the act of doing when the Fieldses returned and drew up their guns to shoot him which I forbid. . . . as soon as they found us all in the possession of our arms they ran and indeavored to drive off all the horses I now hollowed to the men and told them to fire on them if they attempted to drive off our horses, they accordingly pursued the main party who were driving the horses up the river and I pursued the man who had taken my gun who with another was driving off a part of the horses which were to the left of the camp, I pursued them so closely that they could not take twelve of their own horses but continued to drive one of mine with some others; at the distance of 300 paces they entered one of those steep nitches in the bluff with the horses before them being nearly out of breath I could pursue no further, I called to them as I had done several times before that I would shoot them if they did not give me my horse and raised my gun, one of them jumped behind a rock and spoke to the other who turned around and stoped at the distance of 30 steps from me and I shot him through the belly, he fell to his knees and on his wright elbow from which position he partly raised himself up and fired at me, and turning himself about crawled in behind a rock which was a few feet from him. he overshot me, being bearheaded I felt the wind of his bullet very distinctly. not having my shot pouch I could not reload my piece and as there were two of them behind good shelters from me I did not think it prudent to rush on them with my pistol which had I discharged I had not the means of reloading untill I reached camp.

The net result of the conflict was the almost total frustration of the Indians' schemes, two dead Indians, the capture of the Indians' camp outfit and four of their horses, and the loss of but one of their own horses, the one ridden by Lewis. While the entire affair was a lamentable one, it had an extremely fortunate ending for our party, and the Indians had themselves alone to thank for it all.

The scene of the conflict is well described by Lewis in the codex, and it was on Two Medicine River, about four miles below the mouth of Badger Creek.

Lewis burned most of the captured Indian paraphernalia and then, apparently without formally breakfasting,

> as there was no time to be lost, we mounted our horses, and after ascending the river hills, took our course through the beautiful level plains in a direction a little to the south of east.

It would be interesting to know just what conversation passed among these four men after the Indians had disappeared, the temporary excitement had worn off, and they could calmly face the situation and understand the apparent precariousness of their position. Whatever they said, we know what they thought and did, and it is not difficult to imagine their comments as they hurriedly saddled their horses and set out on that hard, long race for life, as they supposed it to be.

Their expectations of what would happen are thus stated by Lewis:

> We had no doubt but that we should be immediately pursued by a much larger party, and that as soon as intelligence was given to the band near the Broken Mountains, they would hasten to the mouth of Maria's River to intercept us. We hoped, however, to be there before them, so as to form a junction with our friends. We therefore pushed our horses as fast as we possibly could; and fortunately for us, the Indian horses were very good, the plains perfectly level without many stones or prickly pears, and in fine order for traveling after the late rains.

At eight miles' distance from the point of conflict they crossed a stream "forty yards wide, to which, from the occurrence of the morning, we gave the name of Battle River." This stream is certainly that now known as Birch Creek, and it forms the southern and, in conjunction with the Cutbank Creek, a part of the eastern boundary of the present Blackfeet Reservation.

At three o'clock they reached and forded Tansy River, five miles above where they had camped on the 17th and where they had seen the buffalo track that so disturbed them. They estimated that they had now travelled sixty-three miles since the battle of the morning, which seems like a fairly close approximation. They stopped here for an hour and a half to rest the horses, and were sorely in need of rest themselves.

Then they pushed ahead along the south side of Tansy River for seventeen miles more, when, night coming on, they halted again for two hours, killed a buffalo, and refreshed themselves on the choice parts of the animal.

> The sky was now overclouded, but as the moon gave light enough to show us the route we continued through immense herds of buffaloe for twenty miles, and then, almost exhausted with fatigue, halted at two in the morning,
>
> JULY 28th, to rest ourselves and the horses. At daylight we awoke sore and scarcely able to stand; but as our own lives as well as those of our companions depended on our pressing forward, we mounted our horses and set out.

This place of bivouac was not far from Fort Benton. These men, if their estimate be correct, rode just one hundred miles from the time they started, after the fight on the morning of the 27th, to two o'clock on the morning of the 28th, and I know from experience that they must have been, as they expressed it, "sore and scarcely able to stand." And yet they must go on.

The men were desirous of crossing the Missouri at Grog Spring, where Rose [Tansy] River [at the *Cracon du Nez*] approaches so near the river, and passing down the southwest [*sic.*, east] side of it, and thus avoid the country at the junction of the two rivers, through which the enemy would most probably pursue us. But as this circuitous route would consume the whole day, and the Indians might in the meantime attack the canoes at the point [*i. e.*, mouth of Maria's River], Captain Lewis told his party it was now their duty to risk their lives for their friends and companions; that he would proceed immediately to the point to give the alarm to the canoes, and if they had not yet arrived he would raft the Missouri, and after hiding the baggage, ascend the river on foot through the woods till he met them. He told them also that it was his determination, in case they were attacked in crossing the plains, to tie the bridles of the horses and stand together till they had either routed their enemies, or sold their lives as dearly as possible.

To this they all assented, and we therefore continued our route to the eastward, till at the distance of twelve miles we came near the Missouri, when we heard a noise which seemed like the report of a gun. We therefore quickened our pace for eight miles further, and about five miles from Grog Spring now heard distinctly the noise of several rifles from the river. We hurried to the bank, and saw with exquisite satisfaction our friends coming down the river.

When the party met the boatmen, who were of course Sergeant Ordway and his men, they had ridden one hundred and twenty miles in somewhat more than twenty-four hours. It was a great though painful retreat of its kind, and after the fright which the sound of that first gun must have caused, it is easy to imagine the revulsion of feeling and the relief which ensued when they saw, not Indian enemies, but their own men and in goodly number too.

The accidental meeting was indeed a fortunate and joyful one; the land party immediately turned loose their horses, embarked in the boats, and the combined outfit hastened down to one of their *caches* near the mouth of Maria's River. This *cache* had caved in and most of the contents were injured, but they took what was still of value and then pro-

ceeded "to the point," where they found the other *caches* in good order.

While engaged in loading the canoes here, they were joined by Gass and Willard with the horses from the falls, whence Ordway had brought the canoes, and all the detachments that were to meet at this point were now united. The red pirogue was too much decayed for further use, so they took out of it what nails and iron might be of value to them and, "giving a final discharge" to their horses, that is to say, finally abandoning them on the prairie, they boarded the canoes, started down the Missouri, and camped, on the night of July 28th, fifteen miles below the mouth of Maria's River.

Through the courtesy of George Bird Grinnell, I am enabled to present a brief account of Captain Lewis's fight with the Blackfeet, which came from one of the Indians engaged in it, and to give also a picture of the Indian himself.

Mr. Grinnell, in his years of affiliation with and study among the Blackfeet, made a friend of old Wolf Calf,

> for many years the most aged of the Piegan Blackfeet. He was a mine of ancient lore [Mr. Grinnell states], and was quite willing to talk freely on all historical subjects. When he died he was supposed to be considerably over one hundred years old, and, as nearly as I could figure it, he was one hundred and two, in 1895. He used often to speak of men in the tribe, whom I regarded as very aged, as mere boys, and to say that when he was growing up and old enough to go to war, they had not yet been born.

Regarding the meeting with Captain Lewis, Mr. Grinnell continues:

> He told me that he was with a war party to the south when they met the first white men that had ever come into the lower country. They met these people in a friendly fashion, but the chief directed his young men to try to steal some of their things. They did so, and the white men killed the first man with their "big knives." This was the man killed, I suppose, by Fields.

Afterwards the Indians ran off some of the horses of the white men. The name of the first man killed was Side Hill Calf, or Calf Standing on a Side Hill.

Regarding the point where the fight occurred:

Wolf Calf located this place as on the hills immediately south of Birch Creek, where the town of Robare, Teton County, now stands.

The old man did not know who Lewis and Clark were, but his story agrees so exactly with that given in the Journal that I cannot doubt that this was the Indian side of the occurrence. He must have been a young boy at the time, but in the old war days boys of nine and ten years not infrequently went on the war path.

In reply to my inquiry as to any attempt of the Indians to pursue Lewis, Mr. Grinnell said that Wolf Calf

distinctly gave me the idea that the Indians were badly frightened, felt that they had been punished, and I think he ended his story with, "then we all ran away." I have no doubt in my own mind that they flew north about as fast as Lewis flew south and east.

There is just one point where Wolf Calf and Captain Lewis do not agree, and that relates to "where the battle was fought." This discrepancy is not easily reconciled except upon the theory of misinterpretation, which is hardly possible, or upon the assumption that the old Indian had become, in time, slightly confused as to locality, and placed the battle-ground *south* instead of *north* of Birch Creek, where, on Two Medicine River, it seems incontestable that it was. This assumption is, I think, easily possible and admissible.

The reader, I doubt not, will agree with me that the Indian testimonies I have been fortunate enough to adduce have been most naturally corroborative, and attest the strength and fidelity of the narrative of the explorers. Even such discrepancies as we find prove the truth of the

stories themselves and, equally, that of the great epic narration.

Captain Lewis does not state what caused him, in con-

Courtesy of Geo. Bird Grinnell

Wolf Calf, one of the Blackfeet whom Captain Lewis and party fought with on headwaters of Maria's River, in 1806. This represents him in 1895 when 102 years old.

ducting this retreat, to go around two sides of a triangle instead of along the hypotenuse to reach the mouth of Maria's River. He expected to meet the Indians, if at all, at the mouth of that stream, and he did not intend to cross the Missouri until reaching the junction of the two rivers, and

yet he took the longest way to reach his objective point. He knew too that he had many hours' start of the Minnetarees, for the nearest band of them was at the Broken Mountains, some thirty or forty miles to the north of the battle-ground.

The one reason which suggests itself is that the travelling along the route pursued was much better than nearer the Maria's, and this was an important matter.

Writing to Senator Paris Gibson of Great Falls, Montana, regarding the probable reasons for Lewis taking this route in his retrograde movement, his reply, from which I quote, confirms the opinion here expressed.

> Had he attempted to follow the Marias River, he would have encountered interminable difficulties, as the coulees or ravines which make into that stream are very deep, and in many places almost impassable, particularly within forty or fifty miles of the mouth of the river.

The journey down the Missouri was a rapid but uncomfortable one, owing to violent storms of rain and wind. They passed the Musselshell River on August 1st, Milk River on August 4th, and reached the junction of the Missouri and the Yellowstone on August 7th, after making on that day more than ninety miles. Here they found a note from Captain Clark showing that he was several days in advance of them and would wait for them at some convenient point below.

Gass, although he seems not to mention the note which Lewis found, makes this interesting reference to the stop at this old camp of Clark's:

> We found that Captain Clarke had been encamped on the point some time ago, and had left it. We discovered nothing to inform us where he was gone, except a few words written or traced in the sand, which were "*W. C. a few miles further down on the right hand side.*" Captain Lewis having left a few lines for the two men [hunters] in the canoe, to inform them, if they

are still behind, where we were gone, we continued our voyage. At night we encamped after coming above 100 miles; and though dark, killed a fat buffaloe at the place of our encampment.

August 11th was an unfortunate day for Captain Lewis. Hastening on to reach a particular point in order to get an observation for latitude at a certain hour, they missed it by twenty minutes, and then Lewis and Cruzatte landed to hunt elk for a short time. I quote the narrative as to what followed.

Each of them fired and shot an elk. They then reloaded and took different routes in pursuit of the game, when just as Captain Lewis was taking aim at an elk, a ball struck him in the left thigh, about an inch below the joint of the hip, and missing the bone, went through the left thigh and grazed the right to the depth of the ball. It instantly occurred to him that Cruzatte must have shot him by mistake for an elk, as he was dressed in brown leather, and Cruzatte had not a very good eye-sight.

Lewis then called out [see codex] "damn you, you have shot me" but receiving no reply and seeing and hearing nothing he called on Cruzatte by name several times, but received no answer. He now thought that as Cruzatte was out of hearing, and the shot did not seem to come from more than forty paces' distance, it must have been fired by an Indian; and not knowing how many might be concealed in the bushes, he made toward the periogue, calling out to Cruzatte to retreat as there were Indians in the willows. As soon as he reached the periogue he ordered the men to arms, and mentioning that he was wounded, though he hoped not mortally, by the Indians, bade them follow him to relieve Cruzatte. They instantly followed for a hundred paces, when his wound became so painful and his thigh stiffened in such a manner that he could go no farther. He therefore ordered the men to proceed, and if overpowered by numbers, to retreat toward the boats, keeping up a fire; then limping back to the periogue, he prepared himself with his rifle, a pistol, and the air-gun, to sell his life dearly in case the men should be overcome.

Gass states that then,

Having prepared for an attack, I went out with three men to reconnoitre and examine the bushes, which are very thick at this place, and could see no Indians; but after some time met with the man who went out with Captain Lewis, and found on inquiry that he had shot him by accident through the hips, and without knowing it pursued the game. Having made this discovery we returned to the periogue; examined and dressed Captain Lewis's wound; and found the ball, which had lodged in his overalls.

They now dressed the wound as best they could and "patent lint was put into the holes." The wound bled freely, but was not serious, as it turned out.

The codex of August 12th says:

My wounds feel very stiff and soar this morning but gave me no considerable pain. there was much less inflamation than I had reason to apprehend there would be. I had last evening applied a poltice of peruvian barks.

On the 12th, they met two traders ascending the river who retraced their course and returned with them to the Mandan towns. This day, also, Colter and Collins, who, on August 3d, had gone in advance to hunt and who had not been seen since, rejoined them. Thinking the party were behind them these hunters had, on the 4th, waited for them, but finally, convinced of their mistake, they had pushed ahead as rapidly as possible. At one o'clock on July 12th, the party overtook Captain Clark and they were all once more united.

Captain Lewis at this time ceased to record the events of the trip, and in these words, taken from the codex, surrenders this duty to Captain Clark; "As wrighting in my present situation is extremely painful to me I shall desist untill I recover and leave to my frind Capt. C. the continuation of our journal." Captain Lewis did not resume the rôle of recorder and historian during the journey, his record of August 12th being the last.

CHAPTER VII

ROUTE OF CAPTAIN CLARK TO THE MOUTH OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER

AND what of Captain Clark and his party during all these weeks that Captain Lewis has been exploring *Lewis's Cut-off* between Clark's, or Bitter Root, River and the Missouri; fighting Indians and conducting retreats; fleeing down the Missouri, and being mistaken for elk by short-sighted hunters?

After Captain Lewis had set out on July 3d *down* Clark's River, Captain Clark with the remainder of the outfit, consisting of twenty men, one squaw, one papoose and fifty horses, started *up* the river along its western bank. The printed journals give the number of men as fifteen, but this is an apparently inexcusable error. There were thirty-one men in all; Lewis's party consisted of ten, and Clark started with the remainder, so that it is simply a question of subtracting ten from thirty-one, which usually leaves twenty-one. The party travelled thirty-six miles that day, and on July 4th made thirty miles, which are over-estimates of distance on direct lines, and on reaching the forks of the stream they camped on the Nez Percé Fork. The country over which they travelled is now covered with vineyards, orchards, and clover fields in alternation with patches of wild, or pine timbered land.

Clark's narrative, as worked out by Biddle, is ambiguous along here. They apparently "struck the road" twice by which they "had descended" in 1805, but undoubtedly the meaning must be taken in a general sense, for the trail, going

down-stream, forked at the junction of the Ross and Nez Percé forks, one branch going down each side of the combined river, so that either branch was, in a sense, "the old road" they had previously used.

The streams were all banks full, the melting snows in the mountains sending down avalanches of water, so that in fording, the men, "merchandise and provisions" usually got very wet.

On the night of July 4th the party "had every disposition to selebrate the day, and therefore halted early and partook of a Sumptious Dinner of a fat saddle of venison and mush of cows"—the kowse root.

Crossing the mountain the party passed into Ross's Hole and camped on Camp Creek whence they

> went along [up] the creek for three miles, and leaving to the right the path by which we came last fall [from the Salmon River and the Shoshoni camp] pursued the road taken by the Ootlashoots, up a gentle ascent to the dividing mountain which separates the waters of the middle fork of Clark's River from those of Wisdom and Lewis's rivers.

After crossing the divide the party were *east* of the Continental Divide once more and on the headwaters of Wisdom, or Big Hole River.

It was a delightful experience for me, in 1899, to follow up this beautiful river valley with a wagon and camp outfit, to Ross's Hole and then on over the divide. There now exists a line of continuous, though in the upper valley somewhat sparse, settlement, clear to the foot of the divide. We camped one night in the angle formed by the Nez Percé and Ross's Fork branches, near where Captain Clark bivouacked on the night of July 4th, 1806. On Camp Creek, above Ross's Hole, on our return, the wagon broke down, within a short distance of where Clark slept on the night of July 5th. Mr. Waugh's comfortable log house stands not

far from where the old Indian trail crossed the mountain to Wisdom River, and the trail over which Lewis and Clark entered the valley in 1805, farther south, strikes the creek bottom a mile or two south from Waugh's.

The "jintle slope" of Captain Clark over the mountain to Wisdom River strikes one as hardly expressing the situation. But contrasted with their trail over the range from which they had come, this characterization may be understood as a comparative one. The trail across the divide, which may have been somewhat changed in location since Captain Clark used it, was a characteristic one, broad and winding. At the summit, as is usual, it scattered into many parallel trails. At places it now forms a part of the wagon road. I rode some distance beyond the pass and found the descent on the east much more "jintle" than on the western side. The girdled and bark-stripped pine trees are a mute testimony to the former presence of the Indians, who habitually ate the delicate inner lining of the tree. This pass is the one now known and charted as Gibbon's Pass, but it should be called Clark's Pass, as the one on the divide between the Big Blackfoot and Dearborn rivers should be Lewis's Pass.

Now that the party has reached the Wisdom River country, Sacágawea again resumes the rôle of guide. Although the trail, to use an expression which we used to apply in such cases, "petred out," it made no difference to the Bird-woman. She

> recognized the plain immediately. She had traveled it often during her childhood, and informed us that it was the great resort of the Shoshonees, who came for the purpose of gathering quamash and cows [kowse], and of taking beaver, with which the plain abounded; and that . . . on reaching the higher part of the plain we should see a gap in the mountains, on the course to our canoes,

which prediction was soon verified.

The camp of July 6th was not far south from the spot

Old Fort Ellis, near Bozeman, Montana, showing distant view of the first ridge of the Bozeman Pass which Captain Clark crossed on July 15, 1806. Clark's camp, the night of July 14th, was at the right centre edge of the illustration.

where, on August 9, 1877, General Gibbon and Chief Joseph fought the battle of the Big Hole during the Nez Percé war. The battle was fought near and below the confluence of Trail and Pioneer, or Ruby, creeks. The battle can hardly be called other than a drawn battle. The soldiers and citizens under Gibbon were greatly outnumbered by the Indians, but the latter, taken completely by surprise when attacked, were at first driven in confusion. Rallying, they in turn forced Gibbon to abandon his position and to fight on the defensive. The Indians finally escaped, to be captured some weeks later in northern Montana.

There were slightly more than two hundred soldiers and citizens engaged in the fight, and the casualties on their part were heavy; Lieutenant J. H. Bradley, already mentioned in this work, was killed, and General Gibbon himself, wounded. A fine granite monument nearly ten feet high marks the spot where this conflict occurred, and the remains of the entrenchments that were then hastily thrown up are yet visible.

The party, upon leaving their camp at this place, soon reached Wisdom River and followed it to the western slopes of Bald Mountain. On the night of the 7th, having crossed the divide, they camped by some springs on the southern slope of Bald Mountain, and then, on July 8th, pursued a route which carried them down the western side of Willard's, or Grasshopper Creek to the present site of Bannack; here they veered to the south, where Willard's Creek enters the mountains, and soon reached Shoshone Cove and their *cache* of August, 1805. The journal, at this point, says:

> Most of the men were in the habit of chewing tobacco, and such was their eagerness to procure it after so long a privation that they scarcely took the saddles from their horses before they ran to the cave, and were delighted to be able to resume this fascinating indulgence. This was one of the severest privations

which we have encountered. Some of the men, whose tomahawks were so constructed as to answer the purpose of pipes, broke the handles of these instruments, and after cutting them into small fragments, chewed them, the wood having by frequent smoking become strongly impregnated with the taste of that plant.

Sergeant Ordway and four men, one of whom again was Shannon, had been left behind on the 7th to hunt for nine of their best horses which were missing. The search was successful and they rejoined the others on the 9th at the *cache*.

A road which Clark forecasted here may now be found just about on the trail that he used. This part of Montana is not thickly settled. It is hardly an agricultural section, and as water for irrigation is somewhat scarce over much of it, it will probably remain a grazing region, with mining as a side issue.

On July 10th, the party began their homeward journey *down* the Jefferson, and what a contrast this was to that slow, winding, wading, laborious, never-ending one *up* the stream of the year before!

[THURSDAY] JULY 10th. The boats were now loaded, and Captain Clark divided his men into two bands, one to descend the river with the baggage, while he, with the other, proceeded on horseback [en route] to the Rochejaune.

The two parties remained together as far as the Three Forks.

We now learn the Indian name for the Beaverhead Valley, which the expedition entered not long after having left their camp of the 10th. While the Indians undoubtedly pronounce this word "trippingly upon the tongue," it mates not well with the white man's vocal organs, but it may be read with impunity. The narrative records that, after passing Rattlesnake Mountain, the party entered

a beautiful and extensive country, known among the Indians by the name of Hahnahappapchah, or Beaverhead Valley, from

the number of those animals to be found in it, and also from a point of land resembling the head of a beaver. It extends from the Rattlesnake Mountain as low as Frazier's Creek, and is about fifty miles in length in a direct line, while its width varies from ten to fifteen miles, being watered in its whole course by the Jefferson and six different creeks. The valley is open and fertile, and besides the innumerable quantities of beaver and otter with which its creeks are supplied, the bushes of the low grounds are a favourite resort for deer, while on the higher parts of the valley are seen scattered groups of antelopes, and still farther, on the steep sides of the mountains, we observed many of the bighorn, which take refuge there from the wolves and bears.

After dinner, Clark, seeing that the canoes advanced more rapidly than he did with the horses, changed his plan and placed Pryor with six men in charge of the fifty horses, while he embarked in a canoe.

On July 11th, they passed the Beaver's-head and the mouth of Wisdom River, and at the latter point they pulled the nails from the canoe *cached* there the year before, and made paddles from the good timber found in "the sides of it." There was game in abundance both large and small, and no short rations were dealt out now.

Reference having previously been made to the subsequent value of this magnificent valley as a beaver country, the following sentence in the journal is of special interest: "The beaver, too, were in great quantities along the banks of the rivers, and through the night were flapping their tails in the water round the boats."

At noon on Sunday, July 13th, the party reached the junction of the Madison and Jefferson rivers, Pryor, with the horses, beating Clark with the canoes to that point by an hour.

No time was lost here, for on the day of arrival Ordway and nine men, with the six boats, started down the Missouri to the Great Falls, to effect a junction with Captain Lewis,

Upper Gallatin Valley, Montana, the Gallatin Range in Background. The camp of Captain Clark, on July 14, 1806, was in the centre foreground among the brush.

which, as we have seen, was successfully accomplished. Captain Clark and the remainder, eleven men, the squaw and her child, together with fifty horses, moved eastward. Captain Clark now once more strikes out eastward into the unknown, following the clear, rapid running, beautiful Gallatin River. Once more, too, Sacágawea proves herself invaluable. In this locality she could orient herself wherever she might be, and she unerringly pointed out the right direction and the pass to be taken, which was at the headwaters of the East Gallatin River. There are three passes here, the Flathead, the Bridger, and the Bozeman, and the one taken was the southernmost one, the Bozeman, which Clark should have named then and there in honor of Sacágawea.

Ordway's journal being lost, we have no record of his trip from the Three Forks to Whitebear Islands, and this is the only portion of the route passed over by any part of the expedition of which this can be said.

Just at this time, July 13th, no two of the sergeants are together. Gass is with Lewis at Whitebear Islands, where they have this very day formed their camp; Ordway, in command of the canoe flotilla, is en route from Three Forks to the same point, and Pryor is with Captain Clark, probably, as he has been before, in special charge of the horses.

The composition of the three parties of the expedition as they stood at this moment is deserving of passing mention. The drafting of the men was on equitable lines, in all respects. Lewis's party, as we know, consisted of ten men; himself, Gass, the two Fieldses, Drewyer, Werner, Frazier, M'Neal, Thompson, and Goodrich. Clark had with him Pryor, Shields, Shannon, Bratton, Chaboneau, Windsor, Gibson, Hall, York, Labiche, and Sacágawea, the latter worth, perhaps, two men, just at this time. Ordway had a fine

body of men consisting of Colter, Collins, Cruzatte, Howard, Potts, Lepage, Willard, Whitehouse, and Wiser.

At five o'clock P.M. on July 13th, Captain Clark and his party set out from the Three Forks for the Yellowstone River. They halted for the night right where the town of Logan, an important rai way junction point in the Gallatin Valley, is now found.

Leaving this camp, Clark forded the stream and followed the Gallatin Valley southeasterly, probably, at many places, along the very route where the railway now runs. The party recrossed the main, or West Gallatin River, to the north side near the present site of Central Park, and at the crossing of Bozeman Creek near Bozeman, they "struck an old buffalow road the one our Indn woman meant," which they followed for two miles, forded the East Gallatin, evidently not far from where the highway now crosses it, went on for another mile and, on the evening of July 14th, "camped on a small branch of the middle [East Gallatin] fork on the N. E. side at the commencement of the gap of the mountains."

Dr. Coues supposed this camp to be at the mouth of Rocky Cañon, and that the route of the expedition across the range led through that cañon. This gorge, well named Rocky, is the one through which the railway passes, but it is *not* the one used by Captain Clark.

Dr. Coues, after the publication of his work on Lewis and Clark, when visiting Bozeman and after being driven by Mr. Peter Koch to the spot where Clark unquestionably did camp, saw the situation at a glance and revised his opinion. In the copy of this work owned by Mr. Koch, I have seen the correction of this error in the handwriting of Dr. Coues himself.

The spot, to which Mr. Koch also guided me, was just beyond old Fort Ellis, but across the East Gallatin, at the mouth of a small, semicircular, or crescentic cañon through

which the trail ran and reached the divide north of Rocky Cañon. It was and is a low, easy, natural pass, and the Southern word *gap* used by Clark expresses its character precisely. This cañon, or gap, is entirely unlike Rocky Cañon. There are no rocks, the hills are rather low and the sides smooth, turfed, and at the higher parts lightly timbered. About two miles from Clark's camp the first divide, or ridge, of the pass is found, then there follows a quite deep depression, succeeded by a long, easy slope and acclivity, to the second and final ridge to the east and on the farther side of which the waters run to the Yellowstone. The drainage between the two divides finds its way into the Gallatin through Rocky Cañon.

Two well-known frontiersmen in the early days of Montana were James Bridger and John M. Bozeman. Bridger was a typical mountaineer and plainsman and an old fur trader noted for his great yarns, and no better guide, over a large part of the West, could be found. He served as guide to many expeditions to Montana and the West, both military and civilian, was a noted man in his day of the Boone and Carson stamp, lived to a ripe age, and passed away at Washington, Mo., in 1881.

Bozeman went to Montana early in the sixties and, in 1864, led a large train into Montana from Missouri. Bridger at the same time was conducting another train to the same region, though by a different route, and there was great rivalry between the two outfits. Bozeman traversed what has since been known as the Bozeman Pass, into the Gallatin Valley, and Bridger entered the valley *via* Bridger Creek. The route and pass which Bozeman followed were those used by Captain Clark in 1806, and it became a well-known thoroughfare, following practically the old Indian and "buffalow road," and it was in constant use until the construction of the Northern Pacific Railway supplanted it.

The Main Bozeman Pass, the Road - Successor of the Old Trail,—and Northern Pacific Railway Tunnel.
Captain Clark was here on July 15, 1806.

The entrances to the valley used by these two frontiersmen are within a few miles of each other, the one used by Bridger being to the north of the other. In 1867, Bozeman was killed by the Blackfeet Indians in the Upper Yellowstone Valley. The names of both these men are perpetuated by Bridger Creek, Bridger Mountains, Bridger Pass, and Bridger Peak; and by Bozeman Pass, Bozeman Creek, and the city of Bozeman, all in and about the Gallatin Valley.

Bozeman Pass—which should have been Sacágawea Pass—is supposed to be the one by which John Colter made his way across the mountains to Lisa's Fort on the Big Horn River after his escape from the Blackfeet at the time that Potts was killed.

In 1902, I drove across this pass from Bozeman, in company with L. S. Storrs, then of Bozeman, now of St. Paul, and F. M. Ingalls, a landscape photographer from Missoula. The trail and road are things of the past. The former can be seen here and there, where deeply fissured, first by constant travel, later by running water after heavy rains; the latter is more plainly marked, but its washed-out condition at many places and a decayed bridge or two show that time is rapidly obliterating it.

At the summit of the second and dividing ridge—going eastward—trail, road, and the railway come together, and underneath the old trail over which Sacágawea piloted her chieftain in 1806, the railway tunnel now extends, and hundreds of thousands of people are carried through it each year with no thought of the historic interest that attaches to the spot. The elevation of this tunnel above the sea level is 5565 feet, and it is the highest of three passes across the Rockies on the main line of railway; the Pipestone Pass on the Butte line is, however, a few hundred feet higher.

The Bozeman Pass itself is but slightly higher than the tunnel. This pass, made historic by the Bird-woman and

Captain Clark, has borne an important part in the upbuilding of Montana, and I quote a paragraph from an address by Mr. Koch anent the old "gap," taken from *Contributions*, Montana Historical Society, vol. ii.

I know the Bozeman Pass well. I have toiled over it through the deep snows of winter and the bottomless mire of spring. I

The First "Dividing Ridge," or "Gap," of the Bozeman Pass, Montana, across which Captain Clark Passed on July 15, 1806.

have crossed it when dressed in all colors of the rainbow by its matchless flowers, or when ablaze with the russet and gold of its autumn woods. But I have never done so without feeling my heart stirred with the memories called up by the surroundings. Riding along the trail, the image would rise before me of Clark and his men reaching the summit and getting their first glimpse of the glorious Yellowstone Alps, and the glistening waters of the river; or of Colter, toiling over the trail, naked, weary, hungry, and yet with indomitable energy keeping on his

almost hopeless way; or of the gay cavalcade of the trappers, careless and reckless of present and future danger, making their way to the hunting grounds; or of the lowly and silent hunter, left alone of all his gay company, but still clinging to his beloved mountains; or of the weary, travel-worn emigrant train, slowly toiling up the "big hill," from the summit of which they might look into the promised land. But now the images crowd too rapidly. Scarcely a grove, scarcely a point of rocks which has not its history. This pass has been bloody ground, but the blood which has sunk into its soil has helped to build up Montana.

The Gallatin Valley is hemmed in on the northeast by the fine range of the Bridger Mountains, one of the prominent peaks of which is Sacágawea Peak, already mentioned. On the east and south rises the glorious Gallatin Range. The latter is a specially fine range, with high, strongly marked peaks more or less covered with snow the year round. The highest peak in Montana lies in this range, and on the other side of the range lies the Yellowstone Park.

The general elevation of the Gallatin Valley is about 4500 feet, and its shape is a vague oblong. The principal towns are Logan, Manhattan, Belgrade, and Bozeman, the latter having a population of about four thousand and being the county seat of Gallatin County.

The great fertility of this valley is well known, especially in the far Northwest. While the forage crops thrive well and the cereals also, barley seems to be the cereal *par excellence*, at least in certain portions of the valley. It yields on an average more than fifty bushels per acre, and is of such superior quality that large quantities of it are exported to Europe.

Along the banks of the Gallatin River from Bozeman to the junction of the Three Forks of the Missouri, there are wide, level bottom lands. Above these come fertile bench lands, which gradually slope upward to the acclivities of the Bridger and Gallatin ranges.

332 *Bozeman, Montana, and the Bridger Range, Showing Sacágawea Peak, at the Extreme Left and Snow-covered.*

The valley aggregates about one thousand square miles and irrigation is necessary on the bottom lands, but not on the bench lands. The supply of water from the mountains—the Gallatin and Bridger ranges—is almost unlimited, and will be entirely so when storage reservoirs shall have been constructed.

The West Gallatin River has an estimated discharge of from 125,000 to 250,000 miner's inches of water per second, depending upon the season. The valley was once the bed of a vast lake, which accounts for its great fertility.

As with the entire region about the Three Forks, the Gallatin Valley appears to have been a part of that debatable ground, common to every section of our land in its frontier days, where the tribes struggled for the mastery. Here the Blackfeet, the Bannocks, the Nez Percés, the Crows, the Salish, the Shoshoni, and others met in bloody warfare. In time this ceased, the Indians that were left were placed upon reservations, white settlers poured in, and peace and prosperity were found within its borders.

An interesting feature by way of contrast is the fact that the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station is located at Bozeman, and the peaceful pursuits of agriculture are now taught on the very ground over which the red men raced and whooped in bloody foray, even in comparatively recent times.

The mountains about Bozeman Pass are rich in deposits of bituminous coal, which is mined in large quantities.

On Tuesday, July 15th, Captain Clark and his men started to cross the divide between the Gallatin and Yellowstone valleys,

> and at the distance of six miles reached the top of the dividing ridge [Bozeman Pass] which separates the waters of the Missouri and of the Yellowstone; and on descending the ridge, they struck one of the streams [Billman Creek] of

the latter river. . . . Nine miles from the top of the ridge they reached the Yellowstone itself, about a mile and a half below where it issues from the Rocky Mountains. It now appeared that the communication between the two rivers was short and easy. From the head of the Missouri at its three forks to this place is a distance of forty-eight miles, the greater part of which is through a level plain; indeed, from the forks of the eastern branch of Gallatin's River [near Bozeman], which is there navigable for small canoes, to this part of the Yellowstone, the distance is no more than eighteen miles, with an excellent road over a high, dry country, with hills of inconsiderable height and no difficulty in passing.

In the distances given, Captain Clark in these instances underestimates. He came upon the Yellowstone River at its exit from Paradise Valley, known as the Gate of the Mountains (but not, of course, the cañon by that name heretofore mentioned), just above Livingston. The distance by railway between the Three Forks and Livingston is fifty-four miles, and between Bozeman and Livingston it is twenty-five miles, and Clark travelled essentially the same route.

At this point Captain Clark and his party were on the borders of the great Yellowstone Park Wonderland, but were entirely ignorant of that fact. It would be interesting to know what Clark would have done had he had an inkling that just south of where he halted for three hours to rest the horses, at noon on July 15, 1806, there was to be found on the Yellowstone and its head streams the wonderful, unique land that the world now knows as Yellowstone National Park.

Among all the discoveries of Lewis and Clark they found nothing like this marvellous region of hot springs, waterfalls, geysers, paint pots, cliffs of obsidian, mountains of sulphur, spectacular cañons, and the like. Had Clark met an Indian who could have given him any idea of that mysterious region, the vent spot of the under world, doubtless he would have sent two or three men down the river in a bull-boat to await

Lewis at the mouth of the Yellowstone and hold him there, while he made a side trip up the river for an expedition through wonderland! Could such a discovery have been added to their category, what laurels might not have been theirs! True, in after-years when stories began to be bruited about that such a weird land lay among the mountains, they were disbelieved, but had Lewis and Clark announced such a discovery the statement would have carried its own conviction.

It is a matter for congratulation, however, that Clark did not learn of that wonderful land, and that he did not discover Yellowstone Park. Had either of these things happened we would probably have no park, as such, to-day. A hundred, or even fifty years ago, we would not have appreciated the possibilities and advantages of making such a spot into a National Park, and had its weird possessions then been made known, the region would have been despoiled, probably, so far as it could have been, of its pristine wonders and grandeur. This state of affairs was narrowly averted even in 1869–70, when the public learned the reality of its existence.

The river and valley down which Captain Clark directed his course after his three hours' halt on that July day in 1806 has been an important one in Northwestern history, and this, entirely aside from its relation to Yellowstone Park. The river is one of our largest streams, it drains an enormous area of country, has important affluents, and it has but recently been diverted to that purpose which in the future will be its great work—irrigation.

The Yellowstone River rises, mainly, in and south of the Yellowstone Park, its extreme sources coming from a region where are also born the rills and creeks which form the Lewis, or Snake; the Green, or Colorado; and the Wind, or Big Horn rivers. The Yellowstone flows through the

Looking East toward Yellowstone River and the Snowy Range, from Bozeman Pass and Tunnel. Captain Clark passed down the valley on July 15, 1806.

beautiful Yellowstone Lake, which is one of the two or three highest navigated lakes in the world, being 7721 feet above sea level, and, after a continuous northern course for about one hundred and fifty miles, at the very point where Captain Clark struck the stream, the Great Bend of the Yellowstone, it wheels toward the east. It holds that course, in a general sense, for a hundred miles, when it swings slowly but surely to the northeast for three hundred miles or more, and then mingles its waters with the Missouri.

A peculiar feature of the Yellowstone is the fact that all of its tributaries of consequence come from the south side. There is not one stream of importance flowing into it from the north. From the south come the Clark's Fork, the Big Horn, Tongue, and Powder rivers, and several others nearly as large.

The country drained by the Yellowstone was an important one to the Indians. It was the roving and hunting ground of the Crows, principally, but other tribes, notably the Sioux and Cheyennes, roamed over the region later. It was a favorite ground for Sitting Bull and his copper-colored legions, in their day.

The bottom lands of this river are as level as a floor, and vary in width from one to five or more miles. The bench, or elevated, lands stretching back from the stream are of wide extent, and were formerly pasture grounds for great herds of bison, and were more recently, and now are, the home of large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. As settlement rapidly progresses, these upland ranges are being taken up by individuals and companies, and the old-style method of indiscriminate ranging is gradually becoming a thing of the past.

Irrigation is rapidly being expanded in the Yellowstone Valley, and this valley is peculiarly adapted to its successful operation. Canals on a large scale are being constructed

to irrigate wide areas of land. Alfalfa is a forage crop that thrives there, and there is no reason why the entire Yellowstone Valley may not one day be one continuous alfalfa field, and this region supply beef and mutton in quantities now almost impossible of computation. Fruits likewise seem to find a home here.

From Livingston to Glendive, a distance of 341 miles, the Northern Pacific Railway follows the banks and bottom lands of the Yellowstone River, crossing the stream twice, near Livingston and Billings; at Livingston the branch line for Yellowstone Park diverges and follows the left bank of the Yellowstone south through Paradise Valley directly to the northern boundary of the park at Gardiner, five miles from Mammoth Hot Springs.

Leaving the vicinity of Livingston, Captain Clark travelled down the left bank of the river, making note of the Crazy Mountains to the north and the Snowy Range near Livingston, which, he states, "still retain great quantities of snow." As often as I have seen these mountains, it is rare indeed that they are not strongly snow-flecked, especially the Crazy Mountains. The latter range is, as Captain Clark states, about twenty miles distant from the Yellowstone, and its snow-tipped peaks always form a very pleasing sight. Nine miles—an over-estimate—below their nooning camp they named a river coming in from the Northwest, after Shields, and this is one of the few streams that has retained the name bestowed upon it by Lewis and Clark. It was up this stream that Bridger led his party, in 1864.

Clark's progress down the river was steady, but the feet of the horses were worn down to the quick and it was necessary to "make a sort of moccasin of green buffaloe skin" to relieve them. The Captain was anxious to find timber suitable for canoes, but thus far none had appeared.

On the 16th the party passed the mouth of a small stream

on which, and two miles from its mouth, are Hunters' Hot Springs, now well known throughout the Northwest.

Clark still maintained the custom of naming many of the creeks after his men. To such an extent was this practice carried that, at least, some of the men were thus honored two or three times during the progress of the expedition. Some of his nomenclature along the Yellowstone was striking and original, but not likely to live.

On July 17th, after a night of heavy rain which thoroughly drenched them, they passed the site of Big Timber, and, a short distance below, came to two streams flowing into the Yellowstone immediately opposite each other. These Clark called "Rivers-across." He gave no other names to them, and while this was a fanciful and original conceit, and one that would call attention to them and thus serve well to identify them, in the nature of things the name would not be apt to pass into practical use. Another such name was Stinking Cabin Creek.

The north side stream of "Rivers-across" is now Big Timber Creek, and the other is Boulder River. Bridger Creek, below these streams about fifteen miles, was named Bratton's River. This was the second river named for Bratton in what is now Montana, and the first one, on the north side of the Missouri, is almost opposite the one on the Yellowstone, longitudinally. Upper Deer Creek was named by Clark "Thy Snag'd"—Thigh Snagged— Creek, because Gibson, in mounting his horse after shooting a deer, "fell on a Snag and runt [ran] it nearly two inches into the muskeler [muscular] part of his thy [thigh]". This accident was a very painful one for Gibson, but he really recovered quite rapidly. They made a litter and placed it on the "gentlest and strongest horse" so that Gibson rode with as much comfort as was possible under the circumstances.

The elk and deer were seen in large numbers along the

river in this vicinity, and the buffalo were beginning to appear, but hunting was difficult, as the horses' feet were in such bad condition that for purposes of that sort they were almost useless. Still, they managed to get enough fresh meat to have full rations each day.

Gibson's wound finally became so painful owing to his

The Gate of the Mountains, at Livingston, Montana. The Yellowstone River flows through the gap, from Yellowstone Park, and Captain Clark's noon camp of July 15, 1806, was within the limits of the illustration.

constricted position when on horseback, and to the jolting, that it was next to impossible for him to ride; it therefore became necessary to search for timber large enough for building canoes. On the 19th, therefore, leaving Gibson, with two men, to rest under the shade of a tree until he could again go forward, Clark set out to hunt for trees. He discovered some which, though small, he thought might answer,

Bozeman Pass and Railway Tunnel, from the East.

and, though the entire region was carefully scoured for the purpose, these were the only ones found that were available.

Clark's estimated distances along this part of the river seem to indicate an inordinate desire to reach home. They are so out of proportion to the real distances as to make it difficult to locate his camps with certainty, and the narrative leaves out details which now and then might assist in this important work. Thwaites's edition of Lewis and Clark will prove a most valuable acquisition in this respect.

I have made special effort to locate correctly this particular camp, which Dr. Coues appropriately enough called Camp Cottonwood, and which Clark says was "opposit" certain "black bluffs." The United States Geological Survey contour map, "Still water Sheet," plainly shows these bluffs, though not by name. They rise on the north bank of the river and just back of Rapids station on the railway and they extend from the east end of the railway switch to Hensley Creek, a distance of about three miles. They still bear the name of "Black Bluffs." These bluffs are not of rock, and they derived their name from the fact that they were formerly so heavily timbered that their general appearance was sombre, or "black." They are now virtually denuded of trees.

Clark makes this camp sixteen miles below the mouth of the Itchkeppearja, or Rose River, now the Stillwater, evidently, and twenty-nine miles above the mouth of the Clark Fork of the Yellowstone, which is simply impossible because the distances overlap. It is not unlikely that Clark's *sixteen* miles should be *six*, which would place the camp six miles below the Stillwater River and near the upper end of the bluffs. The Stillwater River may have shifted its position somewhat since Clark camped there.

The party found some old Indian entrenchments along the river, which were

built in the form of a circle, about fifty feet in diameter, five feet high, and formed of logs lapping over each other, and covered on the outside with bark set up on end . . . These intrenchments, the squaw [Sacágawea] informs us, are frequently made by the Minnetarees and other Indians at war with the Shoshonees when pursued by their enemies on horseback.

On July 18th, "a smoke was descried to the S. S. E. towards the termination of the Rocky Mountains, intended most probably as a signal by the Crow Indians." This, or rather another smoke, was seen again on the 19th and an Indian "on the highlands on the opposite side of the river" was observed.

After searching thoroughly for better trees,

Captain Clark determined, therefore, to make two canoes, which being lashed together might be sufficient to convey the party down the river, while a few men might lead the horses to the Mandan nation. Three axes were now sharpened with a file, and some of the men proceeded to cut down two of the largest trees, on which they worked till night. . . . The horses being much fatigued, they were turned out to rest for a few days; but in the morning,

MONDAY, JULY 21st, twenty-four of them were missing. Three hunters were sent in different directions to look for them; but all returned unsuccessful, and it now seemed probable that the Indians who had made the smoke a few days since had stolen the horses.

On the 22d and 23d the search for the horses was continued.

At length Labiche, who is one of the best trackers, returned from a very wide circuit and informed Captain Clark that he had traced the tracks of the horses, which were bending their course rather down the river towards the open plains, and, from the track, going very rapidly. All hopes of recovering them were now abandoned. . . .

At noon the two canoes were finished. They are twenty-eight feet long, sixteen or eighteen inches deep, and from sixteen to twenty-four inches wide, and being lashed together, everything was prepared for setting out to-morrow, Gibson having now recovered

The bluffs of the Yellowstone in this neighborhood are composed of a beautiful, soft gray stone which is much used for buildings in Columbus, Billings, and at other points.

The large Billings irrigation canal mentioned has transformed a wide area of the Yellowstone bottom lands into productive alfalfa meadows and pastures, and during the winter hundreds of thousands of sheep are now fed and fattened in the valley round about Billings.

On July 24th the entire party again set out, Sergeant Pryor with Shannon and Windsor going overland with the horses, and Clark and the others sweeping down stream in "the little flotilla."

The river party to-day passed the mouth of Clark's Fork, which they at first supposed to be the Big Horn. This stream is one of the larger tributaries of the Yellowstone, its remoter headwaters rising in the mountains just east of the northeastern corner of Yellowstone Park, in a wild, most picturesque, and little-known region. The valleys of the main stream and of its principal tributary, Rocky Fork, show the effects of irrigation in reclaiming apparently valueless areas. At Red Lodge, on the Rocky Fork, and reached by a branch line of railway from Laurel, there are now very extensive coal mines. The mountains here are underlaid with large bodies of good merchantable coal, which is extensively mined and used throughout Montana.

The country between the Yellowstone and Clark's Fork was said by Clark to be an exceptional beaver country, and the junction of these streams was suggested as being a suitable place for a trading post.

Passing the future site of Billings, the flotilla skirted the northern boundary of the present Crow Indian Reservation, which formerly extended much farther west. This reservation is an exceptionally fine one, and while the Crows may not possess such admirable traits as, for example, their next-

door neighbors on the east, the Northern Cheyennes, who may be regarded as the aristocrats of the plains and who are a noble tribe of Indians, yet they deserve great credit for the splendid system of irrigation canals, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, which they have constructed with

A Crow—Absaroka—Squaw and her Daughters. The White Ornaments are of Elk Teeth.

their own money and by their own labor, superintended, of course, by a competent white engineer.

Those who have seen much of the Crow Reservation will be inclined to think that Arapooish, in his dissertation on his country to Robert Campbell, given by Irving in *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, did not over state the case, even though his country then embraced a much wider range than now.

The Crow country [said he] is a good country The Great Spirit has put it exactly in the right place; while you are in it you fare well; whenever you go out of it, whichever way you travel, you fare worse.

If you go to the south you have to wander over great barren plains; the water is warm and bad, and you meet the fever and ague.

To the north it is cold; the winters are long and bitter, with no grass; you cannot keep horses there, but must travel with dogs. What is a country without horses?

On the Columbia they are poor and dirty, paddle about in canoes, and eat fish. Their teeth are worn out; they are always taking fish-bones out of their mouths. Fish is poor food.

To the east, they dwell in villages; they live well; but they drink the muddy water of the Missouri—that is bad. A Crow's dog would not drink such water.

About the forks of the Missouri is a fine country; good water; good grass; plenty of buffalo. In summer, it is almost as good as the Crow country; but in winter it is cold; the grass is gone; and there is no salt weed for the horses.

The Crow country is exactly in the right place. It has snowy mountains and sunny plains; all kinds of climates and good things for every season. When the summer heats scorch the prairies, you can draw up under the mountains, where the air is sweet and cool, the grass fresh, and the bright streams come tumbling out of the snow-banks. There you can hunt the elk, the deer and the antelope, when their skins are fit for dressing; there you will find plenty of white bears and mountain sheep.

In the autumn, when your horses are fat and strong from the mountain pastures, you can go down into the plains and hunt the buffalo, or trap beaver on the streams. And when winter comes on, you can take shelter in the woody bottoms along the rivers; there you will find buffalo meat for yourselves and cotton-wood bark for your horses; or you may winter in the Wind River valley, where there is salt weed in abundance.

The Crow country is exactly in the right place. Everything good is to be found there. There is no country like the Crow country.

At the mouth of a Creek to which they gave the name Horse Creek, because they there crossed the horses over the Yellowstone, Clark overtook Pryor with the horses. The Sergeant had had a difficult job of it with his string of ponies.

He had found it almost impossible, with two men, to drive on the remaining horses, for so soon as they discovered a herd of buffalo the loose horses, having been trained by the Indians to hunt, immediately set off in pursuit of them, and surrounded the buffalo herd with almost as much skill as their riders could have done. At last he was obliged to send one horseman forward and drive all the buffaloe from the route. The horses were here driven across, and Sergeant Pryor again proceeded with an additional man to his party.

This man was Hall, who could n't swim, and who consequently preferred travelling by land. Hall, though, was poorly clad for such a jaunt, and he called the Captain's attention to the fact that

he was necked [naked] I gave him one of my two remaining shirts a par of Leather Legins and 3 pr. of mockersons which equipt him completely and sent him on with the party by land to the Mandans.

This crossing point seems to have been near the place where the railway bridge now spans the river just below Billings.

This was the last that Clark saw of Pryor and his men until the latter rejoined the former below the mouth of the Yellowstone after a time of misfortune.

On the night of the 24th, Clark camped half a mile below a river which they called Pryor's River. This is a good-sized stream which flows northeastwardly along the western edge of the Crow Reservation, and it debouches into the Yellowstone below Huntley, a small railway station and the junction of the Northern Pacific and the Burlington system of railways. This stream is now charted as Pryor's Fork, and is another of the few names given by the expedition that has been retained. The explorers were more fortunate in their nomenclature along the Yellowstone than at some other places. As we have seen, Shields's River, Clark's Fork,

and Pryor's Fork retain their original names, and we are about to find another instance of this at Pompey's Pillar.

At sunrise, July 25th, the journey was resumed, in the dugouts, and these home-made affairs made good time too. Clark's codex notes with care nearly all the creeks and points of interest passed, but Biddle or Allen, for some reason, curtailed the notes to an amazing degree in publishing the work. At some time during the day the party were overtaken by a severe storm.

As soon as it ceased they proceeded; and about four o'clock after having made forty-nine miles, Captain Clark landed to examine a very remarkable rock situated in an extensive bottom on the right, about two hundred and fifty paces from the shore. It is nearly four hundred paces in circumference, two hundred feet high, and accessible only from the northeast, the other sides being a perpendicular cliff of a light-colored, gritty rock. The soil on the top is five or six feet deep, of good quality, and covered with short grass. The Indians have carved the figures of animals and other objects on the sides of the rock, and on the top are raised two piles of stones. . . . After enjoying the prospect from this rock, to which Captain Clark gave the name of Pompey's Pillar, he descended and continued his course.

As to the mountains that Clark states he saw from Pompey's Pillar, the editions of Biddle, Coues, and McVickar differ among themselves in giving the record, and I therefore print Clark's description *verbatim*, from Codex M.

From the top of this Tower [the Pillar] I could discover two low mountains, & the Rocky Mt^{s}. covered with Snow S. W. One of them [of the two low mountains] appeared to be extencive and bore S. 15° E. about 40 Miles. the other I take to be what the Indians call the Little Wolf Mt. I can only see the Southern extremity of it which bears N. 55° W. about 35 Miles The plains to the South rise from the distance of about 6 Miles the width of the bottom gradually to the mountains in that direction. a large creek with an extencive Vally the direction of which is S. 25°. E. meanders boutifully through this plain. a range of high land covered with pine appears to run in a N. & S. direction

approaching the river below. on the Northerly Side of the river high romantic clifts approach & jut over the water for some distance both above and below. a large [Pompey's Pillar] Brook which at this time has been running muddy water falls in to the Rochejhon [Yellowstone] immediately opposite Pompys Tower. back from the river for some distance on that Side

Pompey's Pillar, on the Yellowstone River, from the West.

the hills are ruged [rugged] & some pine back the plains are open and extensive after Satisfying my self sufficiently in this delightful prospect of the extensive country around and the emence herds of Buffalow, Elk and wolves in which it abounded, I descended and proceeded on a fiew miles.

The snow-covered Rocky Mountains to the "S. W." were undoubtedly the magnificent Big Horn Range. The low mountain to the northwest was probably a part of the Bull

Mountains, and that to the southeast was a portion of the Wolf, or Cheetish Mountains—the Rosebud Mountains on G. L. O. map—east of the Custer battle-field of June 25, 1876. I can find no trace of any other Wolf or Little Wolf Mountains in this region to coincide with the Little Wolf Mountain of Clark.

Almost ninety-three years to a day from the time that Captain Clark stood on the top of Pompey's Pillar, Mr. Huffman, a landscape photographer of Miles City, Montana, and I stood there and looked upon the scene that the Captain describes. The river, with its "high romantic clifts," its beautiful foliage, and its "ruged hills," still flows swiftly by; indeed, as it was then just after a time of high water, the wavelets lapped the base of the rock, and the "250 paces" were reduced to nothing. Not a wolf, buffalo, nor elk did we see, however, but Huffman had killed many a deer in this vicinity in years past and gone. The rock stands practically unchanged, and it must still be climbed "from the northeast." The "two piles of stones" are now one, and that evidently of modern raising. A fifteen minutes' walk to the south across a wide, level, grassy bottom brings one to the railway station of Pompey's Pillar.

Mr. Huffman and I walked entirely around the base of the rock, and his camera caught the Pillar from different positions. The huge pile is somewhat oval in shape and its sides are smoothly, rather than angularly, vertical. Near at hand it looms up on the bottom land in a way that would naturally enough have attracted Clark's attention.

The top is almost flat, the soil sandy and covered "with short grass" and scrub bushes. At one point, as one sits at the edge of the cliff, a projection of the western wall resembles the profile of a human face.

In his note-book Captain Clark says: "I marked my name and the day of the month and year" [on the rock].

The place where he cut his name is still to be seen at the point where the ascent of the rock is made.

When the Northern Pacific Railway was being constructed, Col. J. B. Clough, the engineer of the Yellowstone division, saw that Clark's name was being rapidly effaced, not alone by time, but by vandals. In behalf of the railway

Iron Grating over the Signature of Captain Clark, on Pompey's Pillar, Montana.

company and under Mr. Henry Villard's instructions, Col. Clough had a heavy double iron screen, 30½ by 24 inches in size, made and sunk firmly into the rock with lead anchorings, so as entirely to cover and protect the name, which is now hard to decipher, for the irrepressible fool has been there, and has scratched and cut *his* various names all

around it, and even over some of the letters and between the lines.

The Indian pictographs were not easily found, and had not Mr. Huffman and I both been somewhat familiar with such things, I doubt if we could have discovered them. The only ones we saw were immediately about Clark's inscription itself, but they are now so nearly effaced by weathering as to lose most of their detail. The scratched names and dates other than Clark's ranged from 1843 to 1899.

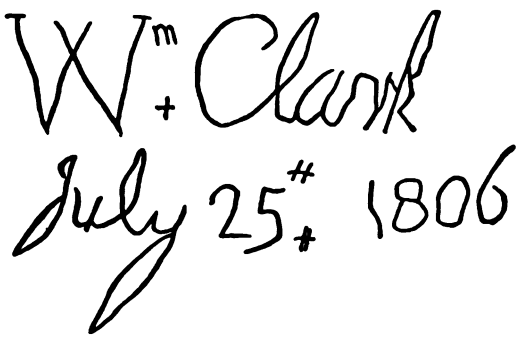
Captain Clark, as the excerpt from the codex shows, first called this rock Pompey's Tower, and it is so given on his map of 1814. Afterward, either he refreshed his memory regarding the historic pile at Alexandria, Egypt, for which it was undoubtedly named, but which it does not in the least resemble, or Biddle and Allen corrected his text.

Various mythical stories are prevalent in Montana regarding Pompey's Pillar. A common one is that it was called after Clark's negro servant, York, whose name is erroneously supposed to have been Pompey. Another is that it was named after a Yellowstone River steamboat hand named Pompey, who died and was buried on top of the rock, and that an inscription to that effect is found on the side of the Pillar. Huffman and I found no such inscription, and at all events, Clark's journal effectually settles the question of name.

Two creeks flow into the Yellowstone at this point. One, on the south, appears to be nameless; the other, on the north, meanders through a lovely valley, and was named by Clark "Baptist" Creek, after Baptiste Lepage, one of his men. Baptist Creek has now become Pompey's Pillar Creek.

Continuing down the stream after completing the inspection of Pompey's Pillar, after a fifty-eight-mile run for

the day, the party reached the mouth of a very muddy creek, where they camped. This stream, which they called Shannon's Creek, would appear to be the present Bull Mountain Creek, being, Clark says, nine miles below Pompey's Pillar, but Clark charts Shannon's Creek on his map



Signature of Captain Clark Cut on Pompey's Pillar.

as flowing into the Yellowstone at Pompey's Pillar, and Coues makes Bull Mountain Creek to be some unnamed creek of Clark's, miles below Shannon's Creek. Clark, Clark's map, and Dr. Coues are decidedly at variance, while Shannon seems to have been "irrecoverably" lost.

On July 26th, after sixty-two (?) miles of travel the party reached the mouth of the true Big Horn River,

> but finding the point between the two [rivers] composed of soft mud and sand, and liable to be overflowed, they ascended the Bighorn for half a mile, then crossed and formed a camp on its lower [east] side.

Here, these first historical characters of this region were on ground that was destined to become still more historically interesting, many years later.

Clark evidently wanted exercise after being cramped for hours in his so-called boat, and he accordingly walked up the river seven miles, he says, to where a stream which he

called Muddy Creek and which Coues identifies with Tullock's Fork, joins the Big Horn. If this identification is correct, either Clark was wofully out in his estimate of miles or the maps are all in error, for the latter show the junction of the creek with the river to be not more than from two to four miles above the mouth of the Big Horn.

The Big Horn River, which derives its name from the Big Horn, or mountain sheep, is one of the three largest tributaries of the Yellowstone, and its remoter sources are not far from those of the Yellowstone itself, in the region southeast of Yellowstone Park. Of all the affluents of the Yellowstone, the Big Horn is the most important, and it is a noble river, of its class. In its upper courses it is known as the Wind River. It flows southeasterly until free from the mountains, when it turns northward along the western slopes of the Big Horn Range and winds its way through a wild region replete with attractive scenery, to the Yellowstone. As has been previously intimated, it bore an important part in the developments of the fur trade. About forty miles above its mouth the Big Horn receives the waters of the Little Big Horn, or the Little Horn as it is now generally called.

It was at the mouth of the Big Horn that Manuel Lisa built his trading post in 1807, the one to which Colter made his way after his adventure with the Blackfeet.

Lisa's Fort, or Fort Manuel, was abandoned, probably in 1811. Fort Benton was built at this point in 1822 by the Missouri Fur Company, but it was abandoned in the following year. Ashley and Henry had a short-lived post here in 1823. Fort Cass, or Tullock's Fort, was built in 1832 on the Yellowstone a short distance below the Big Horn, but was abandoned in 1835. Still farther down the Yellowstone was Fort Sarpy, constructed in 1850, and in use until 1859–60.

In the wars with the Sioux Indians after the close of the Civil War, this region was an important theatre of operations. The country drained by the Yellowstone and the Big Horn and their tributaries was a glorious buffalo and game range, it afforded fine pasturage for Indian ponies, and was for a long time isolated and almost unknown to the whites. The valleys of the Big Horn, Tongue, Rosebud, and Powder rivers afforded the Sioux and the Cheyennes a large and beautiful country over which to roam and hunt at leisure, and they loved it with a devotion that is not at all surprising.

I have, myself, seen much of the region between the Big Horn and Tongue rivers, and I think no less of Gall, Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Dull Knife, Moon-two, White Bull, and their people, that they clung to their beautiful, beloved Storyland and fought, bled, and died for it. The conflict and its natural results were truly inevitable, but we would have done as these people did had we been in their places.

Just seventy years and one month from the time that Clark stood on Pompey's Pillar and looked over the silent and attractive landscape around him, a terrific battle was in progress on the Big Horn, or more specifically, on the Little Big Horn River, and at the day's ending, June 25, 1876, Gen. Geo. A. Custer and five companies of his regiment, the 7th U. S. Cavalry, lay stark in death, while the Indians under Crazy Horse, Gall, and Sitting Bull were glorying in their victory. Just seventy years and one month from the time that Clark was taking an evening promenade up the Big Horn, the steamer *Far West*, with Generals Terry and Gibbon and their little column of less than five hundred men, was slowly working up the Big Horn River to the Little Horn. When, on the 26th, the Crow scout Curley and the other white scouts reported the annihilation of Custer, it cast a gloom, dismay almost, over

the command. But there was no faltering, the column pushed ahead with every likelihood of meeting the same fate. On discovering its advance, strange as it may seem, the Indians decamped without an effort to arrest it. On the morning of June 27th, the command relieved Major Reno's troops, who were besieged on a hill some four miles beyond where Custer and his men had met their fate, and then the wounded were cared for and the dead buried. The wounded being conveyed to the *Far West*, the steamer at once started for Bismarck and Fort Lincoln, where it arrived July 4th, 1876, and the first intelligence of the awful disaster was flashed over the wires, whereupon a whole nation went into mourning.

Then followed, in our otherwise joyful Centennial year, an Indian campaign, the like of which has never been seen on our Western plains, not excepting the Nez Percé pursuit of 1877. Crook, Terry, Merritt, and Miles chased Indians over the vast region drained by the Yellowstone and Missouri until Indians and troops, cavalry horses and ponies, were utterly worn out and horses and men dropped on the trail in exhaustion.

Take a good map of the Northwest and you will see scattered over it little crossed sabres, signifying battles between the troops and the Indians at such points; the first conflict—not thus marked, however—was that fight of Captain Lewis's on the headwaters of Maria's River.

Forts and cantonments have been established here and there from the earliest days of the frontier, have passed beyond the period of their usefulness, have been dismantled and abandoned, and have been succeeded by other posts, which in turn have run their course.

Since the Custer battle, the Custer field itself, enclosed by a substantial wire fence, has been made a national, or soldiers' cemetery. From the old forts and battle-fields

scattered throughout the Northwest, the bodies of soldiers who have fallen in Indian warfare have been removed to this spot and occupy a considerable area of it; the Custer battle-field is, therefore, now an epitome of all that has gone before;

Route of Captain Clark. Three Forks of the Missouri to the Mouth of the Yellowstone River.

standing for Indian warfare in the entire Northwest, and not alone for the Custer conflicts.

The fight between Captain Lewis and the Minnetarees and the stealing of Captain Clark's horses in the Yellowstone Valley by the Crows, in 1806, marked the beginning of an irrepressible conflict with most of the plains tribes, that reached its culmination at the Custer battle-field on the Little Horn River in 1876, for at the end of the Indian campaign of that year a lesson had been taught the tribes which has never since had to be repeated.

The Nez Percé war of 1877 and that of Wounded Knee

of a later time were more or less sporadic in their nature, the flickerings of a declining and futile opposition to an evolution that was rolling on with the certain and remorseless advance of a Juggernaut.

Captain Clark's map which accompanied the Lewis and Clark report is an interesting one from whatever point we view it. His knowledge of the Yellowstone and Tongue River regions in 1806 was very vague. But, as intimated in the sketch of the life of Colter, Clark incorporated on his map of 1814 a great deal of geographical information relative to this country gleaned subsequently from Colter, after the latter's adventures in 1807. This map was undoubtedly a great advance on all previous knowledge of this region, but it is a matter for regret that Clark was not a little more explicit in some details, and that, for example, he did not indicate by arrows in what directions Colter travelled along his dotted trail.

Yellowstone Park was, in a way, foreshadowed by the "Boiling Spring" on Stinkingwater, now Shoshone River, and by "Hot Springs Brimstone" and "Lake Eustis," now Yellowstone Lake, farther west. Clark's "Lake Biddle" is undoubtedly Jackson Lake of to-day, just south of the Park boundary. This map is supplemented by important memoranda of this region incorporated in the note-books during Clark's residence in St. Louis, and corroborative of what appears on the map.

On Sunday, July 27th, "They again set out very early, and on leaving the Bighorn took a last look at the Rocky [the Bighorn] Mountains, which had been constantly in view from the first of May." They passed large herds of elk, very gentle, "vast quantities of buffaloe," many beaver, but few deer, antelope, and bighorns. Cottonwood trees, willow bushes, rose bushes, "red berry or buffalo-grease bushes," etc., lined the banks of the river.

The Custer Monument on the Battle-field of the Little Big Horn River, Montana, of June 25, 1876.

Rose bushes were formerly a very conspicuous feature of many of these streams, notably of Rosebud River, which the Captain soon reaches. The "buffalo-grease" berry is undoubtedly the "bull" berry of to-day. The bush is of a pale green color, grows from ten to thirty feet high, is wide-spreading, has stiff thorns that hurt when they prick one, and the berry is usually of a bright red color and resembles the currant. I first saw this shrub and berry in Utah, and on my first visit to Custer battle-field in 1892, I found it in the Big Horn Valley, south from Custer station. On the banks of the Yellowstone I saw the bush growing to an extreme height and bearing a *yellow* berry. The bush also grows luxuriantly in the Gallatin Valley and the berries make delicious preserves and jellies. It is a very interesting bush and berry and invariably attracts attention.

The general text of the Biddle–Allen edition of Lewis and Clark's report seems, for some reason not easily explained, to have very inadequately reflected Clark's notes along the Yellowstone. There is so much left out and misassigned that it is hardly worth while to go into details. Coues's edition corrects the matter in foot-notes and the new Thwaites edition reports the text *verbatim*.

On July 28th, the party passed the site of Forsyth, and the mouth of the Rosebud River, where, Larpenteur says, Fort Alexander was built in 1842.

On the 29th, they passed the spot where Fort Keogh now stands, and camped at the mouth of Tongue River, where to-day Miles City is a thriving town.

The Tongue River is another large stream draining a wide region south of the Yellowstone. This river is second only to the Big Horn, some of its sources being in Wyoming, and it draws its life largely from the never-failing snows and springs of the Big Horn Range. It is a fine stream, now devoted, particularly in its lower reaches, to the useful pur-

poses of irrigation. Its valley was formerly one of the favorite haunts of the Sioux. Fort Van Buren was constructed on the right bank of the Yellowstone at the mouth of the Tongue in 1835. It was named after President Van Buren and was in use until 1843.

An excerpt from the narrative of July 29th, regarding the Tongue River, shows the careful observations of Lewis and Clark.

> It has a very wide bed and a channel of water 150 yards wide; but the water is of a light brown color, very muddy and nearly milk-warm; it is shallow and its rapid current throws out great quantities of mud and some coarse gravel. Near the mouth is a large proportion of timber, *but the warmth of the water would seem to indicate that the country through which it passes is open and without shade* [italics are mine].

Fort Keogh is a large and pleasant military post two miles west of Miles City. It is named after Captain Keogh, who perished with Custer on the Little Horn, and it has been, in its day, one of the most important military establishments in the West.

Leaving their Tongue River camp, the expedition now began to encounter rapids that compelled caution in navigation. At "Buffaloe shoal," so called "from the circumstance of one of those animals being found in them," the canoes had to be let down by hand.

Between Miles City and Glendive the Yellowstone passes through what is popularly known as the Bad Lands country. It is the southern continuation of that weird, spectacular region which the explorers remarked, when ascending the Missouri above the Mandan towns and Fort Berthold. The highly colored strata, interspersed with dull grays and neutral tones, with black, coal seams, have been eroded into conspicuous figures and buttes. These prominent landmarks and objects were noted by Clark even

more fully than the regular narrative indicates. Some of these are now known as Tower Buttes, the Devil's Backbone, Sheridan's Butte, Glendive Butte, etc.

Some of the rapids encountered and named by the party were Bear Rapids, named from "a bear standing on one of these rocks," entirely oblivious of the honor done him, and Wolf Rapids, so-called "from seeing a wolf there." These names are in use to-day.

To recognize the many streams flowing into the Yellowstone below Pompey's Pillar, as named and located by Clark, and to adjust his names and distances with the modern nomenclature and measurements, with certainty, would entail a careful canoe trip down the river.

Clark records an interesting coincidence in the name given to Powder River.

> Its current throws out great quantities of red stones; which circumstance, with the appearance of the distant hills, induced Captain Clark to call it the Redstone, which he afterward found to be the meaning of its Indian name, Wahasah.

The camp of July 31st seems to have been not far above Glendive.

The party now descended the river rapidly, but were bothered by the buffaloes. "I was obliged to let the Buffalow cross over, notwithstanding an island of *half a mile in width* over which this gangue of Buffalow had to pass," says the Captain. These animals were to be seen in vast numbers, and though the river at this point was a mile wide, including the island, "the herd stretched, as thickly as they could swim, from one side to the other, and the party was obliged to stop for an hour." They killed four of the buffaloes and doubtless had a genuine hunters' feast that night. Below their night's camp "two other herds of buffalo, as numerous as the first, soon after crossed the river."

After reading the frequent references all through the

363 *View up the Yellowstone River from the Top of Pompey's Pillar.*

narrative to the immense herds of bison then occupying the plains, it requires a great forcing of the imagination to realize that but a pitiful remnant now remains, and chiefly in Yellowstone Park, where an effort is being made to preserve and increase the species.

On August 2d, the character of the river changed, showing that they were nearing its mouth. The current diminished in force, and sand-bars, islands, and mud-banks replaced the rocks and rapids. Game of all kinds was now seen in great numbers. Their friends the grizzly bears again appeared, and in no more amiable mood than those at Whitebear Islands.

> This morning one of them, which was on a sand bar, as the boat passed, raised himself on his hind feet, and after looking at the party, plunged in and swam toward them. He was received with three balls in the body; he then turned round and made for the shore. Toward evening another entered the water to swim across. Captain Clark ordered the boat toward the shore, and just as the bear landed, shot the animal in the head. It proved to be the largest female they had ever seen, so old that its tusks were worn quite smooth. The boats escaped with difficulty between two herds of buffalo which were crossing the river, and would probably have again detained the party.
>
> AUGUST 3d. . . . About two o'clock they reached, eight miles below Fields's Creek, the junction of the Yellowstone with the Missouri, and formed a camp on the point where they had camped on the 26th of April, 1805.

The narrative now recounts the character of the Rochejaune, or Yellowstone, and its adaptability to the purposes of the fur trade, its possibilities of navigation, etc., with reference to the establishment of trading forts, or posts. The concluding portion of this reflection reveals a curious and most ambiguous piece of writing. I quote it here, the italics being my own.

> Like all the branches of the Missouri which penetrate the Rocky Mountains, the Yellowstone and its streams, within that

district of country *beyond Clark's fork*, abound in beaver and otter; a circumstance which strongly recommends the entrance of the *latter river* as a judicious position for the purposes of trade. To an establishment at *that* place the Shoshonees, both within and westward of the Rocky mountains, would willingly resort, as they would be further from the reach of the Blackfoot Indians and the Minnetarees of Fort de Prairie, than they could be in trading with any [other] factories on the Missouri. The same motive of personal safety would most probably induce many of the tribes on the Columbia and Lewis River, to prefer this place to the entrance of Maria's River, at least for some years; and as the Crow and Paunch Indians, the Castahanahs, and the Indians residing *south of Clark's Fork*, would also be induced to visit it, the *mouth of the Yellowstone* might be considered as one of the most important establishments for the western fur-trade. This too may be the more easily effected, as the adjacent country possesses a sufficiency of timber for the purpose—an advantage which is not found at any spot between Clark's Fork and the Rocky Mountains.

Lewis, who seems to have written this, starts out with a reference to a fort at Clark's Fork which Clark had himself suggested when at the mouth of that stream; he closes with a reference to a post at the mouth of the Yellowstone, with no apparent distinction between the two. Dr. Coues evidently considered this entire paragraph as referring to a post at the mouth of the Yellowstone, but I do not so understand it. Construed with Clark's narrative of July 24th, it seems clear that it refers to the mouth of Clark's Fork and that the words "mouth of the Yellowstone" are a slip. Lewis may have meant, without at all clearly expressing it, what was really comprehended in the subsequent course of events, viz.: to establish a parent post, a general depot at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and a secondary, or subsidiary fort at the junction of Clark's Fork and the Yellowstone. It can scarcely be credible that either Lewis or Clark thought to induce the Nez Percé, the Salish, and the Shoshoni to convey their peltries clear to the mouth of

the Yellowstone to barter them. Fort Union and the line of trading posts along the upper Missouri and the Yellowstone heretofore referred to were the fulfilment and consummation of this general idea.

The camp at the mouth of the Yellowstone, Clark says,

> became absolutely uninhabitable in consequence of the multitude of mosquetoes; . . . Captain Clark therefore determined to go on to some spot which would be free from musquitoes and furnish more game. After having written a note to Captain Lewis to inform him of his intention, and stuck it on a pole at the confluence of the two rivers, he loaded the canoes at five in the afternoon August 4th and proceeded down the river to the second point and encamped on a sandbar; but here the musquetoes seemed to be even more numerous than above. The face of the Indian child is considerably puffed and swollen with the bites of these animals, nor could the men procure scarcely any sleep during the night, and they continued to harrass them the next morning.
>
> THURSDAY, AUGUST 5th, as they proceeded. On one occasion Captain Clark went on shore and ascended a hill after one of the bighorns; but the musquetoes were in such multitudes that he could not keep them from the barrel of his rifle long enough to take aim. About ten o'clock, however, a light breeze sprang up from the northwest and dispersed them in some degree. Captain Clark then landed on a sandbar, intending to wait for Captain Lewis, and went out to hunt. But not finding any buffaloe, he again proceeded in the afternoon, and having killed a large white bear, encamped under a high bluff exposed to a light breeze from the southwest, which blew away the musquetoes.

I am forcibly reminded by this of an experience of my own in 1878, during three days and nights while camped on the Green River in Utah, where not only were the men of the party unable to obtain sleep, but even the pack train out in the foothills noticeably lost flesh and strength.

The hunting was not good and Clark was anxious to procure some skins for purposes of barter among the Mandans, as

having now neither horses nor merchandise, our only resort in order to obtain corn and beans is a stock of skins, which those Indians very much admire.

He continued, therefore, to work slowly down the river, hoping each day that Captain Lewis would appear.

In the meantime, on August 8th, Sergeant Pryor and his party overtook them, minus the horses. Poor Pryor had had hard luck. The Sergeant reported that on the morning of the third day after separating from Clark their horses were missing.

They immediately examined the neighbourhood, and soon finding the track of the Indians who had stolen the horses, pursued them for five miles, where the fugitives divided into two parties. They now followed the largest party five miles farther, till they lost all hopes of overtaking the Indians, and returned to the camp; and packing the baggage on their backs, pursued a northeast course towards the Yellowstone. On the following night a wolf bit Sergeant Pryor through the hand as he lay asleep and made an attempt to seize Windsor, when Shannon discovered and shot him. They passed over a broken, open country, and having reached the Yellowstone near Pompey's Pillar, they determined to descend the river, and for this purpose made two skin canoes [bull boats] such as they had seen among the Mandans and Ricaras. They are made in the following manner: Two sticks of an inch and a quarter in diameter are tied together so as to form a round hoop, which serves for the brim, while a second hoop, for the bottom of the boat, is made in the same way, and both secured by sticks of the same size from the sides of the hoops, fastened by thongs at the edges of the hoops and at the interstices of the sticks; over this frame the skin is drawn closely and tied with thongs, so as to form a perfect basin seven feet and three inches in diameter, sixteen inches deep, and with sixteen ribs or cross-sticks, and capable of carrying six or eight men with their loads. Being unacquainted with the river, they thought it most prudent to divide their guns and ammunition, so that in case of accident all might not be lost, and therefore built two canoes. In these frail vessels they embarked, and were surprised at the perfect security in which they passed through the most difficult shoals and rapids of the river, without ever taking in water, even during the highest winds.

It will be seen that of the fifty horses with which Clark had started from Traveller's-rest Creek on July 3d, every one of them had been stolen by the Crows, the most expert

A Crow—Absaroka—Indian. (*From a drawing by Paxson.*)

thieves of the plains. If any attempts were made to herd and guard their animals at night, I have noticed no mention of it, and the ease with which the Indians seem to have performed their work rather negatives the idea.

On August 11th, as the party were slowly moving down

stream they met two traders, "Dickson and Hancock, who had come from the Illinois on a hunting excursion up the Yellowstone." From them, the first white men they had seen for more than a year, they learned the current news, and then they continued down the river.

Soon after leaving camp on August 12th, they were compelled to halt to repair a leak in one of the "bull-boats," and while there

they were overjoyed at seeing Captain Lewis's boats heave in sight about noon. But this feeling was changed into alarm on seeing the boats reach the shore without Captain Lewis, who they then learned had been wounded the day before, and was lying in the periogue. After giving to his wound all the attention in our power we remained here some time, during which we were overtaken by our two men, accompanied by Dickson and Hancock, who wished to go [return] with us as far as the Mandans. The whole party being now happily reunited, we left the two skin canoes, and all embarked together, about three o'clock, in the boats.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RETURN TO ST. LOUIS

AND now, united again,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.

On August 14th, the expedition reached the villages of the Hidatsa and Mandans. Here they remained three days and a right royal reception they met with from their old friends.

As the combined flotilla approached the "grand village of the Minnetarees" they "fired the blunderbuss several times by way of salute, and soon after landed at the bank near the village of the Mahahas, or Shoe Indians, and were received by a crowd of people, who came to welcome our return."

Now that Lewis was disabled, Clark had to do all the honors of the occasion. His speech was of the usual sort, and also had reference to some of the chiefs accompanying the explorers to Washington. This question precipitated an extended discussion, in which Black Cat (Poscopsahe), Le Borgne, Little Raven (Kagohami), and others took part. The Indians temporized and several pretended to be anxious to go, but they feared to incur the dangers that were unavoidable in passing through the country of the "Ricaras" and the Sioux.

The truth was that none of them cared to risk such a trip, and they invented excuses for not going. It is not surprising that they evinced hesitation in the matter, and

although Shahaka, or Big White, finally did go with them, his experience in being returned to his people, recounted in the sketch of Sergeant Pryor's life, fully justified them in their lack of enthusiasm for the venture.

The party experienced the utmost hospitality from their old neighbors during their stay and were given more corn than they could transport.

Gass remarks that:

> Some of these Indians are very kind and obliging; furnishing us with corn, beans and squashes; but there are others very troublesome, and steal whenever they have an opportunity. Yesterday and to-day, they stole several knives and spoons; and three powder horns, and two pouches, filled with ammunition.

On the 14th or 15th of August, Colter obtained his discharge and on the following day, in company with the two trappers already mentioned, Dickson and Hancock, he departed for the headwaters of the Yellowstone, where he was to gain renown by his marvellous exploits. This was the only severance of official relations until the disbandment of the expedition at St. Louis, except in the case of Chaboneau, who naturally remained at the Hidatsa village where he had been enlisted.

Chaboneau's continuance with the party depended upon Clark's success in persuading some of the Minnetarees to accompany him down the river. Regarding this the narrative says:

> The principal chiefs of the Minnetarees came down to bid us farewell, and none of them could be prevailed on to go with us. This circumstance induced our interpreter, Chaboneau, with his wife and child, to remain here, as he could be no longer useful; and notwithstanding our offers of taking him with us to the United States, he said that he had there no acquaintance and no chance of making a livelihood, and preferred remaining among the Indians. This man has been very serviceable to us,

and his wife particularly useful among the Shoshonees. Indeed she has borne with a patience truly admirable the fatigues of so long a route incumbered with the charge of an infant, who is even now only nineteen months old. We therefore paid him his wages, amounting to five hundred dollars and thirty-three cents, including the price of a horse and a lodge purchased of him.

The wages paid to the interpreter must have seemed like a small fortune, coming to him in a lump, and probably served to establish him and his wives in his village in the most comfortable manner. It goes without saying that the stories told by Chaboneau and Sacágawea during the long evenings of the ensuing winter, of their adventures during the many months of absence, would be listened to by eager and appreciative audiences. The tales of the savage bears and the escape from the cloud-burst at the Great Falls; the mysteriously explosive sounds in the mountains; the portage and shooting of the rapids of the Columbia; the sight of the great salt ocean; the stranding of the whale; the struggle among the snows of the Bitter Root Range, all doubtless would be told over and over around the winter fires, and I venture that the stories lost nothing in the telling. If, before another Christmas Day came around, Chaboneau had not been given a new name by the Minnetarees which signified "The-man-who-can-tell-the-biggest-lies," it is an occasion for wonder; and this even though he may have told the straight truth

Those who read the chronicle of the adventures of Lewis and Clark must note with a feeling of regret that, although Chaboneau received his five hundred dollars, and well earned they were, his gentle wife received, so far as is known, not one cent for her services. This was an injustice that cannot well be explained or, at least, excused.

And here the expedition parts with the eccentric Chaboneau, the virtuous and heroic Sacágawea, and the historic

little papoose. I think that as the flotilla swept down the broad Missouri after leaving the Mandan towns, the jabbering French-Canadian and the retiring little Bird-woman must have been greatly missed. The absence of a brave and modest *woman*, even though she were an Indian woman, after her presence during so long a period, could not have been unfelt. And then the little Chaboneau! Mite of dusky humanity that he was, what a void he would leave behind! The softening, humanizing effect that the presence of the Bird-woman and her infant must have had upon this company of men may have been greater than even they themselves were aware.

Colter, Chaboneau, Sacágawea, and baby Chaboneau, four of the important *dramatis personæ* taken out of the expedition at the same time, must have made an appreciable "gap" in the ranks.

I fancy that Captain Clark did not forget Chaboneau and Sacágawea after he became an official fixture at St. Louis. His connection with Indian affairs would keep him in touch with the Mandans and their allies, and he was probably instrumental in that visit to St. Louis made by the interpreter and the Bird-woman, which Brackenridge records, and in that appointment as interpreter in 1837.

On the 17th, when the ex orers resumed their navigation, the embarkation of Big White created a good deal of a scene.

> We found him surrounded by his friends, who sat in a circle, smoking, while the women were crying. He immediately sent his wife and son, with their baggage, on board, accompanied by the interpreter [Jesseaume, who was to accompany him] and his wife and two children; and then after distributing among his friends some powder and ball, which we had given to him, and smoking a pipe with us, went with us to the river side. The whole village crowded about us, and many of the people wept aloud at the departure of the chief. . . .

On reaching Fort Mandan, we found a few pickets standing on the river side, but all the houses except one had been burnt by an accidental fire.

The high wind compelled the party to camp that night at the old "Ricara" village eighteen miles down the river, and it delayed departure the next morning. There a brother of Shahaka appeared and bade him farewell "in a most affectionate manner."

As the party were borne rapidly down the current of the Missouri, Shahaka seemed

quite satisfied with his treatment, and during the whole of his time was employed in pointing out the ancient monuments of the Mandans, or in relating their traditions. At length, after making forty miles, we encamped on the northeast side, opposite an old Mandan village and below the mouth of Chesshetah [Heart] River [just below Bismarck].

The mouth of *Le Boulet*, or the Cannon-ball River, was passed on the 20th, and they camped on a sand-bar after making eighty-one miles, notwithstanding high waves and winds.

The narrative states that:

Since we passed in 1804, a very obvious change has taken place in the current and appearance of the Missouri. In places where at that time there were sandbars, the current of the river now passes, and the former channel of the river is in turn a bank of sand. Sandbars then naked are now covered with willows several feet high; the entrance of some of the creeks and rivers has changed in consequence of the quantity of mud thrown into them; and in some of the bottoms are layers of mud eight inches in depth.

They had now reached the country of the Arikara and the Sioux, so, after a restless night due to mosquitoes, they pursued their way with arms in readiness to repel a possible attack.

The "Ricaras" met them very warmly, they smoked together, a council was held, and the party remained with them for the night.

There was also a party of "Chayennes" camped near-by. The journal says of them:

> These Chayennes are fine looking people, of large stature, with straight limbs, high cheek-bones and noses, and of a complexion similar to that of the Ricaras. . . . Living remote from the whites, they are shy and cautious, but are peaceably disposed, and profess to make war against no people except the Sioux, with whom they have been engaged in contests immemorially.
>
> After smoking for some time, Captain Clark gave a small medal to the Chayenne chief, and explained at the same time the meaning of it. He seemed alarmed at this present, and sent for a robe and a quantity of buffalo-meat, which he gave to Captain Clark, and requested him to take back the medal; for he knew that all white people were "medicine," and was afraid of the medal, or of anything else which the white people gave to the Indians. Captain Clark then repeated his intention in giving the medal, which was the medicine his great father had directed him to deliver to all chiefs who listened to his word and followed his counsels; and that as he [the chief] had done so, the medal was given as a proof that we believed him sincere. He now appeared satisfied and received the medal, in return for which he gave double the quantity of buffalo-meat he had offered before. He seemed now quite reconciled to the whites, and requested that some traders might be sent among the Chayennes, who lived, he said, in a country full of beaver, but did not understand well how to catch them, and were discouraged from it by having no sale for them when caught. Captain Clark promised that they should be soon supplied with goods and taught the best mode of catching beaver.

None of the "Chayennes" or the Arikara would consent to go to see the Great Father, and accordingly, after a drenchingly wet night, the party continued down the river, giving the Indians a farewell salute of two guns, as they departed.

On August 22d, the journal records this joyful an-

nouncement: "Captain Lewis is now so far recovered that he was able to walk a little to-day for the first time."

The flotilla now swept down the river with both current and oars, and occasionally the wind also to aid them, easily making thus from forty to sixty miles a day, but the necessity for hunting delayed them somewhat. Game was rather scarce, but they managed to kill an elk or a deer often enough to keep them in meat, although their supply of fresh meat ran short once or twice.

The mouth of the Cheyenne River was passed on August 25th, and Teton River was reached the morning of the 26th.

They had now reached the buffalo country and buffalo humps and ribs became once more an article of diet. On August 29th, after passing "the entrance of White River," they found the bison

> so numerous that from an eminence we discovered more than we had ever seen before at one time; and if it be not impossible to calculate the moving multitude, which darkened the whole plains, we are convinced that twenty thousand would be no exaggerated number. With regard to game in general, we observe that the greatest quantity of wild animals are usually found in the country lying between two nations at war.

Thus far they had seen no Indians since having left the Arikara. But they were not to escape one more meeting with their old enemies the Tetons, and this occurred on August 30th. Clark's action was characteristic and somewhat amusing:

> We then proceeded down the river, and were about landing at a place where we had agreed to meet all the hunters, when several persons appeared on the high hills to the northeast, whom, by the help of the spy-glass, we distinguished to be Indians. . . . In order, however, to ascertain who they were, without risk to the party, Captain Clark crossed, with three persons who could speak different Indian languages, to a sandbar near the opposite side, in hopes of conversing with them. Eight young

men soon met him on the sandbar, but none of them could understand either the Pawnee or Maha interpreter. They were then addressed in the Sioux language, and answered that they were Tetons, of the band headed by the Black-buffaloe, Tahtackasabah. This was the same [band] who had attempted to stop us in 1804; and being now less anxious about offending so mischievous a tribe, Captain Clark told them that they had been deaf to our councils, had ill-treated us two years ago, and had abused all the whites who had since visited them. He believed them, he added, to be bad people, and they must therefore return to their companions, for if they crossed over to our camp we would put them to death. . . . They all set out on their way to their own camp; but some of them halted on a rising ground and abused us very copiously, threatening to kill us if we came across. We took no notice of this for some time, till the return of three of our hunters, whom we were afraid the Indians might have met; but as soon as they joined us we embarked; and to see what the Indians would attempt, steered near the side of their river. At this the party on the hill seemed agitated; some set out for their camp, others walked about, and one man walked towards the boats and invited us to land. As he came near, we recognized him to be the same who had accompanied us for two days in 1804, and who is considered as a friend of the whites. Unwilling, however, to have any interview with these people, we declined his invitation; upon which he returned to the hill, and struck the earth three times with his gun, a great oath among the Indians, who consider swearing by the earth as one of the most sacred forms of imprecation. At the distance of six miles we stopped on a bleak sandbar, where, however, we thought ourselves safe from attack during the night. and also free from musquetoes.

Clark would probably have rejoiced at an excuse for visiting punishment upon the rascally Tetons.

On September 1st, they met more Indians,

but as they appeared to be Tetons, and of a war party, we paid no attention to them, except to inquire to what tribe they belonged; but as the Sioux interpreter did not understand much of the language, they probably mistook his question. As one of our canoes was behind we were afraid of an attack on the men, and therefore landed on an open commanding situation, out of the view of the Indians, in order to wait for them. We

had not been in this position fifteen minutes, when we heard several guns, which we immediately concluded were fired at three hunters; and being now determined to protect them against any number of Indians, Captain Clark with fifteen men ran up the river, whilst Captain Lewis hobbled up the bank, and formed the rest of the party in such a manner as would best enable them to protect the boats. On turning a point of the river, Captain Clark was agreeably surprised at seeing the Indians remaining in the place where we left them, and our canoe at the distance of a mile. He now went on a sandbar, and when the Indians crossed, gave them his hand, and was informed that they had been amusing themselves with shooting at an old keg, which we had thrown into the river, and was floating down. We now found them to be a part of a band of eighty lodges of Yanktons, on Plum Creek, and therefore invited them down to the camp, and after smoking several pipes, told them that we had mistaken them for Tetons, and had intended putting every one of them to death if they fired at our canoe; but finding them Yanktons, who were good men, we were glad to take them by the hand as faithful children, who had opened their ears to our counsels. . . . We now tied a piece of riband to the hair of each Indian, and gave them some corn. We made a present of a pair of leggings to the principal chief, and then took our leave, being previously overtaken by our canoe.

On September 1, 1806, they met some friendly Yanktons, and at Bonhomme Island, where they stopped to hunt, Clark notes that, "we brought two years together on [for] on the 1st of Sept. 1804 we encamped at the lower end of this island."

September 3d, the party met a Sioux trader, James Aird, of whom the narrative remarks:

> After so long an interval, the sight of anyone who could give us information of our country was peculiarly delightful, and much of the night was spent in making inquiries into what had occurred during our absence.

They learned from Mr. Aird that General Wilkinson was the Governor of Louisiana, that Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton had fought their celebrated duel in which the

latter was killed, and the former became, as a consequence, an outcast forever after.

On the following day, the party passed Big Sioux River and Floyd's Bluff, where they stopped and visited the grave of their former comrade.

> On ascending the hill we found that the grave of Floyd had been opened [by the Indians or wolves], and was now half uncovered. We filled it up, and then continued down to our old camp near the Maha village, where all our baggage, which had been wet by the rain of last night, was exposed to dry.

On the 6th, they met a trading boat belonging to Auguste Chouteau, the founder of the great trading house at St. Louis.

> We obtained from them a gallon of whiskey, and gave each of the party a dram, which is the first spirituous liquor any of them have tasted since the 4th of July, 1805.

That night they camped on a sand-bar, expecting to be rejoined by the Fields brothers, who were hunting; as they did not appear, however, the next morning, Ordway and four men with a canoe remained behind to wait for them,

> but [we] had not gone more than eight miles, when we over took them [the Fields]; we therefore fired a gun as a signal for the men behind, which as the distance in a direct line was about a mile, they readily heard and soon joined us.

They passed Council-bluff on September 8th, and on the 9th, the mouth of the Platte River.

Regarding the enormous evaporation from the Missouri River, which is a feature common to all Western rivers, the narrative remarks that:

> We had here occasion to remark the wonderful evaporation from the Missouri, which does not appear to contain more water, nor its channel to be wider, than at the distance of 1,000 miles nearer its source; though within that space it receives about 20 rivers, some of them of considerable width, and a great number

of creeks. This evaporation seems, in fact, to be greater now than when we ascended the river, for we are obliged to replenish the ink-stand every day with fresh ink, nine-tenths of which must escape by evaporation.

They now frequently met trading parties, with one of whom they found their old interpreters Gravelines and Dorion. Gravelines was the man who had taken the Arikara chief to Washington in 1805.

The chief had unfortunately died at Washington, and Gravelines was now on his way to the Ricaras, with a speech from the President, and the presents which were to be made to the chief. He had also directions to instruct the Ricaras in agriculture. He was accompanied on this mission by old Mr. Durion, our former Sioux interpreter, whose object was to procure, by his influence, a safe passage for the Ricara presents through the bands of Sioux, and also to engage some of the Sioux chiefs, not exceeding six, to visit Washington. Both of them were instructed to inquire particularly after the fate of our party, no intelligence having been received from us for a long time.

The mouth of the Kaw, or Kansas, River was passed on September 15th, at which time this stream was very low. Their rapid descent of the river, ranging usually from forty to seventy miles per day, had resulted in a radical change of temperature.

The low grounds are now delightful, and the whole country exhibits a rich appearance; but the weather is oppressively warm, and descending as rapidly from a cool open country [for the most part], between the latitudes of 46° and 49°, in which we have been for nearly two years, to the wooded plains in the latitudes 38° and 39°, the heat would be almost insufferable were it not for the constant winds from the south and southeast.

On September 17th, they met a Captain McClellan, late of the United States Army, who gave them the gratifying intelligence that the country generally had "long sence" given them up as lost and that they were "almost forgotten."

One cheering and consolatory fact, however, was that "the President of the U. States had yet hopes of us."

Lively corpses they were, however, and had telegraphy then been a known science, how the country would have been electrified a few days later, and the heart of the President of the "U. States" made to leap for joy!

On the 18th their rations ran low. The hunters had not

> been able to kill anything, . . . so that our whole stock of provisions is one biscuit for each person; but as there is an abundance of papaws, the men are perfectly contented.
>
> [FRIDAY], Sept. 19th. Several of the party have been for a day or two attacked with a soreness in eyes, the eyeball being very much swelled and the lid appearing as if burnt by the sun, and extremely painful, particularly when exposed to the light. Three of the men are so much affected by it as to be unable to row. We therefore turned one of the boats adrift and distributed the men among the other canoes.

The boat turned adrift was the one fashioned at Camp Cottonwood on the Yellowstone, from cottonwood tree canoes lashed together. Could Lewis and Clark have but foreseen the great interest that a century would develop in their work and achievements, those old battered canoes might not have been thus ruthlessly turned adrift. What a priceless relic that historic boat would be to-day!

And now we read of a most laughable but natural incident. On September 20th, they were approaching La Charette.

> As we moved along rapidly we saw on the banks some cows feeding, and the whole party almost involuntarily raised a shout of joy at seeing this image of civilization and domestic life.

At La Charette they were welcomed almost as if from the dead. The two years of their absence had worked great changes in the country. The skirmish line of the vast army

of peaceful occupation of the prairies and mountains of the Louisiana Purchase, and, later, of the Oregon country and of California, had crossed the Mississippi and their outposts were planted along the Missouri.

The weather being threatening, the party remained at La Charette until the 21st of September, when they "proceeded on their way, and as several settlements have been made during our absence, were refreshed with the sight of men and cattle along the banks."

As they had at the first met Kickapoo Indians when starting on their voyage in 1804, so at the last in 1806, they again encountered them, on the 21st, "going on a hunting excursion."

Once more they approached St. Charles.

> At length, after coming forty-eight miles, we saluted, with heartfelt satisfaction, the village of St. Charles, and on landing were treated with the greatest hospitality and kindness by all the inhabitants of that place.

On the 23d they "set out for Coldwater Creek," where there was now a cantonment of United States troops, with whom they passed the day, being "honored with a salute of guns and a hearty welcome." There they took their Chief, Shahaka, "to the public store and furnished with some clothes &c," in order that he might be suitably attired to introduce into polite St. Louis society. Then, after an "early brackfast" they "set out" for the last time, "decended to the Mississippi and down that river to St. Louis," where they "arived about 12 oClock." As they approached the bank they fired a salute, were met by all the village and received another "harty welcome," and they are now enrolled in America's Hall of Immortals. Gass ends his journal somewhat abruptly on this date. The regular narrative of the explorers, as published, also ends, but the codex

continues for three days longer. The Captains became the guests of Mr. Peter Choteau, and the mail having already been dispatched that day, Lewis sent a note to Kahokia to detain it the next day until he should be able to forward a letter to Mr. Jefferson.

On the 24th, Clark records that he "sleped but little last night." They rose early and each wrote letters, Lewis to "the president," Clark to Governor William Henry Harrison and to George Rogers Clark, his brother. Drewyer was sent with the letters to Kahokia to overtake the detained post.

In an attempt to catch up with civilization the Captains this day "purchased some clothes" [cloth] and gave it to a "tayler" and "directed [it] to be made" into clothes. Lewis upon opening his trunk found all his papers wet and some of his seeds spoiled.

The following day, the 25th, their skins of various sorts were "suned" and dried and then stored away "in a store-room of Mr. Caddy Choteau." They "payed" some formal visits, and attended a "dinner & Ball" in the evening.

On September 26, 1806, the last entry in the codex states that "we commenced wrighting &c"—and in this fashion the long narrative comes to an end.

And now, having followed our brave explorers from St. Louis to Fort Clatsop and back again to St. Louis, and seen them safely through the dangers of their arduous undertaking, a few closing reflections may not be inappropriate.

It has been made clear, I trust, that the exploration was not a sequence to the Louisiana Purchase, as it undoubtedly is generally and naturally considered to have been by those unfamiliar with the facts. It has been shown, on the contrary, to have been a favorite project, through many years, with Jefferson. Twice he had endeavored to have the design carried into effect, in a less pretentious way, before the

successful attempt of Lewis and Clark. That their exploration happened to follow the Purchase so closely was owing to some of those accidents that continually occur in the affairs of men. The preparations for the exploration had been completed and Captain Lewis had started for St. Louis before Jefferson or any one else in the United States knew that Louisiana had been purchased.

The relation of this exploration to the location of the Northwestern boundary line is a very intimate one. It is a serious question whether the discovery of the Columbia River by Gray, in 1792, would have had the important bearing and result upon the boundary dispute that it did, had it not been followed at so short an interval by the exploration of Lewis and Clark. It is altogether likely that Washington and the Puget Sound country might have been lost to the United States, had their contentions been based upon the discoveries of Gray alone.

The Lewis and Clark expedition was the precursor of the railway which, in the last half-century, has revolutionized and transformed the West and Northwest, and the present active expansion of our Oriental commerce, rendered possible by the railway, emphasizes the importance of the achievements of the explorers. That the railway has been the principal factor in the rapid development of our trade and diplomatic relations with the Orient, can hardly be gainsaid, and what, under a wise fostering, the future has in store, no man may prophesy.

In the beginning, I called attention to some of the more noteworthy features of this exploration, and as the reader has followed the varying fortunes of the party, others doubtless have occurred to him.

Theodore Roosevelt, in *The Winning of the West*, has said pungently and tersely of Lewis and Clark, what must be admitted as but simple truth and justice:

> They were men with no pretensions to scientific learning, but they were singularly close and accurate observers, . . . Few explorers who did and saw so much that was actually new have written of their deeds with such quiet absence of boastfulness, and have drawn their descriptions with such complete freedom from exaggeration.

Modesty stands forth on each page; self-pretension is nowhere to be seen, and this probably constitutes the chief charm of the narrative However valuable and interesting their story was, had it been told in a manner in which self was made strongly prominent, the narration would have been greatly marred. Plain, simple, truthful, rugged, and unadorned, it remains, as Theodore Roosevelt says, "the best example of what such a narrative should be.'

Dr. Coues has said: "The story of this adventure stands easily first and alone. This is our national epic of exploration"; and Major Chittenden says: "This celebrated performance stands as incomparably the most perfect achievement of its kind in the history of the world."

These statements are probably true, although in making them thus broad they force comparison with the explorations of Livingstone and Stanley through Africa and with the many Arctic expeditions of more recent years, to say nothing of those of Columbus, Cook, La Salle, and the host of early navigators and explorers in the days when this part of the world was "new." The only other exploration in America which, in conception, national importance, achievement, and personal experience, in any manner parallels that of Lewis and Clark is that of Hunt's Astorian party of 1811–12, which covered much of the same ground.

In more recent time the well-known descent and exploration of the Colorado River of the West by Powell, may, in daring of conception and bravery of execution alone, be ranked in the same category

As for the expedition as a whole, one thing which must

impress every reader as being most remarkable is the *esprit de corps* that was exhibited. There was no shirking, no sulking, no putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day, but, as a sailor of that day would have said, it was "heave hearty and away," *all the time*. The *Message to Garcia* does not apply to Lewis and Clark and their men. As was inevitable, there were disagreements and personal quarrels among the men, and very likely there were more of them than we know, but they were evidently not serious and they did not affect the *morale* and efficiency of the expedition. The fine unanimity of agreement between the leaders has been remarked, and the implicit obedience rendered by the men is worthy of mention.

As we pass in mental review the acts of the explorers, we are somewhat amused at the gravity displayed in the councils held with the Indians. But bearing in mind the injunctions of Jefferson, as to the friendly cultivation of the tribes, and the recent change of ownership in the country and consequent guardianship (?) of the red men, it was natural that the councils should have assumed, outwardly at least, a serious tone. But that they were practically barren of results (as has been the case many a time since) their own narrative shows.

The experiences of the explorers among the Northwestern tribes and the knowledge thus gained without doubt bore fruit during Clark's long incumbency of the office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs. His administration appears to have been very successful and creditable, and his influence with the Indians was probably greater than that of any other man could have been at that time with those wild, unruly lords of the plains.

The Great Father was then an unknown and unimportant personage to the aborigine, and it cannot in truth be said that he has ever done much to commend himself to

the love and regard of his so-called copper-colored children. His fatherly treatment of his wards has most lamentably lacked some of those qualities that we associate with good fatherhood, and until very recent years, at least, the advance and progress of the Indian have been in spite of, rather than because of, his Great Father's assistance.

To summarize what has been stated in regard to the members of the expedition; of but ten of them can it be certainly affirmed that we know where they lie buried. Eight States can boast the honor of having the body of one or more of these heroes reposing within their borders.

Lewis sleeps in Tennessee; Clark, Ordway, and Shannon are buried in Missouri; Gass rests in West Virginia; Floyd in Iowa; Bratton in Indiana; Drewyer in Montana; Gibson in Pennsylvania, and Willard in California. Colter and York probably are buried in Missouri; the body of Potts almost certainly lies in Montana, and Chaboneau and Sacágawea doubtless are buried in North Dakota. Three of these States, it will be noted, are a part of the Louisiana Purchase.

Little did these men think, when they rounded to at St. Louis, on September 23, 1806, that they had completed the greatest exploration of modern times and that as its results were to be far reaching, so were their deeds to be treasured in the life of the Republic which they had so faithfully served; that a century later their countrymen would still dwell upon their thrilling achievement, and that their children's children would be proud of the distinction which rested upon them because their grandsires were among those to cross the continent with Lewis and Clark.

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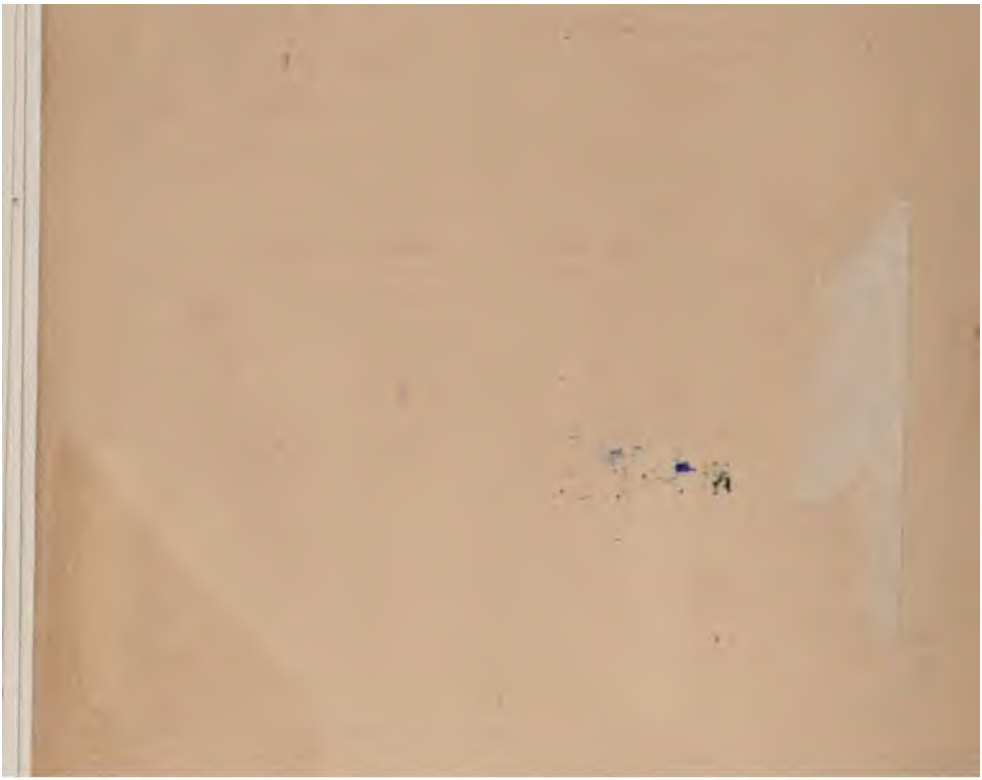

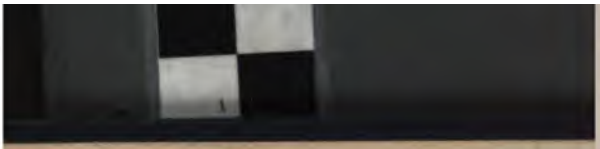

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